NOVA SOLYMA
THE IDEAL CITY

VOL. II

Exultent juvenes Pii
Ornatu nitido luminis aurei ·
Et grato resonent per læta cubilia cantu.
Alti gloria numinis
Os & perpetuis laudibus occupet :
Omnis & ancipitem se dextera tendat in ensem.
Irâ vindice barbaros,
Et sontes populos suppliciis premant,
Sæva triumphatis innectant vincla tyrannis :
Nectant compedibus duces.
Nec non veridici judicis impleant
Præscriptas leges. Hæc est data gloria Sanctis.

Hæc secum raptim & ardenter expirantem, cum insolitis gestibus, ac oris figuris, vocisque vehementer accensæ modulatione pronunciantem, omnes, qui aderant, taciti demirabantur ; & quasi eadem flammâ correpti, una interesse cœlestibus spectaculis, & cum illo præsentire visi sunt. Ipse his gaudiis refocillatus, macilentus tamen, & invalidus corpore, consumptis per animi æstum spiritibus, tamdiu in sommum abiit ut de vitâ dubitaretur, ne ad animi defectionem vergeret. Sopore tandem exhausto, reviviscere cœpit, & inde vires sensim recipere ; donec integram valetudinem cum perfectiori corporis formâ acquireret. Et jam annus prope convolvebatur ; quo tempore Solymæ cives magistratus annuos eligere solent. Comitiis habitis. Jacobus cum ingenti omnium ordinum assensu, Pater, seu princeps Senatus, qui in eâ urbe summus est honos, atque in eadem domo, & Josephus, Ductor, sive princeps Juventutis, & Joanna filia Sionis edicitur. Cumque instaret nuptiarum

Frontispiece to Vol. II.]

NOVA SOLYMA
THE IDEAL CITY; OR JERUSALEM REGAINED

AN ANONYMOUS ROMANCE WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I. NOW FIRST DRAWN FROM OBSCURITY, AND ATTRIBUTED TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS JOHN MILTON

WITH INTRODUCTION, TRANSLATION, LITERARY ESSAYS AND A BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY THE REV. WALTER BEGLEY

by
[Samuel Gott]

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NOVA SOLYMA

BOOK IV

CHAPTER I

THE FAMILY VINEYARD AND A PRACTICAL JOKE

AS the days passed, Joseph could not help noticing how careworn and anxious his two visitors seemed to be. As he could assign no reason for it, he thought a change of air and scene might be good, and suggested therefore that they should pay a visit along with him to the family vineyard, it being the best and busiest time of the year. Both smiled at such an obvious pretence, though vexed that their loss of health was noticeable. However, they accepted with a show of eagerness, to avert suspicion and avoid further questioning.

They all started for the country on horseback, Joseph riding in the middle, and occasionally, being a good horseman, showing how easily he could control his steed. "I think," said he, as they rode along, "there is no grander sight than a really good rider well mounted—I mean one who, like a centaur, seems to be part of the animal, and by his perfect control seems to be the one will-power for the two component beings. It is then, most of all, that man seems to be really king and governor of the whole animal creation, and to take his seat on the noblest of thrones, although one bare indeed of ivory or gold or gems, for his seat is upon a quadruped than which none

is more shapely or enduring, and one which yields to every change of hand or voice or movement, however slight." So talking, they came to the vineyard, which was near Emaus (Emmaus?).

Here something unusual which had just happened is mentioned to Joseph by the people of the vineyard. It appeared that Alcimus had lately paid a visit from the city, and had indulged a little too freely in their new vintage. Its aroma and the fumes of the wine-press in full working order had overcome him.

No one made game at him—they had better manners, for some of the labourers gave him a helping hand, and assisted him to a spot where he could sleep off the bad effects. Joseph came up just at this moment, and, looking at him with a sad, serious face, bethought himself of the rather practical lesson of making the culprit sign away his freedom. So he called for pen and paper, and wrote down; "I, Alcimus, son of Apollos, hereby give myself to Joseph, the son of Jacob, as his slave as long as I live, and I allow and grant to him the power over me of life and death." Joseph read it over to Alcimus and bade him sign it. He, in a dazed, tipsy way, gave a sort of indistinct assent, and when they placed a pen in his hand, made a very shaky signature, which those who were present attested in due form. After this, he was left in peace, and went to sleep.

Not long after—in fact, while Joseph was looking through the vineyard account books—the effect of the wine passed off, and Alcimus awoke and began to stare about and wonder where he was. When he noticed the wine-press and his own peculiar feelings, he remembered what had happened, and for very shame was about to make off as quietly as possible. But at that instant two servants sent by Joseph came on him from behind and laid hold of him. He turned round and asked them what they were doing.

"What we have full authority for," was their answer. "You are an escaped slave, and we have to take you back to your master."

This so astounded him that he could not say a word, not having the slightest idea what they meant. However, when he was brought before Joseph, he began to plead for pardon, with a very dejected mien. "Pity, I pray, the infirmity of my nature; the intense heat and the strong fumes of wine took me, a moderate man, unawares. If I have done anything wrong, punish me fairly, and I will submit to the sentence."

Joseph, not to spoil the joke, put on an air of great sternness. "I will not," said he, "give you a harder sentence than you have given yourself." He then handed him the signed document to read, and asked if he recognised it.

"No," said he; "I have not the slightest recollection of such a big contract."

"But," said Joseph, "I have all these witnesses who saw you sign it. Do you not now discover what awkward things may happen from drink? what penalties, what sufferings? I could send you to the mines, to the galleys, to the halter; nor could you find any way, legally, out of this unjust contract. But after all, is it quite correct to call it unjust? Surely it is not unjust that who cannot keep possession of his senses or his reason should come under some other authority than his own, as you have in your case. You have made your own chains, and have found a master who will look after you more strictly than you looked after yourself."

At this Alcimus burst into tears, and said: "I acknowledge my fault and abominate it to the highest degree. I am now in my senses, and sober, and I agree to fulfil what my folly made me sign."

At this Joseph's sternness wonderfully relaxed, for he had gained his object; so he said to Alcimus: "Since I see you are free from the effects of your excess, and likely to remain so, I hereby give you your manumission,[1]

[1] *E manu meâ mitto.* There were several ways of freeing a slave, but the circumstances here seem to point to that method called *manumissio inter amicos*, which was carried out in the presence of at least five friends of the master.

pronouncing you free in the presence of all here." And with that he tore the paper to pieces, and threw it away.

After this they mounted and started for home, and when they arrived, Joseph offered to lend them a book to occupy and enliven their solitary moments—a collection of poems that he had made. Eugenius accepted it, and at once recognised Job's curse turned into Latin elegiacs.

When Eugenius had read the verses through, he began to praise the learning and piety that had so elegantly clothed the true sense of Holy Writ in its own garb of poetry.

"Yes," said Joseph, "the Holy inspiring Spirit did not wholly avoid the elegancies of rhythm, possibly to induce vain and frivolous people not to cast aside solid truth as unattractive, nor is Scripture overloaded with ornament, lest its readers be tempted to dwell only on the outward form of beauty. Scripture really presents in simple language the working of man's sin and God's grace, and putting aside those mysteries which are as yet beyond us, I boldly challenge Infidelity to deny this most certain statement. The eternally true and righteous is here offered and adapted, both to the wise and the unwise, in such a way as to act on their daily life, and, from their youth up, to prompt submission to an overruling Providence.

"In Holy Writ we have the most perfect law of God—justice to man expounded, as well as the grounds of our redemption; in fine, a full and true presentment of all that man should do and know.

"None of the dogmas of the philosophers rise to the height of this teaching, although they have borrowed somewhat from God's chosen people, as Moses hints at when he says that all nations should see that God's people were a wise and understanding nation.[1] But whatever knowledge of the true God they had acquired, they veiled it from the people as a mystic secret of Nature, or deemed it, like the great Shah of Persia, too holy for the vulgar gaze.

[1] Deut. iv. 6; but an independent translation as usual.

"But God is a Being to whom the eyes of all should look up and welcome as a father, so none of the pagan nations has attained to the power and meaning of religion, nor have their poets ever approached the Divine sublimity of Holy Writ.

"Nothing, moreover, adds so much to our faith and to the authority of the Scriptures as the rays of Divine light shining so manifestly in every page. When I read Plato and Xenophon, I acknowledge the lofty wisdom of the former, and the skill and prudence of the latter, as every scholar must.[1] In Cicero we admit his most eloquent fulness, in Virgil the majestic pomp of his powerful verse, but still more is the light of Divine truth evident as we peruse the oracles of God; therefore that word is very true, 'if a man believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will he believe, though one rose from the dead.' For if a man require the truth itself, before he will believe what is written in the books, where else can this very truth be found?

"Nay, what careful reader of the Bible can fail at times to notice with holy fear passages that distinguish it from all human writings? Christian writers and preachers early or late have never risen to its majesty and simplicity, even if we judge them in the most favourable light.

"Lastly, Scripture, revealed by God, so to speak, in the mid-current of events, gives us the whole history of the world in a most wonderful manner. With Divine retrospect it starts from the Creation, which occurred many generations before Scripture was written; it foretells the fate of generations to come, and extends its glance to the future ages and the eternity that shall follow.

"To show plainly that its message is perfect and absolute, that apostle who survived the rest, and with whom the book of inspired testimony came to an end, closes and signs his book with this terrible denunciation: 'If any man shall add to this book, God shall add to him its

[1] Milton, as we know, mentions his early attraction to "Plato and his equal Xenophon" (*Apology for Smectymnuus*, iii. 219, Bohn).

punishments, and if any shall take away from this book, God shall take away from him his share of salvation.'

"Originally the Divine will was privately revealed in visions, dreams, and inspired utterances—in the time, I mean, of the theocracy, before our nation became a republic. After that there was a written law founded on older documents which had been preserved. All these ancient revelations of God have been safely guarded right down to the present time by a wonderful act of Providence. They still remain inviolate against all the attacks of the enemy and the critic. Neither envy nor blasphemy can prevail against them, nor has the length of time weakened their vigour and power. To us who are born in the latter days, and to whom no more Divine revelations are granted —to us, I say, they fill up the measure of prophecy, and are the ever-ready and everlasting test of Divine truth.

"But to-morrow I will take you to hear our Professor of Natural Philosophy. He is to lecture on these very subjects I have been speaking about, and will illustrate from Holy Scripture those first great principles you wish to understand."

CHAPTER II

THE COLLEGE LECTURES

NEXT morning they eagerly kept the appointment, and found the lecture halls, two in number, in the western angle of the city, close together, only separated by a kind of shrubbery. The one on the right was intended for a further three years' course in Philosophy and Civil Prudence[1] for those students who had taken their degree in Arts already, and who were thus being qualified to sustain their rank and position in life in the noblest way.[2] The very best professors and lecturers were engaged at high salaries to superintend their studies, and the students were given more liberty than in their previous years. Visits were allowed to the townspeople, and they might take part in the ordinary passing events, so as to gain some experience of the world before they made the sudden final plunge at the end of their students' course, the removal of too strict a discipline often leading to licence.

In the other lecture hall, on the left, Theology, Medicine, and Jurisprudence were the appointed subjects, attended exclusively by the students in those subjects, although

[1] Lat. *prudentia civilis*; see before Book III., c. 4, *ad fin*, note on Pallas.

[2] Milton, in his letter on Education to Hartlib, repeats this idea of his thus: "The next removal (after the *artes humaniores* have been studied) must be to the study of politics; to know the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies, that they may not, in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth, be such poor, shaken, uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience, as many of our great counsellors have lately shown themselves, but steadfast pillars of the State" (*Prose Works*, Bohn, p. 472).

occasionally students attended lectures in subjects not their own at the other hall, if they could borrow illustrations or knowledge that might be helpful.

Joseph arrived just when it was time for lecture, and took favourable seats for himself and his two friends. The hall was crowded with students ranged in their places waiting for the lecturer. They had their pens and paper ready to take short but compendious notes, such as might be written down without delaying the steady flow of the lecturer's distinct enunciation. By the help of these notes, it was possible for listeners to go back to an argument and reconsider it, and also to verify any statement afterwards. The lecturer, too, was obliged to carefully prepare his remarks, for they were preserved in black and white against him.

The title of the lecture for the day was hanging conspicuously in front of a raised pulpit—viz. *De Ortu et Occasu Rerum* (*The Origin and First Issue of the Created World*).

CHAPTER III

A LECTURE OF THE PHILOSOPHY SCHOOL

PRESENTLY the lecturer made his appearance, coming in through a door just behind his pulpit, whence he ascended to his usual place, and amidst perfect silence commenced to read as follows:

"Speaking generally, I would say that the ancient philosophers are subject to strange misconceptions in their endeavour to discover the origin of the universe. By tracing their way back through a succession of causes they arrive, as they think, at the primary elements of Nature; here they pause and take their stand. The next step to the great Author and Cause of all things they do not take. I would liken them to a man tracing a river to its original source—he follows it back step by step till he finds a spring bubbling up from the dry earth, and because he can see no other cause, he ends his search, and declares that the vast, incessant flow of the mighty river has its origin from the puny spring. Whereas he ought to have carried his search farther, through the hidden, subterranean water-channels beneath the earth, till he came to the mighty parent and source of all rivers—the boundless sea.[1]

[1] That rivers had an underground connection with the sea was orthodox science in Milton's time. The ordinary text-books of Natural Philosophy took it for granted. Holy Writ had asserted it in Eccles. i. 7, and that was enough for Milton, and for all others who did not care to confuse themselves with the teaching of the new philosophers, which was generally believed to be dangerous to the authority of God's revealed Word. Milton had great independence of character, but was bound down to the literal acceptance of God's message in the Bible by all his early education and surroundings.

"In like manner these philosophers gradually trace

He would have echoed here the sentiments of Duport, his contemporary, the little Royalist Greek Professor at Cambridge, though he differed from him in so many other things. Duport says (*Musae Subsecivae*, p. 65):

> Nec paradoxa amo, nec longum jam fixa per aevum
> Scita Patrum inventis sollicitare novis.
> Quin etiam et vereor, ne gens nova Philosophantûm
> Ipsa novum pariat Theiologumque genus.

As to the strange idea of a marine origin for the freshwater rivers, the contemporary opinion was this: The sea was higher than the land, but God had set its bounds and said, "Thus far and no farther." But its waters were permitted to sink through the hidden and subterranean crevices and crannies of the earth, and being sweetened by the passage, they burst forth in fountains and rills, finding their way back in rivers to their common mother the ocean. The contemporary poet Donne says:

> Earth's inward, narrow, crooked lanes
> Do purge sea water's fearful salt away:

and Nicholas Billingsley, in his poem of *The World's Infancy*, published in 1658, says:

> All rivers in the world or smal or mighty
> Derive their lineage from great Amphitrite.

There is also a fine amplification of this idea of fountains from the sea in John Maury's *Theatrum Universae Vanitatis* (Hag. Com. 1660, p. 11); and, what is still more to our subject, we find that in Milton's fifth year at Cambridge, 1628-29, one of the academic theses was this: *Origo fontium est a mari*—the very question.

This remarkable account of natural phenomena could not, we may well imagine, stand its ground for long when the Royal Society of Experimental Philosophy was abroad. So in 1684 Thomas Burnet in his *Sacred Theory of the Earth*, pronounced this "so gross and so much against reason and experience that none, I think, of late have ventured to make use of it." However, next year (1685) a "Person of Honour" writing *The Atheist Unmasked* has no manner of doubt as to the old views being right; and even as late as 1780 (!) this theory was accepted in a book, on my shelves, in the following lines:

> As rivers from the sea their springs derive,
> Glide thro' the vales, and to the Ocean drive.
>
> *The Methodist* (*A Poem*) (Nottingham, 1780, p. 105.)

Lastly, even as late in his life as 1624, that great "concealed poet" Francis Bacon, in spite of his Experimental Philosophy, writes:

> The Springs do fee the Rivers all the way,
> And so the tribute to the Sea repay.
>
> (*Translation of Psalm civ.*)

their way back to the four elements, then to matter in general, and then to the atoms composing it; and when this chain of causes comes to an end, and they arrive at the hidden, unfathomable gulf between their final material cause and the infinite power of God, their reason cannot bridge the chasm, or rather fails to make the attempt, lest the mind should be overwhelmed and lost in the boundless Ocean of Divine Immanence.

"But to us is given to perceive a clear and familiar way by the light of God's truth, which other seekers after God had but very dimly perceived. For to us has the Great Architect Himself pointed out the plan of His work in Creation. Let us then hear His account, and not remake the world according to the words or opinions of any philosophers whatever; as if, forsooth, the *ipse dixit* or the *fiat lux* of the best of them could be compared at all with the Divine utterance. Neither let us fashion our universe from the poetic imagination, or indulge in ingenious and harmonious conceits which will not bear the test of plain fact. Rather let us take God's universe just as it has come to us, in its simple grandeur, without going beyond or adding to the laws of Nature He has imposed; neither let us hold too obstinately to opinions which are only conjectural.[1] Indeed, it is

[1] Possibly the Copernican theory was in the author's mind here, and the heresy of the "Galileans." These matters were warmly discussed in those days, and that voluminous and conservative old schoolmaster Alexander Ross (known chiefly nowadays, I'm afraid, by a couple of lines in *Hudibras*) published in 1646 a quarto volume of 118 pages entitled *The Earth no Wandering Star Except in the Wandering Heads of Galileans; and Copernicus His Opinion as Erroneous, Ridiculous and Impious, Fully Confuted.*

Milton's favourite theological manual for his pupils was the compendium of Wollebius, and as Alexander Ross in 1650 faithfully translated this into English, we may infer a certain sympathy between Ross and Milton in their religious views. Indeed, the friends and literary associates of Milton were all dead against the Copernican theory, and so were most of the old-fashioned university men who had not followed after the new philosophy; but Milton presents the curious instance of a mind not fully made on this debated subject even to the end of his life. In Milton's younger days he would

not befitting that young men who are to enter into public life should waste their substance, time, and abilities on such unsettled subjects. Solomon, it is true, had time for both, but he was exceptionally favoured. Let young men rest content with the obvious truths which the world and the sacred history of it displays; abundant opportunity for praising God and for indulging their speculative fancies will be found within those limits. They will possess a sound fundamental knowledge of things in general which will free them from any charge of ignorance, and enable them to hold sane and weighty opinions on the projects and inventions of the age.[1]

"Let us begin, then, with this settled truth, that all things are derived from one infinite Creator; that when time began, the heaven and the earth, the circumference and the centre, so to speak, and the original matter of the universe with its latent potency of form, all at one and the same instant rose forth from nothing.[2]

"I do not mean the beautifully fashioned world as we now see it, or as it was in its perfection on the seventh day, but in its embryonic state, formless and confused, while, like an egg under the fostering breast of a bird, it

certainly be against any conjectures which might seem to contradict God's Word, but he would never have taken up the matter in the bigoted, pertinacious way (*nimis pertinaciter* of the text) that commended itself to Ross.

The evangelical mystic J. W. Petersen, in his very fine but little-known Latin epic entitled *Uranias*, containing more than 18,000 lines (!), and the last Creation and Bible epic in the style of Du Bartas that is ever likely to be written, adopts the Copernican theory unreservedly; but this was in 1720. The half-century or so made all the difference.

[1] The Baconian philosophy and the Royal Society, with which Milton did not trouble himself very much, are possibly aimed at here.

[2] The author of *Nova Solyma* had a strong objection to use the phrase "creation from nothing"; he evidently disbelieves such a theory. His expressions are *evocare e nihilo* (p. 19); *ex nihilo elici* (p. 92); and, in the present passage (1) *ab uno immensoque creatore haec omnia deduci*, and (2) *e nihilo prodiisse*, all pointing to a self-evolving or deducing power in the Deity.

Now, this was a peculiar theory that Milton had. The commentators discovered signs of this view in *Paradise Lost* long before the discovery

was being digested[1] into order and life by the Spirit of God brooding upon it;[2] which Spirit is the primary cause

of Milton's *Christian Doctrine* in 1825 made his views on this point certain. Thus in the very beginning of *Paradise Lost* we read of—

> That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
> In the beginning how the heavens and earth
> Rose out of Chaos.
>
> (i. 8-10.)

Milton's views concerning the Creation, which are occasionally remarkably at variance with the theologians of the period, were towards the latter part of his life committed to his MS. *De Doctrina Christiana* and have for more than seventy years been before the public. In chapter vii. he especially treats of the Creation, and if the *Nova Solyma* account and the acknowledged Miltonic account be carefully compared, I do not say we shall find them exactly alike, but I say that we shall find such striking resemblances and coincidences that they are well-nigh sufficient of themselves to point to the identity of authorship. One being written in Milton's youth, the other when his opinions were more matured, we may expect to find differences between them, but there seems ample internal evidence that they were both written by one hand, and came forth from one exceptional intellect.

[1] *Substantia . . . incomposita quam Deus postea digessit* (Milton, *De Doctrina Christiana*, vii. 138), using the same peculiar idea.

[2] Here indeed we have Milton's sublime ideas twenty years before they appeared in *Paradise Lost*:

> Thou from the first
> Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
> Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
> And mad'st it pregnant.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, i. 19.)

> On the wat'ry calm
> His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
> And vital virtue infused and vital warmth
> Throughout the fluid mass.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, viii. 234.)

As to "embryonic state" (*foetus* in the original of *Nova Solyma*), compare:

> The Earth was formed but in the womb as yet
> Of waters, embryon, immature, involved,
> Appeared not.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, vii. 277.)

Our Authorised Version ot Gen. i. 2 is: "The Spirit of God moved upon (Vulg. *ferebatur*) the face of the waters." But Milton went to the original Hebrew, and when he had occasion to refer to the passage in his *De Doctrina Christiana*, translates it *Spiritus Dei incubabat.*

of movement in the universe, and through it the lifeless, elementary matter of chaos is moulded and tempered and vivified.[1] After that, gradually, through six days, that the process might be clearer to us, was the natural order of all things arranged and completed.

"First of all, light or fire is educed [*eductus*]; nor of fire is there any other description. This occupies the highest region, and by means of it all other things are illuminated. This, however, is not a new creation of fire, but rather a bringing of it forth from darkness so as to be separately visible, and the same may be said of the great lights of the firmament made on the fourth day, for it is clear they were not newly created, but were spheres formed out of the pre-existent fire, and so also the stars."[2]

This lecture, possibly an old college exercise, proceeds at considerable length to discuss the further formation of the world in six days, and other cognate subjects, according to the cosmological ideas of the time. These are now so utterly out of date and out of all touch with our present knowledge, that it would be tedious to follow the lecturer right through to the end, but nothing of any interest is omitted in the following:

Analytical Summary

(1) The history of Creation as Moses gives it is the

It must be remembered, however, that the embryonic idea and the brooding bird were both in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, that favourite book of Milton's youth (cf. edit. 1621, pp. 7, 8, etc.). This conception may possibly be traced originally to the very old myth of the world-egg.

[1] Milton was somewhat friendly to Quakers in later life. Now, according to Barclay, they held exactly the same view of the Creative Spirit. "By the moving of His own Spirit He converted the Chaos of this world into that wonderful Order wherein it was in the beginning" (Quoted by Masson, Life of Milton, v. 24).

[2] That rare and curious book N. Billingsley's Κοσμοβρεφία, written about the year 1650, illustrates well the learned opinion on this subject of the lecture. As to pre-existent light or fire and the sun and stars on which it was afterwards bestowed, cf. *Paradise Lost*, vii. 243-49, 354-69. This view was a pretty general one then, not by any means Miltonic.

test stone (*Lydius lapis*) by which all the opinions of philosophers must be tried.

(2) All sensible objects consist of matter and form.

(3) Matter has not existed of itself from eternity, nor has it evolved its forms of or from itself.

(4) Matter and form cannot be separated, and have been joined from the beginning; but under the influence of the Creative Spirit a separation of the chaotic mass was made into the four elements, even as a heap of money may be separated into four treasure chests (*in quatuor loculos*). Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 712:

> Order from disorder sprung.
> Swift to their several quarters hasted then
> The cumbrous elements—Earth, Flood, Air, Fire.

(5) The four primary elements form the bases of all elementary forms, and hold latent within them the potencies of matter; or, as the lecturer prefers to state it, as more agreeable with Scripture phrase, they "have their seed within themselves." These seeds do not exist apart from the elements, and therefore are most difficult to identify or trace. But God has collected these seeds from the elements when these latter have been duly intermingled, compounded, and fused, and thus has He brought forth the forms themselves.[1]

(6) Corruption or decay is nothing more than the breaking up of a composite form into its component elementary parts or principles, which are incapable of destruction or annihilation; otherwise there would have to be a new creation.[2]

(7) When God had thus prepared His very beautiful Palace of the World, He brought into it its lord and master, made of the dust of the earth, but having his

[1] This surely is a very sane notion to have, considering the little that was known then of electrical power, crystallisation, and other great advances in scientific knowledge; but see note at end of lecture.

[2] Here our author seems to have been led on by logic towards the great scientific facts of the present age—the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy. I did not think such views were in the air in those days.

life from the breath of God,[1] and thereby differing from the animal creation, which consists only of earthly elements, and had not infused into them a spirit which would return at their dissolution to God who gave it, as was man's case, as Scripture tells us.

(8) The angels were created separately, and were incorporeal beings without any generative powers.

(9) Men are created, body and soul, daily in accordance with that original command of God, "Increase and multiply." Thus our bodies and souls are propagated in the natural law of generation, and having originally received the "breath of God," and made after His likeness, we are endowed with distinctive reason, and are capable of immortality. Semi-human monsters have no foundation of fact. The marvels told of Africa and the Nile, and the fables of Pyrrha's stones turned into men, are not worthy of belief. As for mermaids and such prodigies, they may resemble us in face, but the reasoning soul is the possession of man alone. Unnatural connection between man and beast can produce no hybrid, but the result is either a human being or an animal, as God may will; but should it be human, it will tend to develop the appearance and shape of that animal whence it sprang; and so too with the beast. There are frequent examples of these, but the line of separation is well preserved, and the offspring is always endued with reason and capable of immortality or the reverse. Brutes cannot reason, although they may seem to make inferences in

[1] This idea of the world as a palace prepared for man is of frequent occurrence in Du Bartas, that favourite author with Milton. In Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas, at p. 11, we find it said of God and His six days of creation:

> But working with such Art so many dayes,
> A sumptuous Palace for Mankinde to raise.

And again at p. 125 (edit. 1621):

> A wise man never brings his bidden Guest
> Into his Parlour, till his Room be drest,
> Garnished with Lights, and Tables neatly spred
> Be with full dishes well nigh furnishèd;
> So our great God, etc.

accordance with reason. These inferences of theirs never show that they truly transcend the world of mere sense and rise to the higher intellectual sphere. It is man alone who can do that, and see another world in the world around him; can admire the wonderful works of God, and can rise to a perception of the great idea that underlies all Nature.

Hence, too, he is able to correct the error of his sensual feelings. It is because man has a distinctive soul that he sometimes breaks with violence the links that bind him to life. Conscious of his own liberty, and fretting under the burden of the gross matter to which he is united, he frees his spirit by suicide. This no mere animal ever does, even in the most extreme peril or pain. Whence man is clearly not derived from mere material forms, which cannot rise beyond themselves, and without doubt is destined for a higher state.

The peroration of the lecture is as follows:

"Many, alas! put aside the testimony of their conscience and the moral necessity of a last great day of account, and give up the hope and assurance of eternal life, yielding to arguments, plausible, it may be, but uncertain. Such men, I fear, do not sufficiently consider the power of our Infinite Creator, who so long has maintained this vast material universe with its elements and revolving orbs without signs of decay or age. Seeing before us this great evidential fact, can we deny His power to sustain *for ever* any part of it that may seem to Him good?

"We indeed embrace and hold fast the hope of immortality for ourselves, and we follow after such things as make for it.[1] Ponder this, that if there be no future to look forward to, how God has wasted His labour in framing

[1] Cf. Cicero in the *Tusculans*: *Me nemo de immortalitate depellet.* "I shall never forget," says Chancellor von Müller, Goethe's great friend, "the night on which Goethe exclaimed, 'Do you think I am to be frightened by a coffin? No strong-minded man suffers the belief in immortality to be torn from his breast'" (Sarah Austen, *Characteristics of Goethe*, iii. 324).

the universe, and what a vain, unprofitable creature is man. For consider what our life is, and, taking the pleasure with the ills, who would not say that sleep and repose made up the best and most desirable part of it?—and these are most akin to death. But with a hope of eternity, slight and distant though it be, every wise man would set at nought all the accidents and events of life, putting them aside in comparison with *that* hope. For what is there here below that even approaches perfection? what is there that is sure or certain or free from alloy? what is there in this world that can ever fully satisfy the desires of the mind, or fill the aching void? There is indeed nothing, unless it be this great expectation of eternal happiness implanted in us by our very nature."

Note to Lecture

This account of the creation of the world is a peculiar one. It is by no means the ordinary simple Mosaic or Biblical account, turned into a lecturer's Latin. On the contrary, it is considerably varied and amplified, and follows generally and even closely the account of Du Bartas in his *Première Semaine ou Creation du Monde*, and the similar but much more condensed account of Hugo Grotius in his *Adamus Exul.* Parallel passages could be produced in abundance, if room could be spared, but any reader can verify the statement. Now, these were favourite authors with Milton; Du Bartas, indeed, was his first love in literature, and Grotius the object of his special admiration, to whom he made a personal pilgrimage when on his way to Italy. In fact, Milton imbibed their cosmogony at an early age, and retained it even until those days of latter darkness when he dictated *Paradise Lost.*

There, in Book VII., as all lovers of Milton well know, the Archangel Raphael (the "affable" one) recounts to Adam in many pages the great process by which our world came forth from the Word and Power of God. There, too, in Book III., another angel, Uriel, treats of the same subject in his reply to Satan, who in disguise had asked deceitfully about the new creation and the man whom God had therein placed. Now, both these angels give virtually the same account of the creation as the lecturer gives in *Nova Solyma.* Such a strict agreement on so difficult and intricate a subject would hardly be likely to occur in the ordinary course of literary exposition. Two or more writers would naturally be in agreement if they simply confined themselves to a pure Biblical relation of God's work, and in that case no inference could be drawn one way or the other from their persistent similarity. But

in our case there are particulars of agreement which are quite extra-Biblical, such as the way in which the primeval light was disposed and used afterwards to form the stars and sun. Then there was the *debita temperies*, or "the necessary vitalising warmth," referred to by the lecturer a second time in his phrase stating how God *elementarem massam atque congeriem temperavit*, and both these expressions of our Romance are exactly and most poetically rendered by—

> On the watery calm
> His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
> And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth
> Throughout the fluid mass.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, vii. 234-26.)

These and other parallelisms point to Milton's handiwork in the lecture. Moreover, who but Milton would found a college lecture almost wholly on Du Bartas?

In this lecture there are one or two opinions contrary to what Milton expressed later in life in his *Doctrina Christiana*. This may be accounted for either by a change of opinion as the result of more matured thought, or the present thesis may be a college lecture of which Milton took copious notes, and having these by him inserted it in his book. It is to be noticed that it is not Joseph who gives these opinions, and it is Joseph especially who represents the author of *Nova Solyma*. One divergency is the particular daily creation of souls, which the lecturer seems to hold, and which Milton attacks very strongly in his latest theological compendium, his own view being "that the human soul is not created daily by the immediate act of God, but propagated from father to son in a natural order" (*Christian Doctrine*, IV. vii. 189, Bohn's edit.). But the lecture is by no means explicit on this well-known *crux*, which staggered so many great intellects, including Augustine in some part of his life. All that is said is that God creates souls daily, *secundum primae institutionis legem*, which law I take to be that of Gen. i. 28: *Crescite et multiplicamini* ("Be fruitful and multiply"). So the meaning may be, after all, only this—that God creates souls daily by the agency of man's obedience to the command laid upon him. In Milton's college days the accredited book on the subject was the *De Formarum Origine* of William Pemble, printed both at Oxford and Cambridge. Pemble is against the theory of the soul's propagation, and a college exercise would most likely take that view.

The other difference is that in the lecture the animals are said to have been produced from the material elements only, without the breath of God being infused into them as it was into Adam, and the text is Eccles. xii. 7. Whereas Milton clearly states: "Every living thing receives animation from one and the same source of life and breath," his texts being Psalm civ. 29, 30, and Eccles. iii. 19 (*Christian Doctrine*, IV. vii. 188, Bohn's edit.). But Milton admits a little farther on (p. 194) that Eccles. xii. 7 indicates the nobler

origin of the soul implied in its being breathed from the mouth of God—which is possibly all that the lecturer wished to assert.

The doctrine of seminal forms (*semina formarum*) is curious—God collects them from the clash and intermingling of the four elements. This the lecturer puts forth as his own opinion, and more in accordance with the Mosaic teaching. By a strange coincidence it was Milton's idea in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 900, etc., and his name there for the *semina formarum* is "embryon atoms":

> For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
> Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
> Their embryon atoms, . . .
> which thus must ever fight,
> Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
> His dark materials to create more worlds.

Not only in his great poem, but in his prose works as well, we find this remarkable theory of seminal forms in matter. In *De Doctrina Christiana* he speaks of the original matter of the world as a *seminarium* (iv. 179), and in his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* he speaks of "a two-fold seminary or stock in nature" (iii. 207).

Philosophers, by common consent, acknowledged that every *form* is produced from the potency of matter (*potentia*). Milton states this (*Doctrina Christiana*, vii., *ad fin.*), but he himself prefers to look upon matter as a seed plot (*seminarium*). He prefers the word possibly because it is Scriptural—"whose seed is in itself"; and in *Nova Solyma* the *semina formarum* were thought to be more in accordance with Scripture teaching. Surely this is an undesigned coincidence, pointing to Milton as the author of *Nova Solyma*, for Pemble, who was the great authority on the origin of forms for the universities, and who is generally followed in the lecture, makes no mention of any *seminal* theory of forms.

Before leaving this curious pre-scientific subject, it may be interesting to note the important part that "seminal forms" played in the explanation of the origin of fossils a little later. The learned held (*c.* 1700) that "fossils are generated from the seminal forms of beasts and fishes"—*i.e.* small and light particles which remained in their dead bodies even when putrefaction had set in. There were eventually either blown about by the air, or swept away by the water and carried through apertures and cracks on the earth's surface; then by magnetism and subterranean heat and the *vis plastica naturae*, helped by the *spiritus lapidificus* and the *aura seminalis*, the fossils were turned out ready made and perfect, similar to their original beast or fish. Among others, C. N. Langius held this view, which he had partly borrowed from Luidius—*i.e.* Edward Lhuyd. But geologists will find more about this in the amusing *Specimen Primum Lithographiae Wirceburgensis*, by the joint authors Hueber and Beringer.

Last of all, there is this fact to be noted—viz. that in the academical

year 1628-29, when Milton was up at Cambridge in his fifth year of residence, the Act, or public disputation, consisted of three theses to be debated. The first was: *Productio animae rationalis est nova creatio*—*i.e.* "The production of a rational soul is a new creation."

Now, the lecturer would not admit a new creation either for souls or composite forms, and we know Milton's view that the soul was propagated, and we also know that Milton was in Cambridge when the Act was held, and therefore extremely likely to be present.

So again I will try and drive my point home by asking who was a likely man to publish a book in 1648 anonymously, containing a lecture full of academical quiddities more than twenty years old, which had been, it is true, debated in the schools at the annual *certamen literarium* at Cambridge, but were now probably forgotten even there, and certainly of little interest to the non-academical world? Who so likely as the cunctative Milton, a true Fabius in his literary work, who would keep his scrolls in his desk for forty years (some of them) rather than burn them or publish them? Who else, in 1648, would have such antiquated academic matter in his portfolio? Who else could dish it up in such good Latin and such a high serious tone? and who could season it in so exquisite a fashion with heroics and lyrics and anacreontics of the finest flavour, with "a Divine Pastoral Drama in the Song of Solomon," or a "brief model of the grandeurs of Job," not to speak of those frequent songs throughout the Law and the Prophets which are used to illustrate and adorn the excellent setting of prose wherein they are found? My argument for Milton is not only special and direct, but it is so cumulative that every dozen pages or so adds a stone to the heap. I know the cumulative argument can be fallacious, especially if we have to do with Scripture texts. Many years ago I well remember there was a good instance of this. A certain Edward Hine (as far as I remember the name), who was a shining light among those who accepted the heresy of the Anglo-Israelites, published a treatise containing forty-seven identifications of our countrymen with the dispersed of Israel. It had a great sale, and converted many. What "man in the street," and especially what "woman in the street," could hold their own opinion against a man who had forty-seven different ways of proving his? It was a success of the cumulative order of reasoning, but was not worth the paper it was written on. This man and his book sometimes rise before me in ghastly form when I am pressing the cumulative argument for Milton; but I am consoled by the thought that as not one of his forty-seven arguments ever had any convincing effect upon me, therefore I may be a little better judge of evidence than the man or woman in the street. However, *quot homines tot sententiae* still holds, even in these days of Board Schools and University Extension—the Bacon-Shakespeare question is a good instance of this. I know extremely sensible men, and scholars too, who hold exactly opposite views on this moot point. I think my plea for the Miltonic authorship of *Nova*

Solyma is of a very different character. I do not attempt to dethrone the greatest poet and dramatist our country, not to say the world, has ever seen on the merely probable grounds of indifferent education, limited vocabulary, and rude habits of life, for transcendent genius can overcome all these, although to what degree it can do this is of course a matter for each one's opinion. In my case I do not seek to dethrone, but to exalt. The high serious tone of *Nova Solyma*, the purity, the love of God and virtue, the impassioned prose one meets with again and again, and the still more impassioned lyrical pieces and lofty heroics, would be an honour for any man to claim as his own. I seek to give that honour fairly and clearly to Milton; and if any man of that age can be shown to have a better title, I withdraw the claim for Milton, perfectly contented to have introduced an interesting, most novel, and many-sided romance of the seventeenth century to English readers.

CHAPTER IV

THE POWER OF LOVE

THE lecture being ended, they returned home. Here they found Joseph's sister, who had come to see him, and excuse her absence from home when he last called on her aunt. To see her, and to hear her pleasant converse, brought back their old and passionate dream of love, and when she had gone, Politian took himself apart to a quiet spot, and tried to compose his excitement by self-questioning and reverie.

"Ah, woe is me! How doth my passion waste and torture me, and how it hath become mine enemy! And yet, what have I lost, and how can I complain? If I had never beheld this fairest of virgins, I should be now free from my pain; and now, when I have just enjoyed her presence, I feel the pain keener than ever.

"Yet who else is to blamed? Surely not Dame Nature, whose gifts to my loved one receive and deserve my highest admiration. Surely not the fair maid herself, for she is so artlessly innocent of Love's bewitching power that she knows not that my heart is hers.

"How near akin is Love to Envy—that Envy which wastes away with longing for another's treasure! He too, my friend Eugenius, seems fond of her; but who can endure a rival in love? You ought to pardon me, Eugenius, if I am no less impressed by her charms than yourself, and cannot give up my blissful hopes.

"But who could have believed that her own brother is our rival in love, and tries to keep her away from us? Well, I suppose the greatest saint could not resist her

Divine beauty, nor are the ties of blood able to check Love's great desire when rushing madly on."

These thoughts, and worse than these, coursed through his brain, staining his mind and conscience with fancies of murder, plunder, and all that was bad, till the flame of honour, reasserting its power in his breast, made him abhor such dastardly suspicions and bid them begone.

"Away, ye furies of a love-maddened brain! Away, thou prompter of the foulest crimes! Thou art bringing to nought the pure and happy life we are leading here, and robbing me of my best friends. When I consider the thoughts thou inspirest in me, I feel I must not only renounce thee as a baleful monster, but exorcise thee too with the direst ban. O Politian, flee from these secret thoughts and communings, and rejoin your friends, before these hidden seeds of love-lust break forth into open rage and hatred."

At that he straightway rushed forth in search of Joseph, whose good influence on himself he had not failed to recognise. He could not see him anywhere in the house at first, but he happened to hear the sound of a harp from a room near, so he opened the door, and found Joseph playing and Eugenius an absorbed listener to the accompanying recitative.

This world of ours has many a pleasant sight
To gladden mortal eyes. For here the rose
Doth ope, with blushes deep, her budding charms,
And all her little lips do pout and curl.
Here the tall lily lifts her milk-white neck;
And here is ivory, and the lustrous sheen
Of tawny gold;[1] and here pellucid gems
Lit up with sparkling rays of various hue;
While night by night Heaven's starry torches blaze
With youthful vigour in th' eternal sky.
All these are passing fair; but fairer still
Is that one matchless grace in face and form,
The sweet, pure loveliness of tender years
In youth or maiden seen; for this doth draw
Our inmost hearts to strange affinity.

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[1] *Fulvi aura metalli.* Cf. *Aeneid*, vi. 204.

Yet all flow forth from one great Source Divine,
From Thee, O Father, and Thy power supreme.
 Just as the Cynthian king,[1] when earth is hid
Beneath the fleeting shadows of the night,
Uprising, spreads his beams o'er all the sky,
His vast domain, paling the lesser lights
Of Heaven, and her his queen, whose dusky orb
Now gives more faintly still her borrowed light,—
Such, and so manifold through all the world
Is Thy great glory seen, Eternal God,
In Nature and in man. All flows from Thee,
And back to Thee the circling ages roll.
The happy realms of earthly Paradise
Are ours no more, for Thou hast cast us out
For Adam's sin. That great primeval curse
Still throws its shadow on our saddened world,
Charging with folly all life's sensuous joys:[2]
Our youthful vigour irrepressible,
And all the penalties that Death demands—
Yea, all that Lust can crave with fancy foul—
Spring forth from that great sin original.

 And thus, O God, in Thee alone we see
A thousand joys and pleasures pure and free,
At Thy right hand to last for evermore,
When we have crossed the flood, and reached the shore,
To see, perhaps, a purer world arise,
'Mid cleansing fires and angels' joyous cries.

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[1] Lat. Cynthius, *i.e.* Apollo. Used again in *Nova Solyma*, p. 380, and by Milton (*Mansus*, 55). By no means a frequent epithet.

[2] Some pages farther on Joseph expresses this thought more fully and clearly. "There are certain natural pleasures," he says, "which can hardly be distinguished from what we call moral vices. These, in the love of God and the unimpaired nobility of our nature in the Paradisaical state, we may well believe, were not displeasing to God. But our race has been expelled from that royal pleasure-house," etc.

CHAPTER V

THE IMPERFECTIONS OF NATURE

WHEN the ode was ended, Eugenius gave his hearty applause, and Politian too gave signs of assent, but his distressing look of melancholy was so marked that Joseph asked him in friendly tones what ailed him. He, with a forced laugh, ignored the question, and began to ask Joseph if he would add to the words they had just heard concerning the perfection of God as seen in Nature a little discourse on the imperfections that were there as well—the poisonous herbs, the noxious and dangerous beasts, the monsters and prodigies, the many ills of the flesh, and all the concomitants of death.

Joseph, pulling himself together, as if to an herculean task, replied :

"These things move me not from my opinion of the infinite power and wisdom of God. I hold it as firmly as ever, in spite of all. For these imperfections you mention are not to be attributed to God, but arise from the things themselves, which God in His power and wisdom does not think fit to raise from their nullity to His perfection.[1]

[1] Here we have the unmistakable expression of the feeling that dominated the Platonic and Neo-Pythagorean schools of thought—on the one hand the sense of physical and moral evil; admiration of Divine perfection on the other. To explain the former without losing the latter, nothing remained but to establish matter or its governing principle as a defective and resisting element which God, for reasons as yet unknown, sanctions and permits. Our author, as a lover of Plato, Pythagorean principles, and logic, could hardly take any other view. In Milton's posthumous work *On the Christian Doctrine* he does not contribute much to the solution of the great

"But I will discuss briefly some points which, although they show weakness in Nature, do not, however, disparage the Author of Nature.

"We should not forget that God aims at variety in His work; indeed, how manifold are His works in every division of Nature! In accordance with this intention, poisons differ from harmless things only in the matter of excess, whether of a hot or cold humour, and had this innate property of attraction or repulsion originally. Allied to this are the sympathies and antipathies in Nature, perhaps the nearest approach to miracle that we know of. Look how the owl avoids the light, in which most living things rejoice; and sometimes the medicine that is most effective has the strongest poison duly mixed in it. And these varieties of excess and defect are to be noticed in rational creatures also; some always are uncommonly timorous, and others seem not to know what fear is. One man is eminent for the power of his imagination, another for his practical wisdom, and in the brute creation there are always some above or below the average.

"There is a curious question whether in the Garden of Eden the beasts killed and ate each other. We cannot decide this moot point with any certainty, although we read that before the Flood not even man was a flesh-eater, and even nowadays almost every animal can be nourished without meat. We know dogs have a keen sense of smell, natural to them, in excess of other animals, so perhaps they took to hunting down their prey in sport only at first, as puppies do still, and then hunger made them

difficulty—viz. that sin should exist and God not be the author of it (indeed, who can?); but what he does say is quite in accordance with the views of our text. He remarks that "God is concerned in the production of evil only in one of two ways: either, first, He permits its existence by throwing no impediment in the way of natural causes and free agents, or, secondly, he causes evil by the infliction of judgments." These last may work out for good, and Milton quotes Gen. l. 20: "As for you, ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good," which is Joseph's remark to his brethren.

tear and devour it. But I think it probable that in the beginning all the fierce and savage animals lived in peace with each other, and feared the royal majesty of man's countenance,[1] as now they turn in dread from the glare of fire.

"Many of the animals are examples to man—the bloodhound and the war-horse, for instance, for pertinacity and courage.

"As for the monsters and prodigies you mention, they occur very seldom, and are considered more as signs and wonders than evils. We owe many purely to imagination of poets; moreover, they draw our attention to Nature being more perfect in her forms than they are, and so commend her by their own faults. They are indications that God is not bound down by natural law, and sometimes they seem the preludes of events to come.[2]

"As for diseases, they are the scourges of God, or, perhaps better, the *fasces* and axes, insignia of His Divine justice. They are in the same category as war, famine, and pestilence, which are the diseases, not of particular men, but of whole nations. And yet in all these we can perceive that Providence is full of kindly compassion by the limits within which the destructive elements are restrained. Our bodies, like watches,[3] or other delicate mechanical contrivances, are subject to accidents and alterations, still, they often last a century. Unless God kept the plagues and floods and tempests, which He

[1] Milton's idea. Describing the nuptial bower of Adam and Eve:

> Other creature here,
> Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
> Such was their awe of Man.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 703.)

[2] The Protestant literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is full of books, pamphlets, and chap-books concerning prodigies, monsters, wonderful histories, and strange relations. All sects were united in this faith, and held to it with the greatest interest and curiosity, their reading extending from the folios and quartos of Lycosthenes and Licetus to the catchpenny tract of a couple of pages.

[3] *Horologia circumlatitia.* The last word only occurs in Sidonius.

purposely sends upon us, under His restraining power, all flesh might be destroyed again. Can the most skilful doctor purify a pestilential air? Can even the dogged Hollanders keep out the rushing tides? Many most illustrious families and cities have utterly perished, but Nature remains, and is ever young; the corroding tooth of Time makes no lasting impression on her, and her winter's death is soon succeeded by the life of spring. And who is her great Upholder but God alone? Who each successive year renews her age? It is He too who restrains men's pride and passion within certain bounds, and although they rage ever so furiously, so as to confound, if they could, Heaven and Hell, yet by no force of arms, by no craft or contrivance, can they damage the world they inhabit, or disturb its natural progress. Nothing is outside His providential care, nothing so lowly as to be unconsidered, nothing so mighty but that it must yield to His slightest nod.

"Jupiter is foolishly described by the poets at one time as having no leisure for trifling matters, at another as being overcome by the giants; but He of whom all things are full must necessarily be in all things and Head of all, the true *Deus Optimus Maximus*, who regards the lowly and subdues the proud and lofty. He hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty and the devices that are so carefully planned. Robbery, murder, conspiracy, and crimes of the deepest dye often find a loophole by which they escape. A just war, maintained by the highest bravery, skill, and counsel, has to run this risk, and at the very threshold of victory something may happen which loses all. It may be but the loss of one man, by an unlooked-for deadly blow, in a mere scuffle.[1] It may be a sudden and foolish panic. In truth, how many of the greatest things in the universe are so beyond our influence that we cannot lay even a finger upon them! To name two only, the sunshine and

[1] There are several historical instances, but there is not enough in the text to help us to fix on any particular instance as being in the author's mind. Was it John Hampden? But this was in 1642.

the weather, if we could purchase or hire these, when wanted, from a syndicate, what syndicate could be a more assured success? Do you not see that the greatest wealth of the whole world is that which is our common property—the sky, the air, the sea? We are common-right owners in all these, and in the land too, as far as the public roads and spaces are concerned, and these common privileges are of greater use and value than any private privileges the richest millionaire can obtain."

When he ended, Politian, unwilling to give in, continued the controversy thus: "Allow me to object that the argument you have used all the way through seems to lead to the opinion which holds that there are two Deities opposed to each other—goodness coming from a good God, evil from an evil one."

"No," said Joseph; "my argument was that all evil arises from things in themselves. Two opposed Deities are impossible, for if an Infinite Deity excludes the idea of a companion, much more does it exclude an enemy or unfriendly power. Even if the Deities were equally powerful, one would hamper the other and prevent His action; and if they were unequal, the lesser Deity would inevitably be conquered and driven from His seat, if not altogether extinguished. So it was that the watery god of Egypt oppressed the fiery god of Persia; for rival deities are as much opposed as contending generals. But if one and the same God made the whole world and all that is therein, what room is there for this evil god?"

"Yes," said Politian, "but taking that ground, you must be very careful to guard against God being accounted the Author of evil,[1] for evil and good do not flow from the same source."

"Your remark is just," said Joseph, "and it leads up to what I was about to say—viz. God is able to effect, and does effect, all those evils, as we call them, which are against our natural inclination, such as sickness, pain,

[1] Milton, in his *Doctrine of Divorce*, ii. 3, says the Jesuits and Arminians objected that we made God Author of sin. He defends his ground very much as Joseph does here.

death; but if they are against our will, they are not against His will, for in that case He would be fighting against Himself, which is impossible.

"In its strictest sense, evil is not so much defect from the Divine perfection as resistance and opposition to it.

"God is bound by no other condition than the desire of His own praise and glory, and just as the welfare of the people is above all human laws with us,[1] so God's glory is the highest law with Him.

"What I say is, that God creates all things good, and we call sin into being *e nihilo.* For it is not the fury of the elements, nor yet the rabid fierceness of wild beasts, nor the disordered state of a man's bodily health that constitutes sin. Sin is a monster begotten of the mind. Sin is our mind's free action in opposition to the mind of God, and to what He has prescribed. Man is the only animal able to sin, or able to lead a religious life, for all other animals are without knowledge of God, and without free will. God has been pleased to give us these two most excellent gifts, that we might be enabled to offer to Him ingenuous and reasonable service. We, alas! often turn them to our own destruction, and fall from our high estate to the nethermost hell of shame and despair."

But Politian, not yet satisfied, thus returned to the charge: "Since God is the Author and Ruler of all events, how shall we clear Him from being the Author of the unruly conceptions of our mind, which you call sin? For example, the first sin of all, Adam's; surely it was by God's doing that the fatal tree was placed in the garden, and that our first parents were forbidden to look upon it or to eat of its fruit, and hence it was that great and terrible act of disobedience followed which opened the fount of every crime. You cannot say that act came from man's free will alone, for God's administrative and overruling power is never in abeyance, and has the pre-eminence; nay, our free will is God's

[1] *Salus populi suprema lex*, one of the trumpet-calls of that party of Liberty (not faction) to which Milton especially belonged.

gift, depends on Him, and works by Him. God does not intervene only in a perfunctory way, as one who helps or permits, but He rules as a King; and although it were a contradiction to say that He in the slightest degree compels or forces our true will, still, He is the Author and Finisher of it. For who can believe that God's greatest scheme, which He had planned before the world was, from all eternity—the redemption, I mean, of the human race by His Son, who is said to be slain from the foundation of the world,[1] and to which the Creation itself seemed but a prelude,—who, I say, can believe that all this depended on the uncertainty of the issue of human will. All things are embraced within His everlasting arms, but one thing follows another in an external visible order, and indeed, how could anything be foreknown for certain, unless God arranged it so?"

Joseph replied not, and there was an interval in which he seemed speechless and spellbound at the vastness of this transcendent theme. Presently Eugenius interposed, and said: "This most troublesome sophism did for a long time baffle and silence me, but I think I can unriddle it now."

"Let us hear, by all means," said Joseph—"let us see it in your light."

"Well, then," replied Eugenius, "first of all we must hold resolutely to these two certain and incontrovertible principles of our reason—viz. (1) That all things are under God's Providence, and that His holiness and purity exclude evil absolutely;[2] (2) That nothing can detract from His glory, and though He may permit mortals to dare to oppose Him, it is that He may turn it most fittingly to His own honour. We, of course, may not do evil that good may come, or try to turn our sins to the glory of God, because we are directed by God's written law into another path whereby we are to glorify Him.

"My point, therefore, is that what seems, as far as

[1] *Ab orbe condito caesus*; but (Vulg). *ab origine mundi*. Miltonic.

[2] Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 202.

we are concerned, evil, because it trangresses the law, is, as far as God is concerned, good, because it turns to His glory.

"And who can reply against God, or dispute His privilege, when all things are from Him, and He absolute? Does not God give us a somewhat similar privilege over cattle? We kill them and eat them, and we render no other reason than custom and our own advantage. Now, if this is allowed between us and our fellow-creatures on the earth, how much more between us and our great Creator, before whom the heavens and the earth and all the inhabitants thereof are but as dust of the balance!"[1]

Joseph now took up the argument, and pointed out that the controversy continually fell back on that infinite authority of God, which is quite beyond our reason and our grasp.

"It is an awful secret that our mind can never sufficiently fathom, and yet will always be searching for, and the deeper we go the more do we lose our heads and, as in a fit of giddiness, sway to and fro, now wronging God's providence, and now His justice. Does not He often warn us that the things that are revealed belong to us and our children,[2] viz. the precepts of His explicit will, but that He wishes to reserve His secrets for Himself, and to shut them up in an ark of impenetrable mystery? Truly Paul, that lucid expounder of God's truth, is here at a loss, and is fain to cry out, 'O the depth! O the abyss unsearchable!'[3] And when elsewhere he is treating the subject at greater length, he asks: 'Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?' You see, he does not argue, he does not make distinctions or excuses, or even a reply, but he thrusts off all curious questioners into the limitless gulf of Divine liberty.[4]

"Let us, therefore, remit this question to that supreme and inevitable tribunal, to that last great Day of Account, when all the enigmas of life, including this, perhaps as

[1] Isa. xl. 15.
[2] Deut. xxix. 29.
[3] Rom. xi. 33.
[4] Rom. ix. 20.

difficult as any, will be easily solved in the light of God's truth, in the presence of all His saints as assessors; and of the wicked too, not daring to wag their tongues on that day. But all will know it, some to their conviction, some to their amazing joy.

"Let us, therefore, while we may, humbly bow in amazement before the infinite, and acknowledge our own weakness and nothingness, which these arguments so clearly demonstrate. Let us not challenge God's impenetrable decree at the bar of our finite reason, but rather fix our thoughts on what more concerns us in our daily life. Let us consider God's precepts and our own perverse thoughts. Let us compare the righteousness of one with the unrighteousness of the other. Let us take it for granted as the root of the matter that none of us is without sin, and that we must be forgiven before we go hence for ever.

"Let profane mortals hold what opinions they will about God's justice—yea, let them utter all manner of blasphemy against Him; it will be in vain. He sits secure on His heavenly throne, and every wrathful reviling shall He turn to the increase of His praise,[1] and shall reserve for most just judgment.

"Do thou rather, if thou art wise, submit thyself to thy Judge, especially, O man, when for thy sake and for thy salvation there lies open such an easy and ready access to eternal bliss."

Politian then intervened, and having first expressed his thorough agreement with what had been so far said, and his delight in seeing the thorns and stumbling-blocks that beset this subject so skilfully avoided, he went on to say: "Since, then, sin is our own creation, a millstone hanging round our neck, which God has not in the least helped to place there, let us weigh its ponderous mass, and consider its monstrous proportions, so as best to know what its nature, force, and malignity may be."

Then replied Joseph: "That will I gladly do, for it is a subject near akin to God's grace and our own salvation.

[1] Psalm lxxvi. 10.

"Just as Virtue, if she could be seen by mortal eyes, would so ravish us that we should be lost in the ocean of her love, so, if Sin could stalk abroad in all its foul deformity, there is none, not even the most utterly depraved, who would not start in horror at the sight. It is virtue that makes a soul beautiful, while sin transforms it to the veriest monster. Many compare sins, making some worse, others better; but few estimate them according to their intrinsic quality, nor see that all are alike deadly from the very nature of sin.[1] The old philosophers, inasmuch as they never had the grace of true Christian humility, hardly ever notice the great characteristic of sin—I mean its opposition to the Divine will. Nature was their standard, and their measure of sin was found in the deviation more or less from the current views of moral rectitude. They forgot, or never knew, that God is able to decree laws which are quite in disagreement with the common laws of our human nature, and yet most just in themselves, because in agreement with His will, which cannot err. Just consider for a moment how wicked, horrible, and damnable it is to fight against the will of God; remember that in the whole realm of Nature there is not a single instance of such rebellion, and that God is everywhere there the undisputed Ruler. Now, he who sins either wishes that God did not exist, or, worse still, that He would be unjust. He sets at nought and tramples under foot God's royal majesty and glory, and dares to strive for his own will against the will of God Himself. Surely there seems something infinite in the degree of such a crime, though one cannot rightly call it by that name,[2] since it of course falls below the infinite and supreme will of God of which we have been previously

[1] Milton says (*De Doctrina Christiana*, xi. 262): "All sins are not, as the Stoics maintained, of equal magnitude. In the meantime it is certain that even the least sin renders the sinner obnoxious to condemnation."

[2] Here the author, in advance of his time, will not allow a sin against an Infinite God to be therefore an infinite sin in itself, though this was commonly allowed and accepted as a proof for the justice of

speaking, and since, moreover, if the crime were really infinite, it would in fact be another Evil Power, incapable of exclusion, and unable to be mastered. But this we may assert, that the least sin is by its very nature a breaking of the whole law of God,[1] for it is of itself high treason against Him. Indeed, the royal, supreme, and universal command is: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength'—in fact, 'with thy whole and undivided self'; nor can anything be imagined more right and just than this. That man who refuses to love the Highest Good, and has no reverence for the Supreme Power, who denies that such things exist, or, admitting their reality, still is ever slandering them—that man, I say, is trying to pull down and leave in ruins the very house in which he lives, and to stifle the best instincts of his nature. For it is our nature, so to speak, to cast forth rays of love towards that which is beautiful outside us, and to attract it to ourselves;[2] and while we thus crave after ideal beauty and perfection, we never reach it till we find it in God Himself, and drink our fill, as far as we may now, from that fathomless well of the Water of Life which He offers to our thirsty souls. All worldly substitutes are vain: the more we use them the more our burning thirst consumes us; they add but fuel to our flames. This union with God alone satisfies our craving, this alone stills our restless wants, or rather, I would say, it gives them most abundant liberty to wander at will through the vast expanse of God's infinite love. God's own eternal happiness consists in His

infinite punishment. Milton was in advance of his time on the right meaning of the words "for ever and ever," which was *not* infinite duration. Cf. *Milton's Works*, iv. 487 (Bohn).

[1] James ii. 10.

[2] If all Puritans had possessed this lofty and noble view of our natural instinct, how much less gloomy would our world have been! Our author was a Puritan, if ever there was one—a Puritan in the highest sense; but what Puritan but Milton could have penned such words?

union with Himself, nor is He doing us an injury[1] when He calls us also to this blessed communion with Him.

"With what eager desire do we go to view all noble sights and scenes! How delighted we are with the rich fancy of poesy! What a thrill of pleasure passes through us when we meet with a truly beautiful form or face! Or what has greater power or fascination than Love? But what are these compared with our vision of God, and our union with Him? God has in Himself all good gifts, and is infinitely superior to them all. It is He who doth nourish and carry us, as if we were in our mother's womb. Without Him we could not ward off the assaults of our spiritual enemies, nor obtain those rewards which He offers to us so freely. And, last and greatest wonder of all, is not God, being such and so great as He is, willing to join Himself to us in the bond of mutual love?

"To this is added the second great command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'; and this borrows its force and authority from the first. For the man who obeys this second command in accordance with mere natural instinct, as parents in regard to their children, or in accordance with the dictates of bare reason, as just and honourable persons are wont to do, cannot thus fulfil God's command; for in this way they virtually exclude any regard to His will and His authority.

"And it also follows that they who act unjustly to their fellow-men sin against God first of all, who is the King of the world, and has laid this law on men with a view to the right administration of His Kingdom. If men obeyed this command, the whole world would be one great republic, one great commonwealth; what peace, what love, what prosperity, would come back to each one of us!

"Nothing is more delightful than mutual love, nothing more useful, more honourable, or more worthy of a true man. Take this away, and a man may become to his fellow-man worse than a savage beast; he becomes full

[1] The figure *litotes*, often used in *Nova Solyma*.

of hate, envy, fury, murder, yea, if he could he would follow up his vengeance to the depths of Hell itself; and that this is so he makes evident by the vilest and most horrible imprecations. The love such a man has is lust, the friendship he tries to make is founded with a view to future deceit or fraud.

"Nor is it only that one man becomes a pest to another, but vast multitudes of men, sworn in under a deadly compact, fitted out with all the weapons of destruction, adorned with standards and banners, and marching in due rank and order, are led forth to lay waste a country, to burn its cities, and to slaughter its principal people; and the more terror they cause, and the greater ravages they commit, so much the more do they boast and triumph in such deeds, and are handed down to posterity loaded with honour, this glorious tradition being kept up, perhaps, to cover the vile atrocities of our ancestors from the researches of later generations, or to encourage posterity to rise to like wicked barbarity.

"But if you would like to have a proof of the awful and deep malignity that can take possession of a man's heart, hear now that saying of the tyrant: 'When I die, let the earth be rolled in flames.'[1] What can show greater kindness than God's command, or greater malice than this tyrant's wish? He would have the whole universe end with him, and become his funeral pile, and that too at a time when the happiness or misery of the world would be nothing to him one way or the other.

[1] Lat. *me moriente terra misceatur incendio.* The classical authorities are Suetonius (*Nero*, xxxviii.) and Dion (*Lib.* lvii.). It does not seem that this was an original expression used by Nero; it was rather a Greek verse (iambic) which was quoted by some one in Nero's hearing, and he added to it by saying, "Yes, and whilst I am alive too." Dion connects it with Tiberius, and Claudian with Rufinus. It most likely was a venerable "chestnut," something like "*Après moi le déluge.*" But my chief occasion for this note is to point out that Milton quotes it in *The Reason of Church Government*, c. v., and that it occurs in Milton's *Commonplace Book*, p. 44, in Lord Preston's writing I have not met with it in any other contemporary writer.

"This great command includes the love of self, but in a restrained and dependent manner as far as we mortals are concerned. With God it is different: the love of Himself is the highest and best love in His case; in ours it is the very lowest, and almost negligible, for we are all born into the fellowship of service, nor ought any one of us to look upon himself otherwise than as a member of the great human family and as a public citizen of the world. So that the command may be summarised thus: 'Love the whole body of humanity, which includes yourself no less than others, and fulfil this love in such a way that, as far as may be, your loss or gain is made subservient to God's glory and the common benefit of the world.' We see this principle acting in animals as well as in the elemental forces of Nature; how much rather, then, should it hold sway with us, who are gifted with reason as well!

"He who fulfils this Divine law increases his own happiness as well as the happiness of others; but he who studies himself only ruins himself, for not paying his just and natural contribution to his fellows, he becomes not only a bad citizen, but, worse than that, he becomes his own evil genius, and as he acts abroad, so he feels at home, and, mastered by evil passions, he changes the honey of his nature into gall."

"Ah!" said Eugenius here, "I often wonder how it happens that sin is able to afford any pleasure at all, since, as you tell us, it is a disease of the soul, and a a warping of Nature from her right and proper course."

"There are certain natural pleasures," said Joseph, "which can hardly be distinguished from what we call moral vices. These, in the love of God and the unimpaired nobility of our nature in the Paradisaical state, we may well believe, were not displeasing to God. But our race has been expelled from that royal pleasure-house, and we are now degraded bond-servants of base desires. We are subject to our inordinate longing for what reason and nature forbid, and this distempered sickness of the soul brings with it a certain satisfaction, just as they

who suffer from *pica* are seized with intense desire for filthy and unwholesome food. Such is the perverse nature of sinful man that he will, like the serpents, suck down most complacently poisoned food. Malice and sin are thoroughly perverse in their laws, reason and nature—the exact opposite to sanctified goodness. They remind us of a painter who will persistently go on depicting horrible and shameful deformities, while the daily and common glories of Nature are everywhere around. They are like a musician who is constantly marring the harmony of a beautiful composition by harsh and discordant notes."

When Joseph had ceased speaking, the fixed attitude and expectant gaze of his listeners evidently showed that they were ready to hear yet more; but as he had an appointment he must needs keep, he determined to end the colloquy with a corollary in the shape of a few verses he had made not altogether unconnected with the discourse:

"O Father, Lord of all the heavenly host,
Who buildest up this earth in bonds of law,
Each vital spark[1] Thy hidden impress bears;
At Thy behest the ever-hastening sun
Doth mount the eastern sky to bring with him
The rosy hours of day; the stars of night
Do follow in their courses Thy commands;
Thee do the winds and mighty sea obey;
The fruitful earth—oft vexed by threatening storms—
Still heeds Thy primal law; while mortal men
Alone—sad thought!—seem deaf to Thy great voice,
And rush to pluck and eat forbidden fruit.
What power, what force, what mighty spell was this,
That brought such ills upon the race of men,
And loosed from off their rebel necks the reins
That check all else? Oh! why is man so blind
As not to see how sin begins and ends?
  As not to see God's threatening sword of ire,
  And all around his path Hell's raging fire?"

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[1] Lat. *semina*. The allusion is here to the doctrine of seminal forms mentioned elsewhere.

CHAPTER VI

THE HISTORY OF PHILANDER AND ANTONIA

WHILE these discussions were daily occupying their attention, Antonia was getting to like Philander more and more. At first there were only the attentions of a loving mother, but these grew stronger and less Platonic every day, so that thoughts and feelings arose which she felt at once should not be. Not long after, in a morning dream, she seemed to have Philander lying beside her in her husband's old place. The dream was a vivid one, and awakened her. Her first action, half awake, was to put out her hand in the bed, with a view to keep him off, but as soon as she was quite conscious she began to laugh at her own mistake and her curious dream; still, when it was time to rise, she could not repress an involuntary sigh. As days passed on, she would often gaze on Philander more intensely than of old, and as nights passed, she longed to dream again, and enliven her solitary bed with embraces that were, alas! but shadows.

Her next step was to kiss her dear boy often with lingering enjoyment, and for this innocent game she gave herself the fullest absolution. Then she would change, and attribute Philander's unfailing kindness to pecuniary motives, and would plume herself on her wealthy position—it was not for her to entertain thoughts of love to one so much beneath her socially and so poor. Then she considered what people would say if she, approaching forty, should take up with a mere boy half her age. At another time she would make herself believe that he was dying of love for her, and that she despised

him, and rebuked his advances. Then again he would be her dear boy and her pet more than ever, and she would ask him his age, and try to make him out older than he said. She would insist that he was older than her son, who died at twenty-one. She gave herself out as about thirty, and explained that she was wife and mother while a mere child herself. And to keep up the illusion, she dressed more girlishly than ever, and affected a youthful mien and fascinating manners.

Beginning thus, she soon became so deeply enamoured that, although Philander gave not the slightest encouragement to such an idea, her thoughts turned to marriage with him. She wished him to make the proposal, of course. Her idea was that her wealth and position caused his bashful silence, and she felt sure that if she could only dispel that idea from his mind, he would willingly try for such a rich prize, for he was poor enough. As a foretaste of the happy position he might be in, she made him many valuable presents, and ordered new and fashionable robes for him, and her admiring eyes seemed to tell plainly enough why they were given. She was also profuse in her promises, leading him to expect the greatest good fortune, if he would only consider his own interests and embrace the good chances that fell into his lap. She hinted that he might be her sole heir, and asked him to go over her accounts with her, designedly disclosing her great wealth, and making bitter complaints that she had no good man to help her in such matters. She said that although she had for so long remained a widow, she now began to see the necessity of marriage, and that a careful beginning was better than a bad ending; that she looked not for a wealthy husband, but for one who would aid and solace her; that she had enough to invite a devoted husband to cast in his lot with hers, but should not take any steps without first taking his advice whose prudence and fidelity she so greatly relied upon. She added only this, that she hoped her suitor would not be too old.

She paused awhile, anxiously awaiting his reply. But

Philander, either not really alive to the indelicacy of her remarks, or pretending not to notice them, gave an unsympathetic and commonplace answer, quite ignoring her hints. Her plan having thus missed its mark, she made some excuse, and began to unsay all she had uttered, and to be quite overcome with tears and sighs at the thought of her lost husband. Indeed, to such a degree did her excitement attain that Philander was obliged to calm her by his entreaties, and to support her in his arms lest she should faint. Antonia's vexation was all the stronger for being misunderstood; she was annoyed at the young man's simplicity; she ridiculed his foolishness in not taking the obvious hint her words and actions offered. But she did not give up all hope yet, for she flattered herself the reason of his coolness was not so much his indifference to her as his youthful inexperience; so she again pursued her scheme.

"My son," she said, "although I feel unequal alone to my great responsibilities, still, the more I think of marrying again, the more I dislike the thought; but if you will give me a little faithful help, you will moderate my grief for the great loss of my husband, and I will reward your services even more liberally than hitherto."

Philander thanked her, and while pleading his great want of experience, said she might rely upon his will to do her every service he could; and so they parted, he having a strong suspicion that this did not all proceed from motherly goodwill, but was rather a lure to further some base designs, judging by her blandishments and embraces, which seemed none too innocent. Putting all things together, it dawned upon him pretty clearly that Antonia wanted him for a husband or something still worse. The thought of such a disgraceful connection overwhelmed him with confusion.

"O avenging Fate," he cried, "how hast thou caught me in thine entanglements! While I, in disguise, am seeking my love, this very disguise makes me sought in love that can never be. Where I looked for love, I was unnoticed or disregarded; now it comes to me in

horrid, sickening form, unasked and unwelcomed. Alas for the madness of lovers and the weakness of woman, how fully have I lately seen their action in myself! How justly do we deserve the jeers men bestow on us, if ever we go outside those limits of modesty that Nature has laid down for us, for modesty is the surest guard of our native frailty, and the crown of every grace."

So saying, he went on upbraiding himself with his folly and unwomanly boldness of adventure. He felt in a strait between two—either flight or death; and he determined to let the events of the next few days determine which it should be.

He had not long to wait. The very next morning Antonia, unable to endure further delay or suspense, determined to put Philander to a final test. Arrayed in all the extra charms that wealth could purchase, she prepared to play her last card and to know her fate.[1] It was early, so she took the opportunity of a morning visit before Philander had left his chamber. His evident distress of mind gave her the chance she was looking for.

"Alas!" she said, "how ill and thin you look! Surely 'tis a wife you want, before the flower of your youth fades away, never to return."

After a few similar remarks she said: "What do you think? I had such a foolish dream about you a little while ago." And then she told him all about it, indulging

[1] Antonia thus decking herself out, recalls Milton's Dalila in *Samson Agonistes*, who came forth "with all her bravery on."

Critics are pretty well agreed that John Milton was essentially an idealist. Especially is this to be seen in his characters of women. As Professor Dowden says: "The Lady of *Comus* was created out of all that Milton conceived as admirable; Eve out of all in woman that is desirable; Dalila out of all that is detestable. Her feminine curiosity, her feminine love of dress—she comes 'with all her bravery on'—her fleshly desire," and her many other bad qualities make up an ideal woman hateful to Milton. The Lady, Eve, Dalila—these are the women of Milton, each a great ideal figure: one for admiration, one for love, and the last for loathing and contempt.

Nova Solyma adds three new ideals at least, Philomela, Philippina, and Antonia, the ideals respectively of the Woman of Pleasure, the High-born Maiden's chaste, unconquerable Love, and the Wanton Widow.

the while in frequent laughter and a rather free manner. When she had finished her dream, and found that he still made no sign, she unreservedly asked him if he would fulfil the dream and marry her.

Now the truth was out, Philander hesitated not a moment, but, looking at her with fierce and stern contempt, said: "Out of my sight, foul, made-up hag; you disgrace your class and your age! Can it be possible that you, a rich old lady of good birth, as I hear, could even contemplate marriage with a mere boy, and that boy an alien and a fugitive? How much worse must it be when you, with brazen impudence, seek him out, and yourself propose what you did just now! Ought not the thought of your dead son and husband to act as a restraint upon you when you were meditating things bad enough to make them turn in their graves? Instead of that, you have absolutely made use of their honourable names to further your lascivious designs, and have endeavoured to make them in this matter pandars to your lust. Let me tell you, as far as I am concerned, I loathe the very idea of marriage with you, and renounce altogether the friendly relationship that has existed between us. I do not feel in your debt, for you have not treated me honestly or decently, but have caressed and bribed me for your own lascivious ends."

All this and more Philander vented forth against her in hot excitement. Antonia meanwhile was so abashed and confounded by this unexpected attack from without, and so overwhelmed by the storm of conflicting emotions of shame, anger, and desire from within, that she knew not what to say, and even if the thoughts and words had come to her, they could never have found a passage through her clenched teeth and quivering lips. The only other outward sign she gave was one long, deep-drawn sigh and those few tears that, drop by drop, coursed down her cheeks; her grief, so intense, had stifled all those wailing cries we sometimes hear.

Presently, in mad fashion, she rushes from the chamber to her own private room, hurriedly shuts and bolts the

door, and gives way to her repressed feelings. In her rage she spared nothing. Her dresses and jewels were ruthlessly torn off, nor did she even spare her curls, not yet tinged with grey, which fell loose in girlish fashion round her head. Now she could wail and beat her breast, till, tired out, thought and conscience assumed some power in her troubled mind. At first she taxed herself more as the victim of a blunder than a crime. "It was his fault," she said; "he should have brought me to reason by kind and soothing methods rather than plunge me into despair by his harsh tongue, sharper than any sword. Will not my good name be lost for ever, and become a public scandal, and just through him? If he were only a man, he could not have failed to yield to such wealth, such attractions, such love. He must be the evil genius of our family, who has put his spell upon me, the last of my race, and now inhumanly glories in my downfall. But I will try whether he is born of woman, and mortal, or not. Pardon my project, O ye spirits of my dear departed ones; if only ye suffer it, I will not come down to you unavenged. Yea, I will come willingly, and drag down my accuser with me."

What she intended was to try and renew her friendship with Philander, and to ask him to forgive her folly, and then, when all suspicion was removed, to prepare a poisoned draught, of which they both should drink, so that, before they died, there would be just time for her to turn upon him and, with a woman's gathered vengeance and with a woman's dying rancour, tax him with all her misery and woe. This was her vengeance, dire indeed, and horrible; but she gloated over it, and the thought gave her a strange solace. She began by putting matters on the former friendly footing between Philander and herself; she dressed as before, and paid the same attention to her hair, and (alas! such is woman's deceit) behaved in the same engaging manner to him as of old. Yet all the time she had in a secret drawer the deadliest poison, brought from Italy, to be ready for the first favourable opportunity.

About this time certain strangers came to Nova Solyma from Sicily, and asking for Joseph, they happened to meet him just as he was leaving his father's house with his two friends. When he understood their business was with him, he courteously begged to know the cause of their journey. They said they were sent by the Duke of Palermo to trace his daughter Philippina, who had escaped from their country four months ago, disguised as a man. Her father, enraged at the sorrow and shame she had brought upon them, at first took the matter in a haughty, impatient way; but the loss of his only daughter soon altered such feelings, and he sent out emissaries in different directions to follow up her track. "It was our mission to come here, for there was a report that she was in love with you, and it was thought that when you left Sicily she grieved very much, and soon after fled the country in search of you. No maiden alive could be more modest or better than she was; her unconquerable love was her only fault, if it be one. If she has really fled to you, at least let her sorrowing father know; he offers pardon to both, and will accept his new son-in-law, and when your rank and fortune are known, he will the more rejoice."

Joseph was much disconcerted at their message, and solemnly declared that he then for the first time knew of her flight. "I entertained no thought of such a marriage, nor would I have consented to such an unequal union, had she wished it. I grieve very much for her imprudence, for I know she is worthy of all the praise you have given her."

This was a great disappointment to the messengers, and, hardly knowing what more to do, they asked him for his advice as to the best way of tracing her. While Joseph was deeply considering this, as a personal matter, it came into his mind that Philander, who was a daily visitor at his father's house, was not unlike Philippina in features, and, apart from his sex, there was a strong general resemblance between them. Much struck by this, he determined to mention it to the messengers.

"I ought to tell you," said he, "that we have a youth named Philander lodging not far off, who gives himself out as an Italian, but has more the accent of a Sicilian, whose age, figure, and bearing are not unlike your Philippina's. And, what increases my suspicion, he often pays me a visit, and views me with a special regard; and now I think of it, he told a very similar tale to yours concerning himself, when we first met him; but so far I have noticed no concealment of sex."

They, elated at having thus hit on the scent, urged further enquiry very strongly, promising to remain outside the lodgings, so as not to be recognised by the damsel, for she had written to her father, if he wished her to come back again alive, not to follow her, but that she would return at her own time. Now, Joseph, feeling his good report was concerned in the affair, insisted that they should accompany him, otherwise he would have nothing further to do with the search. So they all went together to the house, and Joseph told one of the servants there that he desired to speak to Philander. "He is in his bedroom," was the reply; and he began to show them the way to it across the inner court. Philander happened to be resting near the window, and, hearing his name mentioned, opened the lattice and looked out fearlessly, but with a countenance wild and deadly pale.

At once she addressed Joseph by name, saying: "Here is Philander, or, if you will, Philippina, who for your sake fled from her country and her father's house, and is now at last about to flee from herself. Because I believed you cared not for me as I was, I changed my dress and sex, and embraced a humble calling, that I might work for you and please you, and you alone, and I trust I have not failed in that; but oh! what could I not have done if I had been, in the bonds of mutual love, your honoured wife? Believe me, I have no Crescentia but yourself. Forgive my rash adventure, at least for the love it showed for you. Know too that Antonia has avenged thee, seeking to buy my boyish love. Tell my father's messengers, whom I have noticed already in the

street, that they need not further trouble about me. I will give myself into their charge very soon, and there will be no fear lest I escape them."

While she was thus speaking, the two Sicilians, led by the servant of the house, whom Joseph, fearing the worst, had sent with them, came to her door and tried to take her by surprise while talking with Joseph. But Philippina, when she thought of taking her own life, had locked her doors, and now, fearing they might be broken open, she stabbed herself in the left breast with one strong and bold stroke of the dagger which she had ready, and before those outside could break their way in she had fallen to the floor a corpse. When they reached her, they at once pulled out the fatal weapon; it had penetrated her breast and reached her heart, but still they tried all known means of restoring life, of course in vain.

The report of her death soon spread abroad, to the general grief, and Antonia, unwilling to survive her own shame, carried out her part in the poison plot, and while all were busied about Philander, she went to her bedroom, and, mixing her poison, drank off the whole, offering it up first to the *manes* of the victim for whom it was in part prepared. As soon as strength failed her, she threw herself on a couch, and in decent composure took her last earthly rest.[1]

Joseph was dreadfully moved by the fate of Philippina, and mused over it long and often, and much that he

[1] The curious history of Antonia, Philippina, and Joseph came, I should say, from the perusal of that popular romance the *Diana* of Montemayor. All people of culture read it both in Shakespeare's time and in Milton's; indeed, the latter especially mentions it by name when referring to romances generally. For a girl to disguise herself as a page and thus to seek her lover was common incident in romances; but for a woman to fall in love with one of her own sex thus disguised was by no means so common. It is this that points out *Diana* as the source of the Antonia episode. The adventures of Felix and Felismena appear in the second book of Montemayor's work, and these two characters were borrowed in part for *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where they appeared as Proteus and Julia, long before they were revived in *Nova Solyma* as Joseph and Philippina.

had thought and composed was condensed by him into the following epitaph. Her father, when the messengers had brought home her body, ordered it to be engraved on her tomb.

PHILIPPINA'S EPITAPH

Fair passer by, if thou art wont to boast
The gift of beauty and the praise of men,
Regard it in the first stage and the last;
In the womb
and
In the tomb.
Here in the darkness of this grave lies hid
PHILIPPINA,
Than whom no fairer maid e'er caught man's gaze.
A tragedy of unrequited love
She here bequeaths for all to profit by.
Her mind was first distraught by Love's fierce rage,
Then in despair she smote her own sad breast,
And welcomed Death with one avenging blow.
When rage o'erflows, sad is our mortal fate,
And Love has victims too, no less than Hate.

Meanwhile, since it was only fitting that the lifeless remains of the unhappy maiden should be conveyed home for her father's disposal, Joseph sent for the people whose work it was to prepare the dead for the tomb, and, as far as may be, preserve the semblance of their former features and arrest that foul decay that must sooner or later mar the fairest form.

CHAPTER VII

THE HISTORY OF THEOPHRASTUS CONTINUED

WHEN he had seen to this he happened to meet Lucas, who told him that Theophrastus was still ill and much unsettled in mind, but now had an attack altogether different from the last, and would like to see him. So Joseph and his two friends paid a visit to his chamber.

They found Theophrastus lying on his bed, and almost incessantly shouting out in a most lamentable voice that he was eternally damned. Joseph was astounded at what he saw and heard, and longed to know the reason of it, but said nothing at first. Politian and Eugenius whispered to each other in the lowest of tones, asking what this new distemper could be, and whether he was still possessed by the evil spirit. But inaudible as they were to any but themselves, the patient, in his exalted state of hearing,[1] took in all they said.

"Pardon me," he cried out, "whoever you are that I hear speaking—pardon me if I cry out thus, for I feel the scourging whip of God upon me. My sins are my accusing torturers, and my sins threaten me with what is worse than death. Once, when I was lulled to sleep in the wretched vanities of the world, I laughed my sins to scorn, as trifles of no account; now they come against me in awful guise, and sear my conscience as with the piercing of a hot iron.[2] God has put me on His rack, and I must needs confess against my will. I see Sin in its true form passing before my eyes—a misshapen monster worse than all the crew of Hell, more

[1] The accurate remark of an expert.

[2] 1 Tim. iv. 2.

terrifying than any earthly sentence of torture. I would rather that my wretched body were shut up within the most cruel contrivance that a tyrant could devise,[1] and every limb subject to the most excruciating pain, than suffer one stroke of Divine vengeance in my soul. I seem to see the eyes of the Judge who shall condemn me, and they are like unto a flame of fire,[2] and the right hand of Omnipotence is hurling Its lightnings on my head."

Then Joseph, going near to him, said: "What are these strange things I hear? Can it be that you, but a few days ago such a miracle of God's grace, and delivered from all the power of the great enemy, are now again subject to his will? This is a device of the same adversary; why not flee to the Refuge you have tried and known? why not seek help from the same Defender as before?"

At once he answered: "It is not devils that I dread, or thousands of them, but it is the presence of an angry Deity that fills me with such awful fear, a Deity too who shall wreak His vengeance on me with most just cause. Where is it possible to find hope or solace in such a case? Can I undo that which is done? Can the past be ever recalled and blotted out? And without that, how can I be sàved?"[3]

Then said Joseph: "God's chastising hand may be now laid upon you in order that you may acknowledge Him more, and turn yourself to implore His mercy. God's mercy is boundless, and knows no end, and so its measure is greater than any finite sin, and able to cover all."

And so in turn they argued long, one offering the remedy as best he might, the other with perverse despair ever rejecting it.

[1] He is thinking of the brazen bull of Phalaris.

[2] Rev. i. 14; ii. 18.

[3] This was Spira's awful state, and these were his arguments in the book about his case published under the patronage of Calvin, and reprinted and read so very frequently in the earlier Reformation days. Milton and his friends, both Italian and English, would know it well.

Lucas now suggested it would be best for them to leave the patient while he attended to him for a time, and after that they might come in again and help by their prayers. Joseph did not wish to miss such an opportunity, and said he would adjourn with his friends to the next room and wait. Here they had the chance of discussing again the dreadful spectacle they had just left.

"I feel very sure," said Joseph, "that this is the work of God's enlightening Spirit. Such marvels are often the preludes of God's effectual grace. In darkness we cannot see, and we fall asleep; but the light of day reveals our surroundings and warns the greatest sluggard to be up and doing. My view is borne out by many a case in our own times, as well as in Holy Writ. There is, for instance, the plaint of Cain, the first fratricide: it has been handed down to us very briefly; I will expand it somewhat in verse.[1]

"CAIN'S SOLILOQUY

"Alone, and doomed by God's avenging curse,
Of guilty parents now the guiltier son,
What refuge can I seek, where hide my head?
"While yet unborn, my great ancestral sin,
To me derived, brought loss of Paradise,
That garden fair; and now my own fell deed
Hath shut me out from Paradise above,
That fairer goal of God's far greater grace.
That fellowship, through hope, with all the saints,
Can never now be mine while time doth last,
And through all ages must I exiled be.
"What though I flee? myself I cannot shun.
O greatest misery! O vengeance dire!
How gladly would I offer up my life
As equal ransom for my brother's blood!

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[1] Here follow forty-two lines in the metre known as iambic trimeter acatalectic. The subject, the metre, and the fine Latinity all point to Milton rather than any other contemporary Latin poet of our land. In 1639 Milton made a long list of Scriptural dramas and their subjects; the MS. is extant in Trinity College library. Cain, a most likely subject, does not appear among them, possibly because Milton had already used it in earlier days, as here.

But no; I must my own avenger be,
And still live on—an awful living death
Where—saddest thing of all!—nor hope nor end
Can ever come. O cursèd deed! O mind depraved!
That dared to take a life so near akin;
This only God can do and still be just.
When envy reigned in my self-torturing breast,
And anger dire, how soothing seemed the deed!
But now, too late, it comes before mine eyes
A bloody crime, and in ten thousand ways
Doth rack with torture my abandoned soul.
"For I have slain a man. My hand the first
To rashly ope the appointed gate of death,
And with one murderous stroke anticipate
The universal law of all mankind.
"A brother have I slain; in him lies dead
One-half the world of procreated men,
The better half by far, while I, the worse,
Am left, sole heir of all the race, to be
The vile begetter of a fallen world.
"My sin is greater still, for I have slain
One holy unto God, a victim pure
Who now, besprinkled with his own life's blood,
Is first of mortal men to enter Heaven.
What paradox is here! How passing strange,
That thus at last doth God my offering take,
The best of victims from the worst of priests!
Thus envy ever works; these be her fruits:
Her victims rise, and she is more depressed.
"My very self, too, have I slain, for He
Who once refused the best I had to give
Will never pardon grant for broken laws.
Oh, how God's dreaded vengeance haunts my brain!
Must Vengeance Infinite thus strike me down?
All things took shape beneath His forming hand,
His nod none dares resist. How can I hope
By flight to 'scape His ever-following grasp,
Or bear it when it comes? And yet these fears
And other horrors still to me unknown
Must needs be borne. How oft the sentence dread
Of my great Judge doth through my marrow pierce,
Seeming to me the fulness of His wrath,
Till pain has vanished in a deathlike swoon.
"But I must work, and till the thorny ground—
In toil alone for me is life and peace;
And since I'm driven from fields that once were mine,
My own right hand shall found some home apart."

"Now," said Eugenius, "why should we not hear a few remarks about the just punishment of sin which God has ordained, and which Theophrastus has illustrated by his frightful state?"

"Quite so," said Joseph, "and to proceed in order I will first repeat the origin of sin and Adam's fall. I know this is held as a sort of fable or allegory by some great wits, but I will try and defend it from any such suspicion.

"First, nothing can be more in accordance with what is true than the fact that man was created altogether perfect. Fallen Nature proclaims this, and looks back with sorrow and desire to a perfect golden age. The Divine law hints that man was made in the image and likeness of God, and our conscience still retains a likeness of our better selves, impaired, if you will, but still there, for each of us approves, and often strives to attain unto, that higher self that we have lost. God's Book of Truth tells us the same, and, what has never entered into the mind of any school of philosophers, that book tells by what law, and by whose offence, our whole race entered in the continual heritage of sin and woe. We know that God gave our first parents dominion over all things that were on the earth, and placed them in a garden, the choicest central spot of all the world—the garden of the Lord, it might well be called—which they were charged to dress and keep. Here was one tree conspicuous beyond the rest by the beauty of its fruit, but guarded by the strictest command that they should not satisfy a base desire by eating of or even touching that tree. On keeping this one law of God depended the happiness of mankind.

"Now, I ask you to admit that such a law was neither unjust nor unworthy of the Divine Majesty. Do not kings and nobles often make grants of land to their subjects and vassals, with a condition that they should pay a peppercorn or a grain of cumin as a token of service, and if this be not forthcoming, or be forgotten, the grant is null and void. In an exactly similar manner the highest law of all depended on a most slight condition.

"The force and authority of law wholly consists in the will and order of the legislator, and has to be accepted with implicit faith and the most perfect obedience. And so it behoved our first parents to accept with faith this prohibitory order, although no reason or fixed law of justice gave it sanction, and, indeed, if there had been no command given by God concerning the tree, their abstaining from it might have been a superstitious and wicked act. For a creature of God, as man is, faith is the highest virtue, and especially shows itself in the least points of the law, and fulfils that imperial mandate, 'Do this for the glory of God.'

"Our religion may be summed up as the exercise of Christian faith. But the faith of a Christian and the faith of Adam must be distinguished. Ours puts away self entirely, and, looking to Christ's merits, rests in the bosom of His love. But Adam's faith depended on his own strength and his own deed, just as does all other obedience in worldly affairs.

"This precept, too, most clearly shows to us the genuine liberty our first parents had in sinning. For the precept did not command something to be done which was included in the natural wants of the primeval pair, nor did it prohibit anything that was foul and abominable. But the precept was concerning a matter to which our first parents by nature were indifferent or evenly balanced, till the Divine command turned the scale. Therefore it is that special mention is made of the promulgation of this law, and of this alone, all the rest being silently inscribed in the tablets of the heart and mind.[1]

[1] Milton twice brings this very argument to the front; once late in life, in the *De Doctrina Christiana*, c. x.: "No works whatever were required of Adam; a particular act only was forbidden. It was necessary that something should be forbidden or commanded as a test of fidelity, and that an act in its own nature indifferent, in order that man's obedience might be thereby manifested. For since it was the disposition of man to do what was right, as a being naturally good and holy, it was not necessary that he should be bound by the obligation of a covenant to perform that to which he was himself inclined; nor would he give any proof of obedience by the performance of works

"Next follows the attack of the serpent on the woman, using a feigned voice, and deceiving her by various sophistical arguments. There seems no doubt that this serpent was prompted by the evil spirit whom we call Satan. That is his name among the sacred writers, and that his favourite form in which he would show himself to his worshippers afterwards. We read that he was a liar and a murderer from the beginning. Even now he retains his character, for he tempts us to evil by an insinuous, serpent-like procedure, and gains his victory over us by the same arts as of old."

Here Politian interposed a question. "Why therefore is it so pointedly said that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, and why was the punishment laid upon the serpent, without any mention of the devil who spake through it? And why did not the devil, if he really were the principal actor, quietly and insensibly exert his pernicious influence on the mind, and, in that palmary deceit of his, attack the easier entrance, as he does now?"

"Perhaps," said Eugenius, "that is the real sense of the Scripture phrase, 'the serpent was more subtle than any beast which God had made'—*i.e.* that the cunning was not that of beast, but different in kind and degree."

"I will not argue the point," said Joseph. "I have no doubt something strange and beyond the usual was portended, and the serpent was the symbol of it. There is no mention of the Evil One, either because it is clear on the face of the narrative that the enemy of the human race is meant, or, it may be, because the angels had been mentioned, but not the fallen ones, and Scripture does not pander to itching or curious ears, but, for the

to which he was led by a natural impulse, independently of the Divine command (Bohn's ed., iv. 221.) And once in 1645 in his *Tetrachordon*, iii. 336: "Were it [the precept] merely natural, why was it here ordained more than the rest of moral law to man in his original rectitude, in whose breast all that was natural or moral was engraven without external constitutions and edicts?" Clearly a favourite Miltonic argument this, and exactly reproduced above.

deep reasons of God, enlightens us about some things, but passes over others, leaving them in silence and obscurity.

"Next let us see by what inducements our first parents were led to so great a sin. Those authors are very wide of the mark who say that fleshly appetite [1] was the primary cause of the Fall. There is an inducement of far greater power than this, which seizes the whole man, body and soul,[2] an inducement which fills the mind almost to the exclusion of all else—I mean the desire to be as one of the immortal gods. Not the temptation of the most exquisite pleasures, not the offer of the greatest riches, not the glory of earthly empire could have made our first ancestors barter away their happiness, or could have robbed them of their primitive goodness. But the hope of a higher fortune, the ambition of being supreme, had filled their mighty minds with huge desire. Then it was that the greatest of all deceivers mocked them with the false and glittering illusion that they should be as gods, and that the way to obtain their wish was through the mystic fruit of the forbidden tree.[3] Now was the die to be cast for the happiness or misery of the human race; here was to be the speedy end of so great happiness only just begun, and here the fount of all our woe, for that dread precept, a pledge and sign of total obedience, included in itself all things forbidden.[4]

Here Politian queried thus: "But how is it that we

[1] *Gula* in the original, meaning, first of all, gluttony.

[2] *Universus homo* is used, pointing to the indivisible union of body and soul.

[3] This is the Miltonic view in *Paradise Lost.* ix. 700-800, etc.

[4] "If the circumstances of this crime are duly considered, it will be acknowledged to have been a most heinous offence and a transgression of the whole law. For what sin can be named which was not included in this one act?" (Milton, *De Doctrina Christiana*, xi. 254).

At the above reference Milton gives a long list of the sins included. Du Bartas, Milton's favourite author in early years, gives a similar list, and we have in *Paradise Lost*, x. 14-16:

> They not obeying
> Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty,
> And, manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.

suffer for the sins of our fathers? Is it right in law or in equity, especially when God distinctly declares He will not visit the sins of the father on the son?"

Joseph's reply was: "Just as the primeval command 'Thou shalt not eat of it' is the prime model of all succeeding commands, and stands in their place, so our first parents stood in our place, and it was our weakness that was tried in that first unique temptation. Moreover, it seems very probable that had they obeyed, not one of their descendants would have run the slightest risk, nor would the crimes of any of their posterity, nor any other sins of Adam himself, have been handed down from father to son; and this seems one reason why it is described as the tree of knowledge of good and evil, because our first parents had this one, and only one, opportunity for obtaining the knowledge of evil, and therefore the tree of life was near, that from this second mystical tree, connected as poison and antidote,[1] was to come by sacramental sign the knowledge of good—that is, of life and salvation. Hence that ironical reproach, 'Behold the man is become as one of us, endued with the knowledge of good and evil.' This alluded to that vainest of all collusive sophisms, 'Ye shall be as gods,' which that old Deceiver so artfully concocted out of the mystic name of the tree and our first parents' desire for forbidden knowledge. In fine, God, in order that He may withdraw from us the very hope and appearance of salvation, expels us from Paradise, thus excommunicating us from the visible pledge of life therein set forth.

"Both Adam and Eve were in the transgression—not Adam only, or Eve only, but both—and hence all who descend from them share their guilt. And that is why Christ was not born according to the ordinary law of generation, in order that He might be free from its original and inherited taint.[2] That He took His human

[1] Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 220:

> The Tree of Knowledge grew fast by—
> Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.

[2] Milton, *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. 261.

nature only from the woman, who led the way to the Fall, is no real stumbling-block, for it was not the sin of Adam alone, or Eve alone, that passed to the children, but their joint sin."

(The next question of Politian was that old moral paradox: "Why do we so often see the just man struggling with adversity, and the wicked flourishing like a green bay tree?" Joseph's answer virtually is that we presumptuously limit God's infinite justice by our own ideas of justice and injustice in this finite world; that we only now see and know in part, but on that last Great Day all the things that now seem so strangely confused and without a plan will then come before us as the perfection of order and justice. As the first chaos was changed into the wonderful and perfect machine of the planetary system, so this second moral chaos, with its startling anomalies, will, on that day of the revealing of secrets, be seen by all to be no longer a moral chaos but the perfect order of Divine Providence. This is enforced by the following simile.)

"The builder who has planned in his own mind the scheme of a noble mansion, first gets together a wealth of material—marble, brick, wood, iron, and such like—and all these he cuts and hews and shapes in various forms; and although all are fitted most carefully for their purpose and end, yet they lie scattered here and there in his workshop in such a way that the mere chance spectator, observing in them no order, no adjustment, and certainly nothing perfect, would gaze in curious wonder, and many conjectures might come into his mind, no doubt, but he would least of all be likely to guess the plan while its component parts were in such confusion—foundation stones lying on the top of one heap, perhaps, and cornices and headstones at the bottom of another, and stones meant to be fitted together lying perhaps as far apart as possible. But when all is duly prepared, let the master builder come upon the scene, and with finishing hand arrange the whole, and fashion them into his plan of a most noble building. Oh, what a change is that!

Such a transformation and completion, but infinitely greater, will be seen when the end of all things has come. All men will go to their own place, and some men will be very far apart from others, even as there is a terrible difference between good and bad angels. Though closely alike in their bodily nature, and issuing from the same stock, we know that some are raised to the highest bliss, and others (oh, the horror of it!) plunged into the abyss of awful misery, by the just judgment of God, according to their deserts. As with the angels, so will it be with us men in the world to come. But now indeed we are suspended,[1] as it were, in a half-way house between the joys of Heaven and the pains of Hell, for there is no perfect bliss or utter woe here on earth.

"It behoves us to believe that these punishments, in full satisfaction of God's vengeance, and determined upon from the foundation of the world, are the fiercest which God can give and our nature endure. For whoever hates another wishes that one to be most utterly wretched; and although death came by sin, the penalty of sin shuts out death, or rather delays it for ever and ever—nay, the death of the body is only therefore a contingent cause by which we pass to an eternity of existence."

Here Eugenius mentioned an idea that had suggested itself to his mind—viz. that the elementary powers of Nature would be turned to act against the damned after the Judgment. Before the Fall these powers all acted harmoniously to produce pleasure to the physical frame of man, and now in our half-way house they sometimes produce pleasure and sometimes pain. "May not, I say, these powers or properties of Nature eventually become so active for pain alone that here we may look for both the inward and outward scourges of God's condemning justice—inwardly a much greater complication of all the pains and diseases that flesh is heir to, and outwardly the terrible aspect of nature as a bitter and implacable foe?

[1] The Latin is noticeable—*pendemus*. The little central circle of earth hangs drop-like between the Empyrean above and Hell beneath. This was Milton's cosmography.

It would be equitable, too, for wherein a man sins, thence should the requital come. One of God's punishments that our first parents suffered was that the earth, given to them as their possession, should bring forth thorns and thistles of itself, instead of serviceable fruit; and why should not this law of God be further extended after the Judgment? Scripture, too, suggests such a Divine punishment then, for we read that a new heaven should be created and a new earth, wherein dwelleth justice."

To this Joseph made answer: "Many are the curious conjectures of the learned on this matter; enough for us to know that the future state of the dead is not opened to our sight, our hearing, or our mental grasp, but that for the lost souls it must be unspeakably intolerable, and worse than our most vivid imagination can depict. They have not only sinned against Nature, but against their Creator Himself, who knows perfectly the whole frame of man, and is able to crush the bones and rack the nerves, and make every sense and feeling fail in terror before Him, and so to overwhelm the guilty in other ways beyond our ken, inexpressible in our words or thoughts. As the body shared in the offence, so no doubt it will bear its share in the penalty. But the mind was the prime mover in this war against God, and will be the prime sufferer. Here we must look for that worm that dieth not; here in our conscience are we the prey of the vulture and the eagle, symbols of a torture we cannot understand.

"Think how awful it must be, ever to have the foulest objects before our eyes, ever to be distracted by fear, overwhelmed in anguish, covered with shame, burnt up with impotent desire, plagued with envy, and excruciated by the exceeding bitter thoughts of all our folly. Think what it is for that very mind of man which is able to withstand so many infirmities of the body, and to endure with placid joy the most cruel injuries of earthly tyrants, to be absolutely crushed and subdued before an angry Creator, and made its own torturer and executioner. Each shall suffer according to his own deserts. Cruelty shall claim the Pharaohs as her victims, while the Caesars

shall burst with pride; Sardanapalus shall be dissolved in enervating vice, and Cato shall be mocked by false appearances of justice. But they who have undermined true religion by means of superstition or guile shall fare the worst of all. Consider, in addition, the terrible aspect of the offended and avenging Judge.

"In our present life, while God spares and seems not to notice, there are many who carry themselves in haughty self-security all their days; but on that day the most powerful kings and rulers, possessed by abject fear and dread, will ask the mountains and rocks to hide them from the sight of the wrath of God and of the Lamb.

"To have the everlasting fires of Hell and their lurid glare ever awaiting us beyond the tomb is the very acme of mental torture; no penalty we know of can compare with that.

"Nor does this exhaust the woes of Hell; there will be the knowledge there of the incomparable bliss of the saints in Heaven, raising the keenest pangs of envy, especially in those lost ones who so narrowly missed the great offer. There too will be many of the proud ones of the earth, once too self-sufficient to admit master or equal, now spurned by the vilest of their race, and thus, to their shame and confusion, what they have meted to others is measured to them again.

"And in the bottomless abyss of misery there cannot possibly be any substratum of hope. That one awful word, Eternity, robs the mind of its last consolation. For consider what it means: you could not read its measure if you took the whole period of the earth's existence, calculated the number of minutes it contained, and then successively doubled that period as many times as it had minutes, and if you then divided the whole material world into its smallest ultimate atoms, and multiplied each atom by your last enormous result, you would be no nearer its measure or farther from its beginning, for it is ever beginning and never ending.

"Neither can any moral qualities of goodness and justice in a man excuse him from the allotted penalty, or claim

acknowledgment or reward from God, nor can the holiest man that ever lived dare to stand his chance of God's judgment on even the best act of his life. So we must give up all hope of salvation through our own merits or deeds."[1]

These grave words closed the discourse, but before they parted, Eugenius, asking leave, read Joseph's poetical version of God's controversy with Job,[2] as a good illustration of the great doctrine of Liberty and Necessity.

[1] In this discourse we have the awful doctrine of God's "just wrath" on fallen man most vividly placed before us. Its effect is all the greater because we know that we have here the conscientious belief of a wise, just, and virtuous man, one, too, of so independent a mind that he would trust to no doctrine unless reasonably satisfied with its credentials. It is one of the saddest parts of the book. We have, most of us, wider views of God's love now, and a return to the harshness and horror of the old position seems unlikely. A man of great influence with our lower-middle classes tried to establish the position by his pulpit eloquence, and he has been heard and read by millions throughout the world. He would end his sermons somehow thus: "The Hell of Hells will be to thee, poor sinner, the thought that it is to be for ever and ever. Thou wilt look up there on the throne of God, and on it shall be written 'For ever!' When the damned jingle the burning irons of their torments, they shall say, 'For ever!' When they howl, echo cries, 'For ever!'" etc. This was C. H. Spurgeon in 1855, and he declared that he never changed his opinions. Milton and Spurgeon were both of one mind in their Dantesque conceptions of Hell.

[2] Job xl. 6—xli. 12.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LAST HOURS OF THEOPHRASTUS

AFTER this the physician Lucas joined them, and said they could now come and see his patient, who, although no better in his bodily health, gave signs of a much better mental state. "Come to him," said he, "and by your prayers help to raise him again to life and hope. He has had a terrible conflict with his great enemy, and all the while he could take no nourishment, not even the lightest soups; but now some faint rays of hope are beginning to dispel his darkness, and we may help the good work."

So they followed him, and found many standing around the bed and comforting Theophrastus with kind words and prayers. He, thinking his end was near, began thus to speak to them in a soft, low voice:

"I am now to embark on the boundless sea of eternity; I am about to leave for ever the sights of earth and sky and the companionship of my fellow-men. Whither I go I know not; already I seem entering into an overwhelming and everlasting darkness. I always knew that death must come; but now, as I am in its very presence, and on the threshold of the tomb, I begin to see and acknowledge the vanity of the life that is past and the terrors of the life to come. Of what avail now is worldly wealth, or leisured ease, or all the boast of learning and science? Where are my hopes of fancied happiness, and the earthly objects of desire that shall never now be mine? They have perished and come to nought, and so shall I close in their wake. The greatest plutocrat can leave nothing behind him but dust and ashes and a few precious

stones, or fragments of gold and silver and such-like sports of fortune; but our knowledge and experience, the choicest gifts that life bestows, are snatched away once and for ever by death, nor are they of any use to us in the other world, for it is only men's good deeds that follow them, and nought but these can be included in that great life-account which is reckoned up for all. If this be so, what shall be my lot, wretched man that I am? I can lay no claim to acts of merit or righteousness or piety, and I have set before me no hope or trust which is sufficient to save me just as I am, naked and bare." He said no more, but with one long, deep sigh he seemed to utter all his woe, and they that heard him joined their sighs with his.

But Joseph, thinking a word of exhortation would be more fruitful than this unavailing grief, thus addressed the dying man:

"Perchance your time has come to leave the world and us, but you can never leave God, who holds you and all that you can call your own in His hand unceasingly. Just consider, if you had been created a grown-up man, with matured faculties, and then introduced into the world—just consider, I say, the little you would have understood of its order and meaning; and yet God had prepared the heavens and the earth and all living things for your special use. He may now be about to translate you to a new world, which has been pictured for you somewhat in this life, and perhaps foreshadowed without your knowledge.

"Therefore, while you are alive and have the chance, urge your suit with God, lay hold on Him, beseech and pray, and that insistently, nothing doubting that when your span of mortal life is ended you shall go forth to a better state and a better age."[1]

To these words the dying man gave no distinct answer, but presently, after a deep reverie, he exclaimed with great earnestness:

"Not yet—no, not yet is the die cast for me for all eternity; even now, in the twinkling of an eye, can that

[1] *In meliora secula.*

be gained which in all the ages that are to come can never be given. Neither in life while it lasts, nor in death when it comes, will I cease to look up ever and again to God's countenance of infinite pity—no, not even if I feel myself slipping into the gulf of Hell.

"Oh! stay—oh! stay Thy hand awhile till I taste somewhat of Thy lovingkindness, so that when I cross the harbour bar[1] I may sail forth into the unknown sea, encouraged and strengthened in my trust in Thee!"

This he said so that all could hear, and then for some time his lips moved in silent prayer.

All the bystanders rejoiced at these signs of increasing faith, and said he had chosen the right course, and ought never to give up for a moment his most excellent determination. To help in this, they all betake themselves to pray. Meanwhile, though the breath of life was evidently failing by degrees, Theophrastus lay placidly on his deathbed with eyes uplifted to God's throne; and soon it came to pass, while yet the prayers were rising in God's sight, that with one deep sigh his spirit left the tabernacle of his body, and exchanged this present world for heaven.[2]

[1] Lat. *e portu decedens.*

[2] I suppose this was written before the author embraced the opinion that the whole man (*uuiversus homo*), body and soul, sleeps until the Resurrection, and was left unrevised or unnoticed.

BOOK V

CHAPTER I

THE HISTORY OF PHILIPPINA AND HER OWN TRUE LOVE

IT was the evening of that day when Philippina's body had been carefully placed in its leaden coffin that Joseph, on leaving the hospice, asked the two Sicilian emissaries to dine at home with him. He also asked them to bring Philippina's own maid, who had been her only confidante, and who for that cause had been sent from Sicily with them as a guide. When they arrived at Jacob's house, the old man, while dinner was preparing, and they were all naturally talking of the young girl, wished them to tell him the whole history, as Joseph was opportunely absent. He added that all he knew was a disjointed summary which he had heard from Joseph, without Philippina's name being mentioned. They said they really knew very little of the true history of it, except what they had gathered from Galatea, the maid, and her information was offered very reluctantly, but they thought she could tell much more if she would. When Galatea found she was pressed by all, she consented to relate all the circumstances unreservedly, the more so as she was now released from the bond of trust which had prevented her from speaking out while her mistress was alive. The girl had a ready tongue enough, but was somewhat bashful at first; her tears, too, naturally began

to flow when she thus addressed, by way of preface, her she had so lately served and lost:

"I ask thy pardon, O my mistress, for all I am about to say of thee. Thou hast nought to do now with the gossip of this lower world, for either thou art utterly unconscious of it, or else, having entered into the glorious and eternal liberty of the children of God, thou canst safely treat such things with scorn and derision."

Then, turning to Jacob, she began her tale.

"Philippina was the daughter of Sebastian, Duke of Palermo, a man of great wealth and authority, wanting in nothing that pertained to good fortune save that he had no son to hand down to posterity his name and family. This misfortune had its nearest possible compensation in his only daughter, a girl of remarkable beauty and talent, and in every way surpassing even a father's high ideal. No wonder her parents doted on her, and when she lost her mother her father's love increased. He married again, but there were no children, and so Philippina was his last surviving hope, the solace of his old age. He had intended her to make a brilliant match, and indeed there was no prince or noble who did not aspire to her affections.

"It fell out one day that her father took us from Palermo to accompany him in a hunting expedition into the country, for he enjoyed no pleasure fully unless his daughter was with him. During a stag-hunt on one occasion Philippina had dropped somewhat behind the rest, and while urging her horse into a gallop, either from its freshness or from an extra touch of the spur, it ran away with her, and brought its fair rider into great danger by rushing headlong under the boughs of a huge oak, as a short cut to where the hounds were heard in pursuit. We, as her attendants, were with her, but were not so well mounted, and could not follow such a sudden flight at once. I, however, was the first to nearly reach her, when, thinking more of her safety than my own, I was thrown headlong by a stumble over some rising ground. There were many following the hounds on foot, for the meets were much frequented; some of these pedestrians,

hearing our cries, came eagerly to help us. There was one amongst them whose eagerness and speed surpassed all the others: it was your son, as we now know. He fortunately came up and seized the reins just as my mistress was being dashed against the oak. She was much terrified at what seemed instant death, and, emboldened by her fear, she prepared to leap from her horse. He quickly noticed the action, and at once caught her in his arms. She was trembling, and panting for breath, could neither hold herself up nor yet speak; her limbs refused their office, and she would have fallen to the ground had not Joseph gently supported her, and, sitting down on a hillock, held up the beauteous girl in his arms. Presently she recovered herself somewhat, and noticing her embarrassing position, her cheeks were quickly mantled with a glowing blush which failed not to be reflected on the face of her youthful protector. Her veil had fallen off in her rapid flight, and so they lay gazing into each other's eyes. But it was only for a moment, for her maids came up almost at once, and then they both rose from the ground together. She at once addressed the new-comers with this remark: 'I often wonder how a reasonable being can trust to the uncertain temper of a horse. I certainly should have been killed, had it not been for this timely assistance; sometimes we that are well born must needs ask the help of those beneath us: but it is a pity that you were not here sooner, for then there would have been no occasion for your mistress to faint in the arms of a strange man; however, necessity abrogates the laws of modesty.'

"Then, noticing me still lying on the ground after my serious fall in a spot whence I had observed all that passed, she said jokingly: 'My maid there, when she could not catch me up, gave me an example in jumping off her horse; but I must yield her the palm for modesty for she preferred her mother's bosom, while I leaped into a young man's arms.'[1]

[1] Not a bad humorous quip for Milton, who in these matters had certainly only the use of his left hand.

"We were all glad to find her fright so readily turned into gaiety, and one of her attendants was at once despatched for the carriage, which was not far off, to convey the young mistress home.

"While we were thus talking, the hero of the event had withdrawn without our noticing it, but my mistress, roused by feelings of gratitude, sent me after him to ask his name, and to beg him not to take his departure so soon. This message brought him back at once, when my mistress thus addressed him: 'My good friend, you are a stranger to me, but you certainly came forward at a most fortunate moment and saved me from a great danger. You have my heartiest thanks, and along with them pray accept the horse as a present from me. A runaway horse may seem rather a vanishing object[1] for me to offer you, but I will take care on my return home that you receive some more substantial reward, as you well deserve.'

"'Whatever share,' he answered, 'I may have had in your fortunate escape has been a supreme pleasure to me. My own sense of joy when you were free from danger was perhaps more vivid than your own. Commendation or reward entered not into my thoughts: it was the simple natural impulse of my feelings that prompted me to come forward at the critical moment; but now I may the rather be permitted to congratulate myself that, under God, I have been of service to a lady of such rank and good fame.' This was said with such elegance of manner that it was quite plain that he was no country boor or farmer, but indeed of nothing less than of gentle birth. His dress, too, was better than was usual for a wayfaring man, the style rather betokening a foreigner of good position.

"All this made my mistress begin to think she was mistaken in offering a reward to such a man, and so, to put herself right as far as possible, she begged him to accept the horse purely as a mark of her favour. When he had taken his leave of them, all began to speak in his praise: some liked his active manliness and strength, others

[1] Quip No. 2.

praised his good looks, others noticed his unaffected manners, so genuine and free from swagger. Philippina said not a word, though in her heart she agreed with each and all. No praise of him could be too high for her. For why? The dart of Love had pierced the maiden's heart. But to us, as we talked on, there was no thought of that.

"While we were standing round her thus, her carriage drove up quickly, and from it jumped her father, excited and breathless, accompanied by several attendants. Although he found his daughter safe and sound, that did not prevent him rating every one all round for their want of sufficient precaution, but especially was he angry with those attendants who left their posts in the excitement of the chase. At this moment those very attendants were leading back the runaway horse, which had been straying about at its own will, and had been caught through getting entangled in the thick underwood. My mistress took their part in a quiet, kindly manner, saying she had given them leave, and besides that, no possible care could have prevented the accident; that it was rather a pleasure to have one's life saved, if even by a stranger; and that really all she had lost was the horse, which she had given as a present to her preserver.

"Sebastian, her father, glancing round the throng, asked where the young man was, and when he was told that he had gone away, he at once gave orders to have enquiries made for him in the city, with a view to receiving the horse and whatever else his daughter might wish to add to it. Hereupon they both took their places in the carriage, and started for the city, the hunt having thus come to an end for the day.

"On that self-same night Philippina came to my chamber unobserved, and began to question me with evident interest as to the name and rank of her unknown preserver, as she called him. I replied that, to judge by his dress, he was of Jewish race, and that he lodged in the house of a very celebrated painter not far from the palace. She still kept on talking of him and how to

him she owed her life, and went on praising him, as I thought, even in excess of his merits, great as they really were.

"'Oh! Galatea,' she said, 'my thoughts and feelings have been stirred up lately as they never were before. I am ashamed to admit this, but I cannot deny it or conceal it from you; if you could but have seen the ardour with which he rushed to my rescue, his resource and dexterity in providing for my safety, watching his chance to seize the reins if I held on; and at the critical moment, as if he were conscious of my purpose, how he opened his arms to catch me as I fell, and to hold me up in a most tender embrace; if you had seen his modest bearing and more than girlish bashfulness, well, I think you would grant me that, overwhelmed as I was by his many excellencies, I could not, for very justice, fail to remember such a noble specimen of humanity. An ingenuous, manly bearing attracts the best natures more effectively than all the charms of face or fortune; it may be that my preserver is not unworthy of greater favours than I have yet bestowed—who can tell? Perhaps beneath his mean apparel he tries in vain to conceal that illustrious descent which his noble deeds make manifest. Perhaps he has heard of my fame in some distant land, and coming hither has sought out this occasion of our meeting. But, whoever he be, may Heaven grant that he be meet to receive and requite the love I bear to him. But until I know more of what his rank and prospects are, a truce to such thoughts—I will not suffer them; but should my surmise prove correct, pardon my boldness in confessing that I would gladly welcome his equal suit. Until now I have been ever ready to recognise your tried fidelity by no scant praise; if you wish for the full reward of your merits, preserve a most sacred silence as to these matters, and moreover lend me your help in furthering my design. Early to-morrow morning I wish you to take to him his reward. All that you can carefully learn, either from him or from others, repeat to me when you come back.'

"I stood in mute astonishment while the whole history of her passion was poured forth without restraint, wondering greatly at the power of Love, which so often takes its rise from the most trivial and absurd beginnings, and presently, gaining strength, invades with the fiercest flame those unguarded ones who have failed to quench the first faint sparks.

"I now began really to pity my youthful mistress, for I thought it such madness that she, who until now had rejected with scorn suitors even of the highest rank, should of a sudden fall desperately in love with an entire stranger, and he, too, one who, so far as she knew, had shown no passion for her. But such, I suppose, are only the wanton wiles of Love and Fate, and the ungoverned impulse of woman's nature.

"However, such a command I must needs obey, for if I refused, besides disobliging my mistress, I should be most blind to my own interests, for while a faithful confidante receives the highest favours and the closest friendship of her superiors, the unfaithful one reaps only hatred and rage. I also cherished the hope that, by a little tact, I could induce my mistress to declare her love with prudence, or in some way to abate her passion. So I began to praise her for not giving way to the assaults of rash and unadvised desire, and not, as many weak and foolish women are wont to do, putting love before good name and rank. I urged her thus to proceed with her design and to rely on my faithful help to maintain her dignity in the quest for love, and, if there should be failure, to accept the inevitable and withdraw willingly from a bootless pursuit.

"She then gave me a golden bracelet which she had brought with her. I was to deliver it to him, and to tell him, if I thought well, that she had often worn it, and had sent it as an insufficient token of her gratitude to her preserver, but one which she wished him to accept in addition to the horse, which, richly caparisoned, I was to take to him at the same time.

"Next day I started for the city with the bracelet, having

the horse led behind me. When I arrived at the house, I contrived first to have a few words with the artist about his guest, whose praise was now on every one's tongue for his recent exploit. I mentioned that the Duke wished to reward him, and I also began to enquire of his country and rank.

"'Oh!' replied the artist, 'he is only a very recent arrival in the town. He called on me with a view to improve himself in the art of painting, and we had long talks on the subject; but really he is already a consummate artist, and has finished some pictures with me which fetch most excellent prices. Later on I discovered that while travelling in our parts for pleasure he had been robbed of all he possessed by brigands, and, as I conjecture, through want of money, and having no friends here or letters of introduction, he determined to try for a living in this way. I must say he is very open-handed with me, and a great help as well, and although he shows many clear signs of gentle birth, his manners are most unassuming.'

"These preliminary enquiries being settled, he directs me where to find Joseph. To him I first give Philippina's message at some length, and then proffer to him the bracelet she had sent. He seemed quite taken aback at such a magnificent present, and gave such forcible, yet polite and courtly, reasons for not accepting it, that all my inducements seemed likely to fail. At length, however, he gave way almost by force of pressure, and accepted it graciously, and when I told him that the horse which my mistress gave him yesterday had just been brought, he, anxious to make some return for so great an obligation, took up a painting which he had just finished, and held it for me to look at.

"'This,' said he, 'if your mistress would care for it, I shall be pleased to send her.'

"It was a portrait of Philippina from the waist upwards beautifully finished. It seems his artist host had sketched it and given it to Joseph, who had much improved it in several little details gained from the happy experience

of the day before. The picture, too, was so ingeniously executed that it appeared at first merely a looking-glass depicted in water-colours; but the intention was that Philippina, looking more closely, should seem to see her own face as if reflected from the mirror. I much commended the ingenious conceit, as certainly an acceptable present, so he called the artist's son and asked him to go with me and carry it home to my mistress.

"I found her anxiously expecting me, and to check, if possible, the madness of her love, I at once began: 'Alack-a-day for the wonderful lover you have gained! A painter's apprentice forsooth! and in return for your handsome and valuable presents he sends you—well, his thanks in paint!'

"At these unexpected words she turned pale and trembled with excitement, till I presented her with the picture. 'What an odd thing! What is it?' she said, turning it about in her hands. 'It would seem to have come rather from a maker of mirrors than a painter of pictures, and yet I now see I am painted exactly, and as naturally as I appear to myself in my own mirror. Whatever you may have to say of the artist, surely, to my mind, such a work of true art must be a work of true love as well. But tell me all you think him to be, so that, if he be worthy, I may bestow on him my favour, or, if unworthy, do my best to keep him from my thoughts.'

"Still wishing to turn her from her mad passion for him, I put his case in the worst light I could. I told her how poor he was, and how humble and undistinguished his rank must be, when among all the merchants from all parts which throng our city there was not one who knew anything about him or his people, or cared to give him that trust or security which a man of good antecedents can generally obtain. Moreover, although he was certainly clever at painting, his work was too good to be that of a rich amateur; no doubt he was brought up to it as a livelihood. And to sum up, there was a foolish reserve of shyness about him which betokened anything but the gallantries of a gay intriguer.

"Here I missed my mark, for my mistress declared that she much preferred a bashful lover, and that he who was bold and unrestrained in his suit was in her eyes little better than a shameless rake. 'But in any case, whatever may result,' she said, 'from your enquiries, just now it is incumbent upon me to help in his need him who saved my life. I do not wish to overload him with presents; I would rather choose some other plan by which he could be pecuniarily helped, and I, at the same time, could see more of him, to my own content, and to the discovery perhaps, by our greater acquaintance, of his real birth and position.'

"Her hasty resolve was a surprise to me, and I wondered much to what it might tend. She soon explained thus: 'I wish him to learn from me that the ingenious conceit of his picture was much admired,' and that she wished to commission him now for a full-length portrait of her in due form, for which she would give him sittings at her own home. 'Ah,' thought I, 'what schemes can Love produce. How readily do Love's victims work out their own perdition!'[1] But I dared not raise any opposition, lest I should be suspected of not having told the whole truth about my visit, and therefore was anxious to avoid further conference.

"Philippina, the better to carry out her plan and avoid the tongues of scandal-mongers, shows the picture to her father, telling him by whom it was presented and painted, and without directly expressing the wish that was in her mind, yet so adroitly hinted at it, that her father urged her to have the full-length portrait done as well. Of course she assented, and not long afterwards I was sent to bring Joseph to the Duke's palace.

"My mistress, as if with the idea of looking her best for the picture, had put on her choicest apparel, and most carefully arranged her other jewels to the best advantage. She was without the veil which our maidens usually wear before strangers, for, glorying in the spotless beauty of

[1] Surely the author might have admitted the alternative "*or salvation*"; but Milton is naturally a pessimist in love.

her face, she was not unwilling to challenge the most searching glances of the man she loved. Perhaps some may wonder that she should be so ready to unveil those beauteous charms that had drawn kings to her feet—nay, almost obtrude them before the gaze of so unknown a visitor, and one to all appearances so much beneath her. But it generally happens, I think, that those of our sex who are gifted with beauty are more under the power of love, and more inclined to it, than the rest; perhaps it is because they are admired and courted more, or perchance because they feel they ought to be loved, and therefore love occupies more of their thoughts than is the case with the unattractive. But be that as it may, I must proceed to tell you what occurred.

"First there was a courteous interchange of grateful thanks, he extolling the present he had received, and she the service he had rendered to her. But when he had settled down to his work, and was trying carefully to catch the expression of her features, I could not fail to see that she was more curiously and eagerly gazing upon his face than even he was upon hers. In fact, they were both sketching from life—he with his artist's brush, she with her eyes only. Now and again she questioned him of his country, his parents, his manner of life, to all which he replied in an unassuming manner, nor did her gracious friendliness lead him either to presume or boast of himself in any way. I know that all who have a bold and salacious disposition are wont to put a wrong construction on the most innocent gestures, while those who are chaste and reserved sometimes rather rashly resent a supposed impropriety, or at other times, with more prudence, observe it, but take no outward notice. In Philippina's case, whatever construction she might put upon her artist's behaviour, I, an impartial witness, am bound to say that he did nothing to raise her hopes of mutual love, and met her evident liking for him in a most quiet and proper way. She thought he was perhaps a bashful lover, who would rather win her on his merits than press his suit, but at the same time flattered herself

with having noticed clearly some secret signs of his love for her, which, hidden from the common gaze, it is the peculiar privilege of sympathetic souls to observe and cherish. I saw them not; but still to her uncontrollable longing they might seem real, or she might willingly thus deceive herself, and so in a manner excuse herself.

"When the portrait was finished, Philippina added to a handsome fee still more handsome praise, seeming almost to value her likeness more than her very self. When the work was submitted to more general inspection, some critics, as so often happens, professed to admire the skill of the artist rather than his accurate felicity in catching her true expression; but the general verdict was exceptional praise, and the fact of such a work being accomplished by a foreigner so increased his local fame that he was besieged by a whole army of sitters. However, as he had already honourably satisfied all claims out of the money gained in the exercise of his art, he determined to give it up, and made ready to take his departure to his own country, as was afterwards discovered. His painter host, too, gained considerable reputation through his renowned visitor, for it was understood that he had helped him in his work, and not only fame, but money, fell to his share, for some of his visitor's sketches idly thrown off being in his possession, he sold them along with many others as being all by one hand.

"While these things were happening, Ludovicus, Duke of Parma, came on pretext of paying a visit to Sebastian, but really to see the beauty of Philippina, of which he had heard the report in his own country, and if she answered to his hopes and expectations, he had made up his mind to ask for her in marriage. When he had seen her distinguished elegance, both of figure and manner, he fell at once in love with her, and being an ardent man he proceeded to lay his suit before her father. Consent was readily given, for her father rejoiced that such a promising alliance had been offered to her and her family, and signified to her his approval of the match. At first she did not dare to show any reluctance, hoping to fashion

excuses as occasion might serve later on, and so did not refuse her suitor; but after a time he, finding his advances not very favourably received, was both annoyed and astonished that she should be so perverse in the face of her father's wishes and repeated injunctions, and came to the conclusion that he had been forestalled in her affections by some preferred rival. He therefore approached her father on the subject, and with many complaints of the rebuffs his daughter had bestowed upon him, he revealed his own suspicions as to the reason. The father, of course, was not aware of any such complication, and was highly grieved that this much-wished-for alliance should fail on her account. It was a two-fold anxiety, for, first, it overthrew his cherished project, and, secondly, he had every reason to believe that she had fallen in love with some one of low birth quite unworthy of her, and therefore had not dared to be seen with him openly, or to declare who he was. Consequently, he did not know how to overcome such a compromising and dubious difficulty, for unless he knew the clandestine lover, he could not break off the connection, and if he were discovered, he dreaded that so high and mighty a prince would be justly enraged, and take his departure with angry feelings against all. He had, however, the good luck to be relieved of his anxiety by the following chain of events.

"While Joseph was paying his frequent professional visits, Leonora, the stepmother of Philippina, attracted by his good looks, conceived an odious passion for him. Now, among her maids there was one named Pudentilla, her special confidante. To her, when she could contain herself no longer, she confessed her wicked love, and asked her aid. This was conceded, and the maid went so far as to suggest to Joseph this abominable intrigue, when she found the suitable opportunity (as is hereafter to be related). He, however, steadfastly withstood Leonora's advances, although he was careful to spare her good name, and to keep her secret to himself. About this time Pudentilla happened to notice our frequent

private talks together. So, watching her opportunity, she listened at a crevice in the wall, and though she heard nothing very distinctly, she caught the name of Joseph, and, putting her conjectures together, she arrived at the discovery of the whole affair. Excited by the secret and her cleverness in detecting it, she rushed to her mistress, and told her suspicions as if they were certainties, the more to curry favour with her, and among other exaggerations made out that Joseph was equally to blame. Her tale was that he was secretly making love to Philippina by my intervention, and therefore it was that he rejected her advances, having the hope of a higher success.

"Leonora, when she heard this, determined to tell her husband all, with the view that Joseph should be kept from seeing Philippina, and also that, if her former situation should be revealed, she could frame the excuse that he had invented the lie out of pure spite to her. Full of rage which brooked no delay, she searched out her husband, and in apparent deep distress told him everything in the worst light. Her words were readily believed, for they fell on the ears of a prejudiced man enraged at the failure of the projected alliance. The Duke Sebastian was a clever man of affairs, and so, after praising his wife's diligence, he devised a plan which she was to reveal to no one. It was this. Joseph, being an unknown foreigner, could easily be sent out of the country, and a report spread that he had left of his own accord, and, the great obstacle being thus removed, he thought his daughter would readily listen to his wish; but the Duke of Parma and his own daughter must naturally be kept in perfect ignorance of his scheme, lest the Duke should give up the marriage in disgust at such a low intrigue, or the passion of the love-sick maiden be still further inflamed by opposition. Sebastian sent therefore and called to him his secretary Polydorus, the most faithful of all his ministers, and unfolded to him his designs, ordering him to invite Joseph to meet him in a suitable spot, where he could arrest him as a prisoner, and carry him off

to some place of hiding, with a view to detain him in perfect secrecy until further notice. The secretary, without delay, proceeded to action. He invited Joseph to supper in the upper part of a house which had been duly prepared to receive him, and when supper was ended, he made an excuse for suddenly leaving with his party, and, having bolted the doors on their exit, Joseph was left behind, a solitary prisoner. There were altogether three who were privy to this secret, the chief of them being an Ethiopian of tried fidelity, to whom the business was committed.

"Joseph speedily found out that he was entrapped, and began first to try all the doors, and then to rap loudly and cry for help; but there seemed none to hear. When his first feelings of indignation had calmed down somewhat, he betook himself to the window, and then it was that the Ethiopian, half opening the door, while the other two kept guard outside, let himself in and advanced towards his prisoner. Joseph had no weapon, for before supper he had taken off his sword and laid it aside, and it had been carried away purposely, so when he saw the Ethiopian coming on, he supposed death to be imminent, and this man the executioner. Nevertheless, he first thus addressed him in bold and noble words: 'Is it the custom of this country thus to sup with murderers, or thus to imprison the innocent? Tell me, prithee, what I have done, and what is or shall be the fate in store for me; or, rather, fetch your master to give me an account for such treatment.'

"He replied in a respectful tone that he was but following his master's orders, and begged his prisoner not to be angry with him, for he had no ill-feeling towards him; and as for the reasons, it was not his part to question them, but rather to carry out his instructions, which were as follows: His master bid him say that he humbly apologised for his great breach of faith, and besought him not to try and fathom the cause of it, but to consider himself not in a prison, but in a hostelry, where all his wants would be supplied, liberty of exit only excepted,

and even that in a short time would be granted, with due reward and compensation.

"These words of the jailor had a soothing effect on Joseph, whose first ardent impulse was to get free or die in the attempt. A calmer view of the situation now possessed him; he thought it best to yield to the inevitable, and to await the issue hopefully, accepting frankly the good offices of his keepers. A well-ordered bed had been prepared; this the Ethiopian kindly showed him, and bade him good-night.

"In the city the rumour had been spread that Joseph had secretly left the country, taking ship by night. As soon as I heard this, and found it confirmed, I betook myself to Philippina, so as not to miss this grand opportunity of breaking the love-spell that held her, by showing how it was neglected and spurned. Finding her, as it happened, alone in her bed-chamber, I at once cried out: 'O my mistress, that nonesuch lover of yours has given us the slip; he has fled away in the night, and taken your presents with him, without even coming to say farewell, so sly has he showed himself.'

"At first my mistress seemed almost dazed when she heard it, and could not believe it possible; but the evidence was too clear to deny, and as she listened to my reproachful speeches against the man she loved, she was deeply stirred at heart. 'It cannot be so,' she exclaimed; 'I am sure he has been expelled or banished, or killed by some one's cruel plot: perhaps you yourself had a hand in it, or the Duke of Parma.'

"All this and more was said in a broken way between her sobs and groans. Presently she became quiet, and pretended to be more resigned; but from the time of that scene she was much more reserved with me, and no longer admitted me to her confidences. Shortly afterwards her father sent Pudentilla to see her, and to mention Joseph's flight in a natural and casual way, and when he heard that she had received the news with an unmoved countenance, he presently paid her a personal visit, and began to press again the suit of his noble friend.

"To his surprise, she seemed as much averse to it as ever, and earnestly begged her father to give up the thought that a maiden's love could be compelled, for that was hopeless. What could be compelled was the marriage, and that was so odious to her that she prayed him not to force her to compliance. The Duke was utterly distasteful to her—that was all; so at least she led him to infer. Moreover, she voluntarily added that she knew no lover, and that should one present himself, she would never marry without asking his advice.

"This reply made her father anxious and thoughtful, and he left her hardly knowing what to do or what view to take. He kept reproaching himself for being so indulgent in days gone by, and allowing her to get used to having her own way, so that now, when it was all-important that she should yield, she resisted. However, he finally decided to see the Duke of Parma, and explain as favourably as he could the state of affairs, when it was arranged amicably that the Duke should give up the lady. In fact, her treatment of him, and the accompanying disgrace, had made his love die away of its own accord; so he agreed to return home readily enough.

"Meanwhile, the Ethiopian guard treated Joseph with every consideration, and it was their habit to while away the sad and lonely hours with friendly talk. The strict custody thus began rather to relax, and there seemed a possible chance even of escape, if occasion served. One day, however, the Ethiopian was attacked by a sudden and strange epileptic fit, and fell dead at Joseph's feet. Joseph's first thought, after realising the astounding fact, was one of fear least suspicion should be attached to himself, and he therefore determined to make his escape at once. The plan he conceived was the following. He placed the corpse in the bed, having first stripped it and dressed it up in his own clothes. He then arrayed himself in his jailor's garments, blacked his hands and face with soot from the chimney, and, going to the door, gave it a rap with his knuckles,[1] just as the Ethiopian's custom

[1] *Condylo*, a rare word used only by Mart. Capella.

was when he wished to go out. The watchmen took it to be their comrade's sign, and opened at once without paying much heed, and, being rather dark at the time, and Joseph's black face not being very noticeable, he passed by them without suspicion or hindrance, although he was prepared to use force if they had stopped him. He descended the stairs and came to the principal entrance, which he found securely locked, and to all appearance the house seemed uninhabited, for, as a matter of fact, Polydorus did not live there, but had hired the house for his plot. So, as he could find no other way of escape, he was about to get through a window, when, looking out, he saw Polydorus, and a man with him, coming to the house. They had been sent by the Duke to get information about Philippina's action in the matter, for nothing clear was able to be gathered from her or from me.

"On this he determined offhand to meet them boldly as they entered, and when they had unlocked the door and pushed it partly open, he rushed forcibly past them while quite off their guard, and fled away. Polydorus, startled and amazed, ordered his companion to run after the fugitive, while he himself went indoors and ascended the stairs in search of the keepers. He was panting with excitement and want of breath; at length, however, he called out angrily: 'Where is that villain, that hell-begotten Ethiopian? Where has he gone?' The two jailors were much alarmed at the commotion, and at such an unexpected query, but they managed to reply that he had only just that moment gone downstairs.

"'What?' replied he, 'has he also deceived you, or, rather, are you not all of you deceiving me? No doubt he has let Joseph escape, and, fearing my vengeance, has run off at seeing me. Why do you stand there like fools? Break open the door, that I may find out the truth.'

"No sooner said than done, and all rushed in with anxious, trembling haste. Polydorus, on the first look into the room, was almost ready to faint with fear, for there was

no one to be seen—it seemed quite deserted. However, there was a sudden shout from one of the attendants: 'All is right! Joseph is in bed—there are the clothes he has taken off.'

"So they quickly ran to the bed, and withdrew the curtain to look. The black face they saw made them fall back in terror. 'What gruesome farce is this?' they exclaim. 'Here are two Ethiopians, and Joseph nowhere; the sham one has fled, the real one is left behind.' So they tried to rouse him, and to get at the truth of it all, but he seemed to heed neither their shouts nor their blows. They even went so far as to pull him from under the bed-coverings, and then they discovered it to be a corpse they were handling. A general wail burst forth, and all agreed that Joseph must have smothered him with a pillow, borrowed his clothes, and apparently his skin as well, and then slipped away. Polydorus went almost mad with vexation and rage, blaming everybody, himself included. What would the Duke say? How could he face him, or how excuse himself?

"Meanwhile, the companion of Polydorus was pressing on after the fugitive, calling out for the assistance of the people as he ran along, who, indeed, of their own accord had noticed the hurried flight of the pursued and the singular blackness of his face. So he was easily caught, and required to explain why he was running away. The first suggestion was that he had committed some theft; but there being nothing to prove it, it was settled to take him back to Polydorus.

"Now, Polydorus, as soon as he found that Joseph was really gone, saw that his only hope was to catch him up at once, and so rushed forth from the house with all speed. Hearing from the shouts of the crowd that Joseph was caught, he went up to them, and under the pretence of taking back his runaway slave, he thanked them heartily for their exertions, and with unabashed countenance asked them to deliver the slave to his lawful master. Forthwith Polydorus and his companion seized Joseph by the shoulders, one on each side, and began

to forcibly hustle him in the direction of the house he had just left, for they hoped by this summary exercise of authority, and by aid of the general confusion, to get him back without his being further recognised.

"Joseph kept protesting that he was no slave; but as that availed nothing, he presently bared his arm, which, with its blue veins and snowy whiteness, sufficiently refuted the calumny, and inclined the crowd somewhat in his favour. But Polydorus would not give way, constantly repeating that if he was not a slave, anyhow he was an impostor who had broken into his house in that guise; 'and therefore,' said he, 'I want to take him back there, so that I may know for certain what game he has been carrying on.' This seemed reasonable enough; so Joseph was dragged to the entrance-hall of the house, where they made great show of searching him as a suspected thief, he all the while crying out that he was Joseph, who had been entrapped by Polydorus, and kept for a long time a prisoner by a trick, and that if he had tried to escape by a trick, it was, at most, but a *quid pro quo*.

"Presently Polydorus, with his attendants, rushed into the hall from the outer part of the house, pretending to be much put out by what he had just discovered. 'Woe to me this day!' said he. 'Your worthy prisoner has done worse deeds than I ever suspected; I was thinking he might be a thief, but now I find he is a murderer. My Ethiopian servant is the victim, smothered and left dead in his bed, while he makes his escape disguised under the appearance and clothes of the murdered man. Go up and behold the crime only just committed, for the body is not yet either stiff or cold.'

"The charge of murder, and the natural horror it produced, was enough to make all turn with feelings of vengeance against Joseph, and their excited exclamations gave him no chance of defending himself. They at once set light to a lamp and dragged him to the bed-chamber, to be confronted with the corpse in their presence.

"While these were thus trying to obtain a confession

or proof[1] of guilt, Polydorus sends one of the two door-keepers to inform the Duke how matters stood. But both the guards had vanished, and taken Joseph's clothes with them, for besides their intrinsic value, they happened to feel some money which Joseph had forgotten to transfer when he made the exchange of dress. Enticed by this booty, and dreading their master's anger in any event, they had made good their escape under cover of the general confusion. Polydorus therefore entrusted his companion with the charge of the prisoner, and betook himself at once to the Duke with all speed to ask his advice and orders.

"The Duke was anything but pleased with the thwarting of his plan and the possible detection of his trick, and, seeing no other way out of the difficulty, determined that Joseph should be put to death. So he commanded Polydorus to bring him to the palace, where he was at once committed to the custody of the Duke's guards. Leonora, discovering this, was raised to new hopes, and thought it a favourable opportunity to renew her designs, so she commissioned Pudentilla to go and warn the youth of his danger, and to tell him in addition that her love to him was still constant, in spite of his past unkindness, that she wished to save his life, and would do so if he would but return his preserver's love, and so of himself save two lives, her own and his. Pudentilla was able to convey this message privately through the assistance of the household guards; but when it reached Joseph, he was more disgusted than ever at such a vile proposal, and his reply was that he refused to free himself from a false crime by the commission of a real one. Thus was Leonora's last hope gone, and her love-lust, checked and baffled, turned itself to fiercest hate. She urged on her husband to carry out the execution he had already planned, and after a little discussion induced him to appoint the very next day for the trial.

[1] The proof they were thinking of was no doubt the bleeding of the murdered victim in the presence of the murderer, a vulgar superstition of long continuance with the rabble.

"Then was the corpse brought into court, and Joseph tried for his life. The first witness was Polydorus, who gave a long account of the circumstances of the murder. Then other witnesses spoke to the flight from the house. But the spectacle of the dead body created such horror at the prisoner's guilt that no ordinary defence would have gained attention or credit, for the interruptions and execrations of the crowd left no doubt as to the extreme manner in which the case was already prejudged. Joseph remained calm throughout the enquiry, and when silence was with difficulty obtained, and he was just about to begin his defence, a new and unexpected event altered the whole bearings of the case. From the supposed corpse there came forth a deep sigh, and then suddenly, after several quick jerks of the limbs, the Ethiopian stood on his feet before them all.

"Dazed apparently, and as if only half awake, he began to cry out: 'Woe is me! Where am I? What crowd is this? Has Joseph escaped from prison?'

"Such a sudden apparition, as it were from the dead, made all present glance in terror now at the Ethiopian, now at Joseph, now at Polydorus and the presiding judges. Presently some approached the arisen man more closely, while others whispered significantly, and others again loudly declared that an innocent man's condemnation had been attempted by a bungling artifice. The whole court was so thrown into confusion that the case was adjourned for the time, and Joseph set free to go where he liked, for if they kept him in guard, there was the danger that they might eventually change places with him through his evidence. So Joseph took his departure, and, prudently deeming all these events boded serious danger to himself, from that day he was never seen in Palermo.

"It was, of course, a nine days' wonder in the city. The Duke, enraged with Polydorus, dismissed him from his post, while Polydorus in turn wreaked his vengeance on the Ethiopian, whom he accused of conspiring along with Joseph and the two guards, and pretending to be dead, and in a great rage had him scourged and tortured.

"When the common report reached Philippina, it caused her to love him all the more, who had gone through these troubles through her fault, and made her still more disaffected to her father. As to her lover's leaving her in such a way, she made herself believe that it was not from any disdain or dislike, but that he was obliged to go against his will to save his life. This I found out afterwards, for she never breathed a word to me then, or gave me any idea that she intended flight. She passed her days quietly, attracting no notice, and waiting for her opportunity. This came through her having the chance of taking the clothes of one of the young lads who were in waiting at Court. She disguised herself in these, and concealed her own attire—a cunning device this last, which quite misled us, for while we were all searching for a female fugitive, she had slipped through the vigilance of the guards in her man's attire, and indeed continued in that disguise afterwards. It was not long before we found out our mistake, for the lad complained that he had been robbed of a suit, and on further search her discarded vesture was brought to light.

"She first crossed over to Italy, and on leaving there she wrote to me that her fair fame had been so endangered by her father's course of action that she could not live any longer among her own people, preferring exile for a time till the trouble should be over, and that then she would return, unless their rigour prevented it. My belief is she went from Italy to Judaea. That she disguised herself very completely her body is the best evidence. Her golden hair has been discoloured by a leaden comb; her face she so altered, by exposure to the sun and air, that except for certain proofs I should not have known it to be the same.

"When the Duke read the letters, although they showed I was no confederate in her flight, but rather favoured her father's views, he still chafed much within himself; and when I gave my opinion that his daughter loved Joseph still, and had gone to search for him in his own country, he was full of rage against me because I had

not told him of this before. I verily believe he would have had me put to death if I had not been useful for this search. When, too, his emissaries returned from Italy with the news that his daughter had embarked for Syria, his mind was made up, and he sent me off with some trustworthy associates to make my way hither, adding that he was willing to fall in with his daughter's wishes, and would receive Joseph as his son-in-law if only he would bring his daughter home again, and that he had enough to maintain them both in comfort and luxury."

She had just reached this point of her story when the return and entrance of Joseph made her ashamed to say more, and so, perhaps not unfortunately, cut short the remaining and superfluous part of her narration.

Then Jacob, turning towards Joseph, said: "Oh! my son, if Philippina had revealed the secret of her heart to me, perchance you would have yielded somewhat to such a piteous tale of a maiden's true love."

"Yes," answered Joseph, "I shall ever count it among my greatest misfortunes of life that such a great and unrequited love had such a mournful issue. Until now I had always thought it enough to guard myself from the fires of Love; for the future I shall also be careful not to light the flame in another's breast."

Having finished conversation, they went to supper, and after that, courteously dismissed the Sicilians to their lodgings.

CHAPTER II

THE HIGHER LOVE—TRUE LIFE AND ITS PRINCIPLES

NOW, these adventures had much impressed Politian, and meeting Joseph one day by chance, he asked him by what power of mind, or by what superhuman ability, he was able to resist such a universal conqueror as Love.

"I am," answered Joseph, "under the power of Love far more than you think, but it is the love which is heavenly and Divine which possesses me body and soul.[1] Nor am I a laggard or faint-hearted herein, but ardent and sanguine. You shall hear, if you will, a poetic outburst of the sacred flame.

"Away from me—away, ye lightsome minds,
Whom Beauty captive leads with but a glance,[2]
Whose inmost heart is dazed and thrilled with love
Of one fair face. Ay me, what boots it thus
To overload with praise some fickle girl,

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[1] Milton had the same views concerning Love that Joseph has expressed in the text. Hear Milton in one of his many autobiographical remarks: "If I should tell ye what I learnt of Chastity and Love, I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only Virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy; (the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating potion, which a certain sorceress the abuser of Love's name carries about;) and how the first and chiefest office of Love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her Divine generation, Knowledge and Virtue. With such abstracted sublimities as these, it might be worth your listening, readers, as I may one day hope to have ye in a still time, when there shall be no eluding" (*Prose Works*, iii. 119, Bohn).

[2] Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive.
(*Paradise Regained*, ii. 229.)

Or thus to love a fleeting, shadowy form
As though it were not earth-born, but Divine?
Oh! why not turn our bright ethereal minds[1]
To objects more akin in Heaven itself?
For there, His brow with sacred glory crowned,
The very brightness of His Father's face,
Behold our King so fair: the fairest far
Among ten thousand He, o'er all supreme.
O Thou great Head Divine of this our race,
Thee did the Father join unto Himself
Par. Lost, iii. 377. (Who dwells in light, throned, inaccessible,
Isa. xl. 17. Counting all nations in His sight as nought;)
And with an equal joy did Thee embrace,
Par. Lost, iii. 384. His Son, His own Divine Similitude.
To Thee and to Thy sceptre all things bow,
All tribes of earth, and all her mighty kings,
And all the infernal hosts that conquered lie
Par. Lost, i. 210. Chained on the burning lake. To Thy great praise
All Heaven resounds, for ever echoing forth
The joyful concent of celestial song.[2]
Thou raisest up the fallen race of men
Pollute with shame; beneath the yoke of sin
In vain they strive, till Thou in Thy great love
Dost grant indulgent aid, and from the jaws
Of Hell to Thy eternal bosom snatched
Rom. vii. 17. (Of God's great Kingdom joint-inheritors),
They reach the mansions of their heavenly home.
There all the angels and ethereal powers

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[1] *Aetheriae mentès.* Miltonic; frequent in *Paradise Lost.*

[2] This line,

> The joyful concent of celestial song,

seems to have contained a favourite fancy of our young author, for this is the second time it occurs word for word in his poems. The Latin here is:

> Totus tibi consonat aether
> Laetaque perpetuo tollit praeconia cantu;

and we have the same line in the second Armada fragment. Now, Milton in his youthful days also thus expressed himself in what Dr. Garnett calls Milton's Ideal of Song—that fine composition entitled *At a Solemn Music*:

> And to our high-raised phantasy present
> That undisturbèd song of pure concent
> Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
> To Him that sits thereon.

The other passage of *Nova Solyma* is where the attendant host of

In wonder gaze at this unwonted sight,
This glory never theirs. Fain would they serve
The newly welcomed guests; fain would they crave
That blessed post of those who stand and wait,
O Thou whom saints and angels ever praise,
My heart is bowed submissive to Thy will;
I follow where Thy footsteps lead me on.

"Oh, when shall these poor longing eyes of mine
Behold Thy blessed Face, Thy Form Divine?[1]
Oh! when shall I be joined to that great band
Of happy saints who round their Saviour stand,
Their souls in mystic union, one with Christ,
In Him completed, and by Him sufficed?[2]

"It is my custom," Joseph went on to say, "thus by poesy to exercise the higher emotions which God has

angels can be seen surrounding its leader as flames encompass the orb of the sun. The Latin is:

Et regem flammis cunctum coelestibus ambit,
Laetaque perpetuo tollit praeconia cantu;

which I rendered:

Their King, in burning rows
Encompassing; the while they echo forth
The joyful concent of celestial song.

But let us hear how Milton proceeds in his *At a Solemn Music*:

To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow.

I submit these passages without further comment, except to call attention to the musical rhythm of the twice-quoted Latin hexameter. I think Landor would have praised it and counted it worthy of Milton.

[1] A pathetic aspiration, verily, of the youthful poet who in after-life had to long for the "vision perfected" through so many lonely years of total darkness.

[2] The Latin of these last two lines is:

Nos ut perpetuo liceat tibi jungere nexu,
Et miscere animas, totumque absolvere Christum,

where the three concluding words are in the highest degree Miltonic, for they are a classical rendering of a great Scriptural promise (Ephesians iv. 13) that we should "all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the

implanted in all, for it is my opinion that herein lies the greatest service of that art to man.

"Some persons make the mistake of devoting themselves to poetry alone, or to little else; while others, chiefly of the uncultured class, from want of taste for it, fall into the equal error of either boorish indifference or envious railing.

"The true life that we should embrace is one of solid reality and severe earnestness;[1] not a course of life that promises the greatest gain, or the most luxurious ease, nor yet one leading to mere fame or successful ambition, but rather that way should be chosen which, from a careful consideration of all things, seems most likely to tend to the glory of God and the service of our fellow-citizens. Such a life, when chosen, is of ever-increasing interest; nay, it is well worth our while to devote our leisure time and holiday intervals to the same great aims, for he must indeed be the happiest of men whose labour of life is of unceasing interest and a never-failing pleasure.

"As for me," continued Joseph, "I am daily turning over these great matters in my mind, and am looking forward to the time when I shall be called from my

measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." The Latin word *absolvere*, among its many meanings of "to loosen," "to pay," "to absolve," "to dismiss," etc., has also the good Ciceronian meaning of *complere*, that is, "to fill up, complete, or make perfect." It is so used here. And this is the favourite Miltonic use in several places:

> Yet when I approach
> Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
> And in her herself complete
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, viii. 546),

where absolute means finished. Other passages are "through all numbers absolute" (*Paradise Lost*, viii. 421), mentioned before in another connection, and "absolved" in *Paradise Lost*, vii. 94, where it again means "finished."

[1] Cf. Introduction, and what is said there of Milton's Pythagorean principles. Cf. also Goethe, who once said that he who would manifest himself in future as a great *entelecheia* must be one now. This was a fine sentiment, but Goethe did not live up to it very successfully.

father's household to some useful position where I can serve my country."[1]

[1] This remark of Joseph living with his father until some public post fell to his lot leads me to think that *Nova Solyma* was composed while Milton was staying with his father at Horton those five years after he had left the university. They were years of strenuous literary leisure (*strenua inertia*), during which he was in the singular position of a man living in his father's house without any profession or business or official post of any kind, as appearances went, supinely letting the years go by, yet all the while intensely conscious that he had the promise in him of something great, something unattempted in literature, and something for his country's gain to which one day he would be called forth. These hopes, which his self-esteem gave him even in early days, were not unfounded. He was called to serve his country as Latin Secretary, and later on, when blind and feeble, he gave to the Republic of Letters and to the whole world "a possession for always" in his sublime epic. We have seen how many little autobiographical touches occur both in Milton's acknowledged works and in *Nova Solyma*, in the latter case chiefly where Joseph is concerned. I take this allusion to be another instance of this kind.

CHAPTER III

A LOVE SONG—A THEATENED DUEL—AN INGENIOUS TRICK

SUCH noble views of life filled Politian with admiration. He felt that no praise could be undeserved for one who, lacking nothing that a man could want, willingly sought out for himself arduous and useful work. He had, too, a secret feeling of shame at the very ungrounded suspicions he had entertained, which were now changed to the greatest respect. He was amazed and disquieted at the horrid thoughts his jealous love had suggested, and his conscience smote him for his sinister misconstructions.

At this juncture Jacob came in with a sorrowful countenance, and asked Joseph to go at once to Caesarea and fetch home his sister, as he had just heard that her aunt, with whom she had been staying, had recently died. So Joseph prepared to start at once, and his two friends, seizing this opportunity of seeing again the Daughter of Zion, asked Joseph to be allowed to accompany him for the sake of companionship. This well-devised plea was accepted, and they all started together, the attendants receiving a hint from Joseph not to mention his sister's name. They arrived safely at Caesarea, and all hastened back home as soon as possible. Eugenius and Politian, who lately, by their occupations and discussions, had somewhat healed Love's deadly wound, now that they had so many chances of seeing their lady-love and being with her at table, began to feel the sore opening afresh. Rising to the occasion, they both proceeded to make love to her in good earnest, and the more ardent they became,

the more did each fear the other as his rival, for each felt that Love's prize and victory would be with him who first obtained her favour, for if she gave her love to one, then it was but right, as between friends, that the other should yield all pretensions to her hand and heart.

Now, Eugenius especially flattered himself as being a rather good-looking and well-dressed man, and so more likely to take a lady's fancy. This conceit of his often irritated Politian, who used to bestow scowling sidelong glances while Eugenius was devouring his lady-love with his eyes, and whispering to her soft nothings, and such other vain talk as lovers use.

Once, indeed, when Eugenius was pacing to and fro alone in the garden, he was heard to utter to the winds the following strain, from which I think any sensible person can judge of the vain folies of love:

Oh! stop her, stop the thief, I pray,
For she has stol'n my heart away.
Ah! see! she flees—she will not stay;
Oh, stop her, men and maidens, pray!
She has ribbons red and robe of white,
And golden girdle gleaming bright;
You cannot miss her, for her brow
Is whiter than the driven snow;
No milk-white robe or lily fair
Can with that beauteous brow compare,
Nor can the flash of her twin eyes
Be equalled save in yonder skies;
Her hair is radiant, golden brown,
Such as Apollo's self might own;[1]
She tripped away on lightsome feet,
In Nature's realm no pair so neat;
And never can their match be found
But in themselves the world around.
O men and maidens, all beware
Lest, when you see this maid so fair,
That brow with ivory that vies,
Those golden locks, those love-lit eyes,
Should seize you with a strange surprise,

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[1] Cf. Milton's "Unshorn Apollo," *At a Vacation Exercise*, line 37, derived originally from Horace, *Odes*, I. xxii. 4.

Should cast upon you such a spell
That you should lose—ah! sad to tell—
Your own poor hearts—and her as well.[1]

Now, Politian happened to be not far off in the same garden, seeking in its solitude to give free vent to the thoughts and desires of his troubled mind. He noticed his rival (for he had almost ceased to think of him as a friend) approaching, and purposely hid himself, so that he might judge from his looks and actions as to his success in his suit. When he heard him reciting his love poetry, his first feeling was that of sneering contempt; then he turned indignant, and at last furious, and, losing patience, rushed forth from his hiding-place, and glaring at Eugenius, who was startled at his sudden appearance, he straightway accused him of everything that was bad—folly, madness, lust, impiety—and threatened him that if he did not at once give up his abominable passion, he would with his own hands sacrifice his base and worthless life as an offering to the fair fame of the maiden he was dishonouring.

Eugenius, although aware that his poetical effusion was somewhat light and trifling, was greatly incensed at such an intemperate address for so little reason, and, to show he had nothing to be ashamed of, boldly replied: "I

[1] The metre of the original Latin is Anacreontic, and was not at all a usual metre in Milton's days. In classical Latinity the Anacreontic seems absent, nor did the monks of the Middle Ages favour this species of verse. The first Neo-Latinist who led the way, as with a torch, was Fredericus Taubmannus in his fine nuptial Anacreontic in honour of Paulus Melissus, a brother-poet, and his bride Aemilia Jordana (the Rosina that came at last!) in 1593. It is a long ode of nearly four hundred lines, full of the repetitions and reciprocal jingles peculiar to this metre, and was held up as a model in the schools for some time, anyhow till 1614, when it was praised by the Giessen professors in their text-book of verse. N. Reusnerus, H. Meibomius, and C. Barthius followed the fashion thus started, and through them Anacreon rose from his long sleep. I attribute its use in our Romance to the fact that there is a very pretty specimen of this new-fashioned verse in the *Comus* of Puteanus, a book which Milton had, as we know, read and used. Cf. *Comus*, ed. 1611, p. 55.

admit I love her, and I am inclined to suspect that you love her too, and that this explains your unguarded language. It can be no common love affair, Politian, which thus breaks in upon our friendship. Love has played the tyrant with us both, so let us mutually transfer the blame to him. However, since we cannot both attain our wish, why not act reasonably in the matter, and judiciously? Whether you wish to settle our contest for our Queen of Beauty on our personal and intellectual merits, or whether you prefer to decide by recourse to arms, in either case I am ready: do whatever you dare; do whatever you are sufficient for."

Politian, who felt too confused to give much of an answer, only said: "To-morrow, then, you shall find me awaiting you in the neighbouring field, and we will settle this bad blood with the sword."

Eugenius took this challenge very good-humouredly, solemnly declaring that beyond this present unfortunate and unvoidable wrangle there was not a particle of ill-will in his mind, and offered to shake hands upon it in remembrance of their long and sacred friendship. Politian, however, who had worked himself into a temper, would have none of it, and without further ceremony again said: "I shall await you on the field to-morrow."

Meanwhile, Joseph, happening by chance to look out from his chamber window, noticed these two having high words together, and although he did not attach much importance to the quarrel, yet he was very vexed that such friends as they were should fall out about anything, and intended to make peace between them at the first opportunity. This came very soon, for he next saw Politian walk away from the garden in evidently a very angry mood. So Joseph hastened down to meet him, and asked him the cause of this altercation; and getting no reply, he went a little farther to ask Eugenius. But all his questioning was in vain—shame kept one silent, vengeance the other; but foreboding something serious on account of such obstinate concealment, he determined not to give the matter up, but to try another method.

He sent for them to come up to his room, and having said first some kindly words on the dignity of true friendship, and of his own great regard for each of them, he earnestly besought them to open the whole matter to him, adding this: "If you refuse, I shall say you either mistrust me as as arbiter, or mistrust your own cause."

Eugenius, when he could no longer resist such an appeal, then said: "For my part, I would willingly accept your advice; but the dispute is of a sort that cannot be settled even by such a fair arbiter as yourself, nor, if one of us were to kill the other, would even that end the difficulty."

This curious answer set Joseph thinking hard for some time how to solve this monstrous riddle. At last he broke silence. "Without doubt you both desire the same object, which cannot be shared between you; and my conclusion is, you are both in love with the same woman."

When neither of them, conscience-smitten, said a word in reply, Joseph became more confident that he had hit upon the truth, but was careful not to ask either the name of the lady, or to let them suppose he had guessed it, and began to speak to them thus:

"Although you have given me little or no information to guide me in this love affair, let us philosophise a little generally on this matter, and let me try to save you both from the folly that so often accompanies love.

"There is nothing more beautiful than true love, nothing more foolish than the folly of it. Love is that desire for union by which all things seek to obtain their due completion and perfection. This desire is implanted by Nature in all, according to the measure of their capacity. Inanimate objects, by a blind and senseless attraction, are drawn one to the other by fixed unerring laws. The animal creation satisfies the desire we speak of, and has, moreover, a sense of pleasure therein; but with them the desire is rather from a natural lust and rage than from any rational conception of true happiness, and that same desire which first impels them ends with the completed act.

"But to us, who are gifted with reason, there has been allotted a very keen and comprehensive faculty of desiring and enjoying things at our own will and choice. This all-important faculty has been implanted in us by the Deity, with a view to the worship of His Infinite Power, and subordinate to that it embraces all things in their order. At times it is perverse, and sets its affections on the things that are less worthy of it; but even then there is some similitude of its Divine origin still remaining, though it may wretchedly perish under the maddening influence of depraved tastes, and continually pursue the headlong course that leadeth to destruction.

"Thus it is that so many occupy themselves with foolish and trivial objects, and those who do seem to have higher aims fall into an insatiable greed for wealth or position. Yet no one, whatever be his natural tendency, can fall so low at the first onset, or run such risks as he does later on, when by a false appreciation and continued devotion he comes to make the idols he has set up the supreme objects of his existence. For instance, he who falls in love with a woman is first struck by some beauty in her that pleases him, and dwelling on it again and again, at last his thoughts become fixed on her, and in order that his ideal may satisfy his conception, he delights to conceal her failings, and is ever ready to give her charms beside that dwell only in his own imagination. So he loves to be in love, and, to guard himself from doing aught that might be thought unworthy of him, he conforms to the conventional laws of society, and assumes the virtues of faith and honour. Then is your honourable lover and perfect gentleman caught in his own devices, and becomes the very slave of his mistress, a mere girl, perhaps. And the more he perseveres in his blind folly, the more credit he counts it to himself, and the more praise he gets from his fellows who hold the same foolish views.

"As for such romantic idealists,[1] I could not decide

[1] These remarks of Joseph (*i.e.* Milton) to the young Cambridge undergraduate Politian concerning the romantic idealism of Love may be well compared with what a Cambridge undergraduate of the

whether it would be better for them to possess their real Juno in the flesh, or to go on for ever embracing in their thoughts her unsubstantial cloud which their imagination had substituted. For when the beloved object is their own, oh, what a falling off is there! Having expected far too much, how often does matrimony become to them both a regret and a bore! And if the beloved object refuses to be their own, often enough they become more infatuated than ever. They lead the happiest married lives who avoid the romantic extremes of courtship, and let the strain of Love pursue a quiet, even course, wherein it obeys its true law. But these false ideas of Love are a veritable plague, a flaw in the mirror of perfection, which makes the flaw all the worse,[1] a plague that is very catching with generous and noble minds, and from which recovery is very difficult."

This last imputation Eugenius could not let pass in silence, for he held the opinion that there was a Divine influence and fate in Love, and thus did he defend his faith:

"You speak of Love as a pest, a plague, but surely this wondrous elective affinity of the soul is derived from some occult power of Nature herself, such as she exerts when the iron is drawn to the magnet and the heliotrope to the sun. All are not drawn to the same beautiful woman,

present day has to say to modern 'Varsity men on the same subject in the *Granta* for May 11th, 1901. The words are:

"A few spirits must be found among three thousand youths in the springtime of life to whose passions the Midianitish woman must always appeal. And yet, I suppose, somewhere deep down in every one of us there rises at times a vague vision of perfect womanhood; the potter gives us a handful of his clay which we bespangle with the star-dust of Fancy, and beautify with light from some dreamland sun."

Well rowed, Cambridge! There is a rhythmical sweep in your oars and a pretty swing in your style. Verily you are most ardent and romantic idealists in regard to Love's young dream, and could hold your own even against "Joseph," the veiled lady of Christ's, and so you ought. There was no Girton in his days with its visions of beauty, nor for him were there any sweet girl-graduates with their golden hair. That privilege is yours, and you rightfully make the most of it.

[1] *Corruptio optimi pessima*, is what is meant.

nor are all repelled by a plain one. Love, too, is the seminal spark of that noble conjugal flame which of itself burst forth in the first parents of our race,[1] and no sweeter or more blissful inheritance has been handed on to us, their degenerate descendants.

"Another special blessing of Love is this: it not only covers and hides, but it fills up as well the many aching voids of our vain and trivial life, and, like its Divine Prototype, it is willing to spend and be spent for those who perhaps least deserve it. And then, how constant is true love, and how lasting! Nought can change it, not even death; true love never dies."

Such words made Joseph all the more eager to restrain with prudent counsel the exuberant enthusiasm of so good a defender, so he continued thus:

"Surely we cannot rightly say that Love, in its violence and distemper, is a gift of Nature, or that a power which so constantly urges us to act against reason and justice, and to break the golden rule of moderation, can have any claim to perfection. If it comes from Fate, then it is certainly sent as a punishment, and perhaps for former sins. It is no gift of God, for He is not such an improvident Dispenser as to purposely bestow upon us desires which so many must fail to satisfy, or, if they do satisfy them, lose their common sense in the attempt.

"Consider prudently and soberly what dire effects passionate love has wrought in you two. It is on the point of destroying a long intercourse of faithful, mutual friendship, and hurrying you both into feelings of hatred and fury.

"You claim Nature on your side; but Nature opens her treasury of love to the whole race, for they do greatly err who by some false esteem of the ties of blood give their kinsmen all their love, and so have none left for strangers, whereas all of us, kinsmen and strangers, are

[1] That "seminal spark" and that "noble conjugal flame" were, within twenty years, to be exhibited to the world of phantasy and art in such a noble way as none before or since has ever attained unto, and the present speaker, then blind, was to do it!

partakers of the same nature and the same blood, and neighbours each in his degree.

"Nor in true friendship is there any place for jealousy or for excluding the services of others. But in courtship, which is an honour to a woman if brought to a successful issue, an adulterer or a feigned gallant is excluded, but not so rival suitors—they take their chance, just as when there are many candidates who have sufficient grounds for hoping to obtain some important post, and many applicants who have a fair chance of the same vacancy. But a proper restraint must be observed in competing, and candidates must give way and retire before the rival to whom the most votes fall, otherwise they are not fighting fairly, and show themselves influenced by a bad and grasping spirit.

"God Himself gave our first parents the law of wedlock, and within that law are our desires to be restrained; there are more partners to choose from now, nor do I in the least think it a mark of prudence to abstain from choosing altogether, for indeed matrimony is the foundation stone of society, and should be in the highest degree honoured and guarded, lest the other duties of life suffer through the neglect of it. Position, age, suitable habits, and hundreds of other things which we young lovers in our excited passion so easily overlook, are really things deserving our most serious deliberation; in fact, no one requires to have all his senses about him more than he who is just about to plunge into matrimony.[1] No one should be more careful to be free from false impressions—not that I would have him try to free himself from his love, but rather to hold it well in hand by the curb of reason, so as not to interfere with anything that is lawful and just.

"Moreover, if this passionate love is a matter of natural temperament, as you aver, or affinity, why does it spring from the eyes rather than from the other senses, and why is it extinguished between our nearest and dearest relations,

[1] It would be interesting to know whether these words were written before or after the strange courtship of Mary Powell.

and why not always reciprocal, so that, fostered by kindly Nature, Love's young dream could never fail to discover and be united to its own ideal? Nor do the dove and the swan and other such examples of faithful love in the realm of Nature escape the same objections.

"I allow indeed that there are certain hidden elements of magnetic affinity which must not be left out of consideration in the marriage bond, for they are often the inducing causes and the abiding happiness thereof; but we should not let them seduce us, or carry us off captives at their will; rather should they bring our judgment to act, for Nature has given to us authority over our passions, so that they can be ruled by the powers of our reason. There is no end, it is true, to the fancies we may foolishly cherish, but it is only when we quite cast off from us the reins and curb of sober judgment that we are utterly undone.

"You both, I think, are in a somewhat parlous state just now through Love's enchantment. But fortunately I have another reason, a practical one, which shall quickly and completely set you free from your troubles; only wait a moment, and you shall see how foolish you lovers can be."

With this he asked them to follow him down from his chamber, which they did, greatly wondering what was to happen. When they came to a room below, he called a certain servant, and privately confided to him what he wanted done.

Not long after his sister Anna came into the room, and the very sight of her fair face was almost enough to drive all her brother's philosophy clean out of their heads. She, after just greeting them, and saying a few words to Joseph, made some excuse, and went out again. While they were talking together, presently Joanna made her appearance, dressed exactly like her sister, and the very image of her. Both the lovers took it for granted that Anna had returned, and felt the same love-ecstasy seize them again as they gazed upon her with admiring eyes, until Anna, following out the plan Joseph had

arranged, came again into the room. The lovers, in utter amazement, at first thought some ghost had visited them: presently they began to look from one sister to the other in great anxiety; they seemed to doubt the evidence of their eyes, and to be struck dumb as well.

Joseph, who was genially amused at the incident, at length broke silence with a pleasant laugh. "Which of these two ladies do you say is my sister? Surely, if ever they marry, that will be a hard question for their husbands."

This aroused Eugenius, and put him somewhat to the blush; but he managed to stammer out the reply that of all the beautiful sights he had yet seen in Solyma this was the most wonderful, for one lady was the very reflection and counterpart of the other, and one portrait would suffice for both.

Politian, who had so far kept a sorrowful silence, now said: "No longer will I wonder at the variety of feature and complexion to be found in the human face—a greater wonder is here, an elegance beyond compare in two who, when compared, are still without a peer."

"These sisters of mine," replied Joseph, "are twins—Anna, who lives here, and has come back to us to see her sister, and Joanna, who has only just arrived, as you know, from Caesarea. We, who are often with them, of course can distinguish the one from the other, especially when they are together; but the way that strangers are deceived and surprised is an oft-repeated and most amusing family joke. I was thinking not long ago of playing off this joke upon you, as a friendly test of your powers of recognition, and now, when the two sisters were both at home, I have taken the opportunity, as you see."

The girls, who could not help smiling a little at these remarks, joined in the general conversation for a moment or two, and then withdrew. Joseph, having successfully accomplished his design, proceeded to improve the occasion.

"Surely," said he, "this object-lesson proves my argument about love. If either of you should fancy you were

in love with Anna and her only, would not your eyes, your feelings, your very soul be all aflame for some one else, if her sister by chance took her place? No doubt this was Jacob's experience when he took Leah for Rachel."

To this they could make no answer—their silence gave consent; and when at length they opened their lips again, it was to make the confession that Love must be an enchantment, some magic spell that brought in its train unreason and folly. The more they wavered, the more did Joseph press them back.

"Yes," said he, "that is Love's special defect: no one can be in love and in his right mind at the same time.[1] How many crimes has this madness of lovers to answer for! It drives them on across the boundary line, and so they go from love to lust, much as your noble gallants may forswear and abominate that odious word. Its beginnings are quiet, and perhaps unnoticed: a certain luxurious weakness of disposition gradually loosens the hold of sober judgment; a warmth of feeling is continually springing up within and is not checked; and the spark of eager desire bursts forth at last, and, fanned by Cupid's wings, it soon bursts into flame, and shameless Venus claims us as her own. By some perverse and overpowering instinct she makes the pure and heavenly part of us yield in subjection to our grosser and more earthly body, yea, even to its most vile and unworthy members; and so it comes to pass that this stain of lust doth defile and torture us wellnigh as much as if we were the vilest felons. If this vice be long persisted in, it passes all restraint and limit, as we read of the Caesars, and it becomes a mere swinish wallowing in the mire. For when we cease to respect ourselves, neither shame nor scorn can keep us from the vilest deed. So it was that our first father Adam rightly veiled those sensual parts when he had fallen, for he knew the lustful fury, shame, and guilt which came through them to all the race. Indeed, many of the natural actions of

[1] Illustrations and confirmations of this dictum could be piled up to any height, from the *μανία* of Plato and Socrates up to the erotic, neurotic, and tommy-rotic productions of the modern press; but I forbear.

our bodies, if unrestrained, are considered unseemly, such as gaping and yawning at meals, the rude stare, the unchaste leer, even so small an offence as letting our mouth water—all are considered as signs of the absence of a well-regulated mind, and much more are those prurient actions which cannot be mentioned without a shock to unsullied ears.

"Even before the Fall there was a certain uncleanliness in certain of our members, and their very position points to it; by the Mosaic law there was certain sacred occasions when a man's lawful wife was forbidden to him, and our forefathers were commanded to go without the camp, each one with his little spade,[1] so that the camp might be undefiled.

"Now, my point is, that whatever sacred injunction is here laid upon us takes its origin and purpose from the defiling possibilities of our nature, and further that this defilement of nature is admitted by all, even the most brutal and degraded savages, and everywhere is it a disgrace to our race when the customary bonds of modesty are broken.

"Before lust came into the world there was no shame. Lust and shame entered together, and then it became necessary to exclude these incitements from the wandering eyes of fallen humanity. Not that I think it wrong to speak of these matters plainly, as doctors are obliged to do, avoiding impure suggestion,[2] and we know, too, how the Bible mentions such things. My own opinion is, that to discuss these matters seriously and philosophically is much better than leaving them alone, and often proves to be a sound check to lustful fancy so long as we do not pry too curiously into the wanton mysteries, for it is often the case that a jealous concealment of charms is much more exciting than a liberal display. He therefore that would be chaste should not let his eyes

[1] The Latin here is *liguncula*. It is one of our author's inventions or substitutions, and is very Miltonic. See *Excursus* L., on Latin prose style of *Nova Solyma*.

[2] *Extra salacitatem.*

wander too much over a pretty figure or a handsome face, nor add fuel to the fire of lust by listening to loose stage plays, or looking into improper books, or even by being too much addicted to the pleasures of the table; above all should he avoid listless indolence,[1] which is, in my opinion, a very cradle for Cupid to nestle in, a very bed for Venus to make her own. Let such a man turn his eyes towards our most perfect pattern, Christ, and so, drawing from such a fount, shall he extinguish the culinary fire of inward lust by the greater and more sacred flames of heavenly love. Does not all this show that to be driven away from God by the whirlwind assaults of our baser passions is no trivial matter, or one that can be passed off by a scoffing jest, but that it is a crime so seductive, and so deeply rooted in our nature, that to renounce the sin, or even to expiate it by contrition, is a hard thing indeed?"[2]

[1] Most likely thinking of Ovid's admirable line:

Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus.

[2] Surely here speaks "the Lady of Christ's."

CHAPTER IV

DUELLING DENOUNCED—CODES OF HONOUR—THE TRUE GENTLEMAN

WHEN the speaker ceased, Eugenius, who had a generous and conscientious disposition, at once cried out: "It is not only God's pardon we have to ask, but we ought to crave your indulgence and forgiveness also, for we have loved your sister—which one, indeed, we hardly knew, nor does that much matter, since we have loved neither in the right way; but if you condemn us, we will plunge in our own breasts the swords which, as rivals, we were about to unsheath against each other."

Such a monstrous proposal struck Joseph with horror, and, as their secret had now been revealed, he gave them his opinion as follows:

"In my view, you ought first to forgive each other, nor have you the right to hope that God will wipe away the offence, or your friends forget the injury, until you have made peace between yourselves. Look, too, at the pitfalls opening at your feet: first homicide, and then suicide, and both crimes customarily connected with love affairs, and covered or shielded by the same veneer of honour. Young bloods full of spirit, just of the age to be dazzled by the tinsel glitter of what is called "the honour of a gentleman," will not permit the least indignity or contradiction to pass unnoticed. At once they take the most extreme course, and, like brute beasts, challenge each to single combat, or, what is far more monstrous than a mere animal struggle for victory, they arrange a duel, and, as if urged on by some evil

genius, they either deprive each other of the most precious gift of life, or if one escape alive, he is still liable to the law's punishment, and rightly deserves it. How wretched must they be who leave so terrible a blot on the last page of their earthly existence as the utter destruction of a fellow-man in his very totality—body, soul, and spirit![1]

[1] The Latin phrase—*universum hominem occidione occidere*—is a remarkable one, and contains very strong evidence for the Miltonic authorship, for Milton was the only man of learning and genius who held the strange and heretical view that the soul is naturally mortal, and dies or loses consciousness with the body. Milton's view was, "the whole man dies," and in his posthumous *De Doctrina Christiana*, c. xiii., this is unhesitatingly asserted and proved from Scripture at great length: when death comes upon a man, it comes upon him altogether; no part escapes, and body, soul, and spirit are alike lifeless and insensible in the grave. Even in the stormy and fanatical religious excitement of Milton's age there were few who held such heterodoxy as this, and not till early in the nineteenth century, when the *De Doctrina Christiana* was so unexpectedly unearthed from the State Paper Office, did any suspicion arise that the illustrious Milton held the opinions of the obscure Soul-sleepers and Mortalists. But the treatise which he left in manuscript, and dedicated to the Christian world, put on record the sure fact that he lived and died in that unusual belief. Not indeed that he held it in every period of his life, for the fine religious rhapsodies which conclude his *Lycidas* (1637) and the *Epitaphium Damonis* (1639) show that in earlier life he was a devout believer in the heavenly joys of departed saints, and that he then could say with Horace, and in a higher sense than he:

Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam.

But later in life, possibly about 1644, when he broke with the Presbyterians and inclined to the party of the Sectaries, there came a change o'er the spirit of his dream, and henceforth he held, and in his religious testament declared, that the soul of man is as naturally mortal as his body. *Nova Solyma*, as the author tells us in his *Autocriticon* at the end, had been revised by him just previous to 1648, and possibly this argument of the death of the whole man was then added. Between the date of the *Epitaphium Damonis* (1639) and *Nova Solyma* (1648) there had been two books published, certainly known to such an omnivorous reader as Milton—viz. *Man's Mortalitie; or, a Treatise wherein 'tis proved both Theologically ana Philosophically that Whole Man is a Compound Wholly Mortal*, etc., by R. O. (R. Overton, 1644); and *The True Original of the Soule*, etc., by H. W. (Henry Woolnor, 1641). Both these may have

What opening is left for penitence, or reconciliation with God, when a man is cut off in the flower of his age by such a reckless and guilty deed? In the dark Middle Ages certain men of barbarian tastes, who professed to be arbiters of what was brave and honourable, and Christians to boot, laid down the laws of duelling and fixed the gruesome ceremonies of it; but in spite of that it is in direct opposition to all law and true social life, and certainly shows the want of sense in the public opinion on the subject. For who can rightly expect that the sword will justly decide that which a court of justice is unable to exactly determine?

"To us it seems a pure delusion to throw ourselves and our cause on God's Providence in wager of battle, when neither Nature nor the Deity has sanctioned anything of the kind. True, we sometimes settle our disputes by casting lots; but this is bloodless enough, and is only done for convenience in sharing things, or in a sportive way, to arrive at a conclusion. We know it is a matter of mere chance, and we are ready to take the result in that view.[1]

influenced Milton's very independent judgment. In any case, the strong point remains that the anonymous author of *Nova Solyma*, a most accomplished Latinist both in prose and poetry, held an unusual and novel opinion, almost universally execrated, and accepted by no one of any literary eminence except Milton. There are tokens of it in *Paradise Lost*, x. 782–93, but no one noticed them.

[1] Milton was in favour of the practice of casting lots as being commonly used in both the Old Testament and the New Testament. He gives all the texts in *De Doctrina Christiana*, c. v. Puritans often had recourse to this superstitious act, as we deem it now. And nearer to our days, at the beginning of the great Wesleyan movement, there was a very curious appeal to a "decision by lot" which, as not generally known, may be worth recording:

"A question arose, after Mr. Wesley's death, whether the Methodist preachers had any Scriptural authority to administer the Holy Communion. The question was decided by lot, and the Conference wrote as follows: 'To the Members of our Societies who desire to receive the Lord's Supper from the hands of their own preachers.—Very dear Brethren,—The Conference desire us to write to you, in their name, in the most tender and affectionate manner, and to inform you of the event of their deliberations concerning the administration of the Lord's

"We abolish duelling on the ground that it is an unlawful way of deciding any dispute, even if the dispute is perfectly justifiable. We hold a duellist in worse repute than a hangman, for one acts against the authority of the State, and the other upholds it. If a man is killed in a duel, we hold it to be legally a case of *felo de se*, and the survivor is hanged with his heels upwards as a symbol of his preposterous attempt to overturn justice. If both escape with their lives, they still do not escape punishment, for they are branded with a mark of ignominy so that all men can see it, and avoid them as they would dangerous, goring beasts.[1] Moreover, this stigma tends to take away any false conceit of their bravery or honour, and any one who dares to praise them is considered an accessory after the fact. By these laws we keep down acts of injustice, and eradicate from public opinion some very foolish ideas about personal honour. I, if a man challenge me unlawfully, absolutely refuse to meet him; nothing shall make me do it: let him call me a coward if he will; let him tell every one he sees; let him send forth libels and caricatures

Supper. After debating the subject time after time, we were greatly divided in sentiment. In short, we knew not what to do, that peace and union might be preserved. At last, one of the senior brethren, Mr. Pawson, proposed that we should commit the matter to God by putting the question to the lot, considering the Oracles of God declare that the lot causes contentions to cease, and parteth between the mighty. And, again, "that the lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." And considering, also, that we have the examples of the Apostles themselves in a matter which, we thought, all things considered, of less importance! We accordingly prepared the lots; and four of us prayed. God was surely then present—yea, His Glory filled the room. Almost all the preachers were in tears, and, as they afterwards confessed, felt an undoubted assurance that God Himself would decide. Mr. Adam Clarke was then called on to draw the lot, which was, "You shall not administer the Sacrament the ensuing year." All were satisfied; all submitted. Every countenance seemed to testify that every heart said, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good'" (Appendix to Bishop Blomfield's *Sermons*).

[1] A somewhat similar ludicrous and ignominious punishment is awarded for duelling in the German Utopia *The Kingdom of Ophir*, 1699. See Bibliography.

broadcast,—it is nothing to me. I feel the very greatest coward when I am asked to commit a wrong action. I confess it without shame, yea, I glory in it."

"Ah!" interposed Politian, "but it all depends whether the State is inclined to shield a man's private character from insult or not. Some States take no cognisance of private quarrels or personal honour; therefore, a man must defend himself."

"No," replied Joseph; "if a man were allowed to make a law for himself wherever he thought the established laws insufficient, you might just as well have no laws at all; and certainly no one has a right to judge his own case, or to avenge himself in this way, life against life, and least of all a professed Christian. With us, our censors look into all these matters, and private reputation, and have charge of them.

"As for public and national honours, we esteem them to be the greatest rewards the State can give, and we are careful to distribute them with strict impartiality, and never lavishly. To our soldiers especially, who risk their lives for their country, and to those wise counsellors who in State affairs have given timely help, we award these highest honours, and to them alone.

"The virtues of simplicity, temperance, and justice have their own inherent glory, and are their own reward. But there is not in them that lustre and brilliant radiance we connect with the idea of true nobility. Now, just as our worst characters are branded with the stigma of infamy, so are our most noble ones adorned with badges and orders of honour. These honours, too, are hereditary, and we make them so for the parents' sake, that the children may be educated up to their position, and possibly inherit the ancestral virtues; but we make this condition, that our expectations should be in some degree realised, or at least never upset by a thoroughly unworthy or wicked life, for a mere title, apart from personal merit, we reckon to be as foolish and ridiculous a distinction as many consider mere rank to be, when it has no money behind it; nor do we permit our families

with long pedigrees to credit themselves on their remote ancestors—we only give them credit for what they do themselves.[1]

"We do not despise the *parvenus*, for many a one has, likely enough, done as much for the good of the State in his single person as a dozen or more of the pedigree-family stamp; so we give the new-comer an order of nobility adequate to his deeds.

"If long pedigree be the only criterion, we should be equal, for we all derive from Adam and from Noah. If the accident of our birth is to decide, again we should be equal, for our soul, the best and highest part of us, is of Divine origin, and originally came from God. When our nobles wear in public the insignia of their orders, it is the public custom for ordinary people to yield the road to them at once with all courtesy. In the same degree of nobility, priority of creation has the precedence; among the nobles' families the dignity of the clan is considered.

"But honours and titles may never be abused for public harm, and overweening pride and disdain is to be always reprimanded. For the real glory of nobility does not arise from terrible and stirring deeds, nor yet from tyrannical power, but from the shedding of a good influence everywhere, and from that copious flowing forth in daily life of all the higher qualities which mark a true gentleman.

"I do not esteem Caesar worthy of such honours; in my opinion he is neither truly brave nor truly happy. Has he not treated that magnificent Republic under whose laws and institutions he was brought up from his birth onwards as the empty sound of a name only? and has he not gone near to make it so? Nor can that brave thoroughness of his, which is generally accounted among the good points of a man, successfully contend with patriotism and justice; for is it not a mark of temerity and violence, or of something yet worse, to dare to attempt

[1] Similar views occur in that early and rare Utopia the *Commentariolus de Eudaemonensium Republicâ* of Gaspar Stiblin. See Bibliography.

that which must result in deep regret? Nay, is it not the highest pitch of unhappiness to continually persist in upholding the worst of deeds to its bitter end?

"I hold him to be the greatest possible expert in the arts of tyranny,[1] since he is the cleverest in making people believe that he possesses a liberal and merciful spirit combined with a keen and vigorous intellect. I am indeed surprised that any Christian people should hold the opinion that the greatest public enemy[2] the country has is surrounded with some mysterious halo of glory and fame—an opinion more iniquitous, surely, than Cato held.[3]

"Believe me, my friends, we make no advance to any good purpose, unless we bring into our every-day life and habits a clear distinction and understanding concerning what is rightfully to be praised and blamed. I do not mean a mere wordy rigmarole of philosophical casuistry, but a good practical knowledge engrained in the very texture of our minds. Wherefore I would that ye throw off such outward trappings and false adornments of that which is wrong, and gaze wholly on the undisguised face of what is right and true."

After this Joseph induced them to embrace each other, and to promise to lay aside any feelings of ill will, and so they all separated.

[1] "But he who, without the pledge and earnest of suitable deeds, can be persuaded of a zeal and true righteousness in the person [of King Charles I.] hath much yet to learn; and knows not that the deepest policy of a tyrant hath been ever to counterfeit religion" (Milton, *Eikonoklastes*, p. 325, Bohn).

[2] Lat. *perduellis*.

[3] Of the many opinions of Cato the Censor, I am not sure which particular one was in Milton's mind in this connection, but I think it would be most likely that remark about kings which Cato made when Eumenes II., King of Pergamus, first came to Rome on a visit, and was received with very great respect by the Senate. Cato was indignant at what he considered too great servility and expense, and would not take any part in the entertainment, declaring that "kings were naturally carnivorous animals." This would be less objectionable, in Milton's opinion, than the semi-blasphemous assertion of quasi-deification

CHAPTER V

A PUBLIC LECTURE: "THE WELL-REGULATED MIND"

FOR some days Politian and Eugenius avoided each other, and were often in deep thought on the disgrace they had brought on themselves, and if Joseph had not occasionally thrown in a word in season, undoubtedly their thoughts would have prompted them to suicide. They both began to look ill, nor could they interchange glances with the two girls or with each other without an inward feeling of shame.

However, by degrees they began to take a brighter view and to show signs of true regret, and when Joseph saw this, he began to encourage their fallen spirits, and, as a change and relief, persuaded them with some difficulty to come with him and hear another public lecture.

When they arrived at the hall it was not quite time for the proceedings to begin, so they walked up and down in the portico, where Joseph, to fill up the time suitably, took out a little book, and asked Eugenius if he would like to hear a few portions from the Book of Wisdom which he had turned into Latin verse.

Joseph read on for some little time, making occasionally brief comments; then he paused to listen for the sound of the students taking their seats inside, and finding there was still a little time left, he turned over some pages and read another part towards the end, and then lent the book to Eugenius to finish reading at his leisure.[1]

They now went into the hall, where Joseph found them good seats, and while they were discussing the subject of the lecture, which on this occasion was *A*

[1] See Appendix of Latin poems; we have here 164 lines of Alcaics.

Well-regulated Mind, and how to acquire it, the lecturer ascended his rostrum, and in a quiet, serious manner thus began his discourse :

"To acquire the position of a ruler among men one must begin by ruling himself—that is the first great requisite; then he must be able to rule his household; and then, eventually, if called upon, he may be equal to ruling the State. But if a man is inexperienced, and unfit to fufil the first two requisites, he will never rightly attain to the political prudence required for the last. Often enough there have been men in the highest positions in the State, who were men of philosophic culture, and equally successful in peace or war; and then, again, there have been others, who being in the same position, and equally fitted by nature for holding it, yet, from the defect I have mentioned, have never learnt to restrain the anger, the lust, or the overweening pride that was in them, or to use the curb of self-government, and learn by experience what really constitutes justice and true strength of character. The consequence is, that these latter fall to pieces, as it were, if fortune seems against them, or are vainly elated if the fickle goddess smiles; in fact, they are wholly her slaves, and being without the rudder of a well-regulated mind, they are often totally wrecked in the sea of their passions.

"Our soul, being within us, out of sight, and elusive, is a difficult thing to study, and even more so to manage, whether we want it to be clothed with the habit of virtue or deprived of the seeds of vice. Many look upon it as scarcely more than an airy, shadowless ghost, an unsubstantial entity, or else, feeling that its will is irresistible, allow it to rage and change without restraint. But the heart of a wise man is under his own control, and he can mould and alter it even as a workman can fashion with his strong right hand the material beneath it. Now, it is our mind which is our guardian angel, our good or evil genius, and on the right use of the mind, so philosophers have always said, depends our chief happiness. The soul is always coupled with a gross body, but it can

hold imperial sway over its corporeal partner, and rise to universal rule; it can hold its own against all bodily attacks from without, and can protect and preserve itself and its possessions as if in an independent world. So said the old philosophers, and they made the discipline of the soul almost a religion, and so far the Word of God bears them out; but from Revelation we know, what the philosophers least of all imagined, that man is by nature corrupt, fallen, and unable to raise himself to God, though he has still left to him somewhat of his original justice, strength, and nobleness of mind. Wherefore we should remember how much we have to depend on God's assisting grace, and that we should attempt nothing without His propitious guidance; for should God give us a distempered spirit of fury, or madness, or remorse, who could withstand it? Could the best regulated mind, could the most extreme perseverance or endurance, fight against that Power who can rule the very character of our minds? So I think the philosophers of old boasted too arrogantly of their discipline of the soul, and forgot the soul's subjection to a higher Power.

"In considering the mind as a kingdom that we have to govern, we should begin by looking at our own privileges and dignity as rulers of it. It is a kingdom that is our private possession, and we hold it on the freest of terms, with a strong sense of true dignity. Of course, we all give social reverence and obedience to people in authority, according to the usual custom generally sanctioned, and nothing is more seemly than such willing and reasonable service. This is the kind of service God asks of us, nor does He order us to worship Him in any other way. A cringing and forced submission is not acceptable in His sight. Nor is this dignity of character inconsistent with or opposed to Christian humility, for this last Christian virtue is really a sense of shame at the great fall from our first estate, and this begets a desire in us to recover the native dignity we have lost, and so the two apparent extremes of character are found to be harmoniously consistent. If, too, we are ordered

to keep the vessels of our bodies in sanctification and honour, how much the more ought this to be so with our ethereal minds!

"True humility is variously exhibited according to circumstances, but always consistently with its character. As for the so-called humility that loves to suffer reproach and revels in loathsome degradations, never caring to lift itself into the regions of beauty and art, this is to be vile rather than humble.

"What the worldlings call honour or glory[1] is a vain and misleading quality. It is generally swollen with self-pride and the conceit of popular favour; it serves no purpose but its own interest, and its work is summed up in self-laudation.

"But the magnanimity of a Christian is something very different, in that it has a burning desire for all that is most truly honourable and praiseworthy; and as for the honour and glory that may arise, all this is given to God. This noble-mindedness I speak of is the most effective spur for all that is good, and a restraining bit for all that is bad. We ought to cultivate it and preserve it as something sacred and heavenly. For this reason, Scripture describes foul deeds in unreserved terms, so that this feeling may be excited in us.

"Wherefore we should abhor secret sins no less than those public ones which bring open shame upon us, not only for conscience' sake, but for the sake of our self-respect;[2] for whosoever shall lose or lessen this last

[1] Milton had no esteem for glory, especially of the military kind, and addresses Fairfax thus: "Thou hast conquered 'glory,' too, which is wont to conquer the best of mortals" (*Defensio pro se*, iii. 108, ed. 1698, fol.).

[2] These views of self-respect and self-command here and elsewhere brought forward in this book are highly Miltonic. Walter Bagehot, in his *Literary Studies*, ii. 177, says: "The whole being of Milton may in some sort be summed up in the great command of the austere character, 'Reverence thyself.'"

Milton no doubt had read Bacon's *New Atlantis*, for it would commend itself to him as a romance of the same Utopian class as his own. It had an imaginary model republic called Bensalem, and there were

great virtue has fallen from the throne of self-command, and can no longer be called his own master. For he who sins in this way commits high treason against himself. Matters of a ludicrous and frivolous nature should be treated in a seemly and cautious manner, for there is no doubt that our common human nature has a little in it both of the fool and the beast. To the fool we must give the horse-laugh, and the silly joke, and all unsavoury words and deeds; to the beast the animal passions and impulses that possess us. The austere mind should be itself a very temple of prudence. Boorishness, and the neglect of ordinary forms and ceremonies, often are causes of a sordid, unwholesome way of living; while a prurient delicacy seems worse to me than an outspoken, sober discussion of a forbidden subject.

"Having thus set up the Throne of our government, let us next go on to the Council Chamber and the Senate.

"Our mind is to be improved by the deepest meditation, and enriched by far-reaching knowledge; for he who

Jews among the inhabitants, and it was a Jew who explained to the visitors to New Atlantis that the usual saying there was: "Whosoever is unchaste cannot reverence himself"; and they add "that the reverence of a Man's Selfe is, next to Religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices." The *New Atlantis* is only a fragment, first published in 1627, when Milton had been at Cambridge about two years, but is a striking piece of literature, and, as one of Bacon's best biographers (Edwin A. Abbot) says: "Bacon has put into it perhaps more of his own self, his tastes, his preferences, his ideals, than into any other of his writings." It may have helped to suggest *Nova Solyma*, and I shall be indeed gratified if *Nova Solyma* shall be ever considered to bear the same relation to the philosophy and religion of John Milton as *Nova Atlantis* bears to the philosophy and philanthropia of Francis Bacon. A glow of satisfaction comes when I think sometimes that it may be so. For if there are any among my illustrious countrymen that I admire beyond the rest, it is John Milton and Francis Bacon; and I endorse every line of the eloquent eulogy which has been pronounced on the latter by one who knew him, so to speak, by heart. Of Bacon he said: "With him knowledge alone had no satiety; in age when 'the Loves are changed into the Graces' he still ran the race as in the heyday of youth, never feeling the weariness of Faust, and only at times the 'suave mari magno.' His philosophy has its concrete presentation in the *New Atlantis*

knows many subjects deeply has gained for himself a goodly share of that intellectual world which is man's most real possession. We should let our minds dwell on the representations of all that is best and fairest, but our aims should be limited by our opportunities and abilities.

"Especially has the mind need of right judgment, lest, being led aside by the opinions of the crowd, we should come to the false conclusion that splendid sins are to be reckoned among a man's good qualities, and so forge chains of slavery for ourselves.

"There are many things which nearly every one looks at as if through spectacles. Sometimes they are magnifying glasses, and very powerful ones; such we use when viewing our own merits or other people's demerits, or when we examine miracles, prodigies, horrible news, and other wonders of the outside world. Sometimes our spectacles make things look less; for instance, such as our own

that rises from the sea, like Prospero's isle, the most practical and amongst the most poetic of the anticipations of the future. An allegory of his fragmentary work, it is amongst torsos the most beautiful; and, in closing the record of his varied life, we linger on the sound of the sea rippling by its richly coloured shore. Its detail may be faulty; its design is prophetic; nor in Plato or Augustine, nor in More or Sidney, in Campanella or Milton, is there so much sympathy with the increasing purpose of man's thought and will" (Professor John Nichol: *Francis Bacon, his Life and Philosophy*. Blackwood, 1889).

Here is praise indeed, nor is it undeserved. The wonder is that a short, unfinished, Utopian fragment should be worthy of it. But we must remember how great a man it was that put into that little fragment so much of himself. I was both glad and surprised to see Milton coupled in this eulogy with the few great writers of Utopias, and placed in the same class with the famous authors of the *Civitas Dei*, the *Civitas Solis*, and the *Republic*. How Professor Nichol came to include Milton among the chief imaginers of ideal states I cannot tell: it looks like prophetic insight, for it certainly was not on account of *Nova Solyma*. But if he has so deservedly praised that unfinished fragment the *Nova Atlantis*, what, I wonder, would he have thought of the carefully finished *Nova Solyma*, its episodes, its lyrics, its consistent standard of high purity, and that Bridal Song of Divine Love which rounds off and ends the book?

faults, or favours received, or an enemy before he advances, and to these must be added the way we look at real merit and true wisdom, and the hidden mysteries of our nature. All these appear to us of less import than they really are.

"To avoid these misjudgments, we should be on guard not to be carried away by first impressions. We must never idolise or pin our faith upon mere human authority. We should try all things, and hold fast to those that are best. Many such like maxims may we find in all parts of Holy Writ. Next to God's Word we should study the most famous writings of Greece and Rome, that from a careful consideration of their contents we may know what is rightly commendable. Let nothing be accepted without search and examination, but when accepted, let it be duly placed in the treasure-house of our memory.

"The man who can rule himself is the greatest of all commanders, and practice makes perfect, here as elsewhere. Therefore continually practise this self-government, even in the most trivial matters, for the least loosening of the reigns of control may make a firm command no easy matter to regain. For instance, you may play at draughts for love only, and yet the desire of winning and getting the advantage over your rival may make you so relax your self-command that when you lose your game you often lose your temper as well, to the great amusement of the lookers-on. Somewhat similar is it in the more important game of Life; if anyone through excitement or rashness breaks through his needful self-restraint, he will find it very difficult to recover his lost ground, and will often come to grief utterly. Therefore I say, obey the rules you lay down for yourself more implicitly even than if they were laws with the King's sanction, and, like an athlete, keep always in training and practice. Do not forget that we can modify our natural disposition. Socrates was ugly—that could not be mended; his disposition was not naturally good, but by self-control he made it so. All who really try meet with success; it is the slothful and self-indulgent who fail.

"The control I speak of is of special service in regulating our passions. I say 'regulating' advisedly, for those who would utterly root out our animal desires are like men who would cut their own throats, and, being sentinels of the body, desert their post. Our passions, indeed, affect our minds just as winds affect a ship. If the breezes are genial and moderated, the ship sails gallantly on; but when they are turbulent and contrary, there is a constant risk of being wrecked. And so it is with ourselves.

"We are not to forget, moreover, how it is we differ from the whole animal creation. They must needs be ruled by their passions and desires, whilst we have the option of being ourselves the rulers. How, then, ought we not strictly to keep down the animal instincts well under the continual yoke of our reason? For our own well-being we must treat our passions as circumstances demand; we must defeat their advances, and make a mock of them lest they mock us. The passions of brute beasts, not being subject to reason, are restricted within certain limits by the power of Nature herself. They have a limit which they cannot pass. But man, if he lose his self-control, rushes headlong to far greater depths, being drawn irresistibly to the bottomless whirlpool of a lust far worse than theirs.

"The baneful passions of our human nature, such as anger, fear, and grief, often afford us a certain perverse kind of pleasure, and are very hard to eradicate altogether. They are our torturers, and we should very rarely give them indulgence, and then only in subjection to reason, and the utmost care should be used not to allow them to exceed the bounds of what is just and seemly and sufficient, for it is utter madness to incur injury and ruin on their account, when we can have the upper hand over them if we choose.

"As to our more innocent desires, such as the pleasures of the table, our hopes, our joys, their enticement is more quiet and gradual, but they have their victories over us nevertheless, and many who have faced danger and death heedlessly often fall victims here. As to the good things

the bounty of Nature gives to us, we should use them with frugality and moderation, for thus alone is the pleasure that accrues best enjoyed. So with a fragrant flower—one brief and balmy waft of its scent is far more delicate and enjoyable than the heavy, overpowering vapour that comes from its expressed essence. And what madness to turn these propitious passions into armed foes, for joys and hopes, when frustrate of their intent, pain us more than our worst enemies; and yet few seem to know what ought and what ought not to be objects of hope and joy. Above all must we be on our guard against first impressions, which are so difficult to change. And we should remember that all things, good or evil, here below are only vanity of vanities compared with the joys of Heaven and the torments of Hell.

"Lastly, the best remedy for those who fall in the fight for self-control is to rise with obstinate determination against the tyranny of the passions, and resolutely, once for all, throw off their chains. They who can do that show they have that excellent gift, a consciousness of personal freedom.

"There is another faculty of the mind, which we call Imagination, and this plays no small part in our daily life. It is a faculty quick and versatile, but unstable, full of mimicry and quibbling, a pragmatical droll who imposes upon and deceives our other senses, and is the cause of endless anxiety and trouble. As if by some strange chymick art, it presents to us all we can see or hear under a form both untrustworthy and false. It strikes us like a flash of lightning and sets our mind all aflame, and urges us on to the rashest and maddest acts. It upsets our mental balance, and leaves a restless interregnum where reason had ruled before, and hence it often happens that men wide awake, and in the light of day, act as if in a delirious dream. Whosoever has this faculty uncontrolled, however cultured and able he may be, can never be a truly great and complete man.

"But the worst quality of the phantastical man is that from a depraved habit of thought he is the likeliest of

all to scoff and jeer at religion, and on no subject are jokes so free and acceptable as on this; and therefore many perish from their own imaginations treating the sacred majesty of truth in a freakish and illusive way. To cure this habit in a man is very hard indeed, for the faculty is so constantly on the move that you cannot track it down, so slippery that it passes through the fingers of him who would hold and heal it; its deceptions are such that sometimes even the most careful and prudent base their opinions on its false presentations; and, lastly, its evil power is such that even sober-minded people with difficulty restrain their laughter when they see the odd mischances or loose behaviour of their fellows.

"I should call him wellnigh perfect who could hold his imagination under full control. Wherefore this faculty should always be kept employed at good, honest work, busy with the best thoughts, so that the vain and foolish ones have less chance to enter. If wanton ideas do present themselves and assault the soul, they must be received with firmly closed eyes; and if they persist, we must flee from them to quiet, studious work, and to the contemplation of things more estimable. Change of scene and change of surroundings are both excellent helps.

"But there is the body as well as the mind, and these mutually act and react on each other. We must not omit the consideration of this.

"It is partly by reason of bodily constitution that one man is strong and another temperate. The man of bilious temperament delights in violent action and endeavour; you might say he was born for the arena. He cannot easily restrain his anger or strong passions. He of a melancholy turn is for ever meditating on sacred and lofty themes, as if he were in God's house; he is subject also to a dismal fear and anxiety which seem to possess him. The phlegmatic temperament is the farthest of all from courage and action. It seems to be tired out with the squalor of its prison-house, and bound down by the chains of sluggishness. Those who have the sanguine nature are most at home at court or on the stage; to

them the outlook of life is bright and full of varied pleasure.

"When we know what our bodily temperament is, we should always try to adapt our mind to it in such a way as best to tone down each into better harmony; and although we may not be able to alter such things as ruddiness and pallor, or to stop the sighs and groans and other indications of bodily sensation, still, we need not allow them to affect our mind. Nay, the more we try to put out of thoughts our bodily ailments, the more shall we succeed, for every resolute diversion of our thoughts, especially if we have made a habit of doing so, will take away or considerably deaden the bodily sense.

"Last of all, as a beautiful body is the most ornate vesture that the soul can have, so a well-regulated and temperate body is the best home, and as such it deserves the utmost care and attention; and the whole man, body and soul, should be so ordered that, like a perfect machine thoroughly wound up, he may be ready with every nerve and limb that he can use to serve God, to help his country, and to save himself."

CHAPTER VI

THE RIGHT USE OF MONEY—JOSEPH'S "ODE TO THE DEITY"

THE lecture being over, Joseph, who had somewhere to go, asked Politian to wait with Eugenius in the cloisters, for he would soon be back. So they went there, and Eugenius passed away the time by reading a version of David's lament for Saul and Jonathan (2 Sam. i. 19) in Latin lyrics.[1] When this was finished, Politian resumed the subject of the lecture, which was really uppermost in his mind.

"Ah," said he, "how very unfortunate we have been not to hear and attend to such good advice before we acted as we did! Certainly nothing is more worthy of a true man than to rule himself. All other privileges of power, and the most exquisite delights the world can give, are in vain, unless this inward composure be there as well."

At this point they hear footsteps behind them, and, turning round, find that Joseph had rejoined them, and was expressing his pleasure that they had thought the lecture profitable enough for comment. To whom Politian replied: "To see one's countenance reflected in a mirror is often a pleasure in its way; but surely a far greater

[1] Here follow thirty-two lines of Latin Iambics (trimeter and dimeter). The Latin poem is an almost word-for-word rendering, like Milton's English Psalms. A Latin verse rendering of this same dirge has been attempted by M. Maittaire (*Senilia*, p. 8), but much inferior. This would be included in "those frequent songs throughout the Law and the Prophets" Milton speaks of as a literary project which he had been contemplating. See Introduction, p. 10.

one is for a man to see the very image of his mind truly presented before him. The lecturer had no more eager and willing listeners than ourselves."

This remark led Joseph to pursue the subject.

"It is a true saying," said he, "that a philosophic composure of mind is, in all our troubles, the one earthly thing that brings back happiness and proves to be a physician for every woe.[1]

"Nor is this great good confined to the man himself, but it flows forth like a fountain of living water for the general benefit of those around. It is, too, the best peacemaker, and begets mutual love and good feeling; while, on the contrary, a restless and disturbed mind prevents the right effect of all our duties, both earthly and heavenly, is a self-tormentor and a stumbling-block to all with whom we have to do."

It being not yet quite dusk, Joseph suggested another turn or two before they went home, and further opened the subject thus.

"There are three kinds of snares in which our minds are especially liable to be caught, and they are all the more dangerous because they are so closely connected with our daily life, and cannot possibly be altogether excluded.

"First, the vain, deluding joys which are wont to bring their blandishments around our early youth.

"Next, the ambitious desire of a great name, which chiefly shows itself in our middle and later prime.

"The last is that love of money which in old age often becomes avarice, but is, in its degree, a snare throughout the whole life, though it be so often encouraged. Indeed, nearly all the world speaks well of it, and the few that do occasionally condemn it seldom act according to their precepts. To have an eye to the main chance, as it is called, is approved of as the mark

[1] No one would describe the philosophy of *Nova Solyma* as Horatian, but in this passage it endorses my favourite Horatian maxim:

Quod petis, hic est:
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit aequus.

of a prudent and careful man. The parents praise it, the wives encourage it, the children glory in it. Every one seems intent upon making money, and even to heap it up avariciously is not condemned.

"And yet this money-making pest is a most fertile source of all kinds of evil. For instance, if we think we have a fair chance of coming into any property, or being mentioned in the will, how officiously polite we can be! how meanly obsequious! what wonderful promises and vows we can make! And yet, what does it all amount to often enough? A mere self-interested false pretence.

"But you will say, perhaps, that this money-making helps to support private and public life. No; on the contrary, I hold that it is a disturbing influence. The true money-maker spares neither friends nor relations, neither wife nor children, not even himself, if he sees a chance of adding to his gold. All this excessive wealth is a product of the labour of the poor, and depends upon it. It is not the mind that requires these things, for the mind neither hungers nor thirsts, nor has it to pay the doctor's bill: it is the body that is such an expensive glutton, and such a bad and hard master as well; it is the body that commands us to come and go with all speed on its behests, to suffer toil and danger and work ourselves almost to death, all for its sake. Hence the great attention given to the mechanical arts, to the neglect of pure science and culture. The great mass of mankind, weighed down with this great burden, have to spend the whole of their life in procuring the necessities of living, nor is their life much above that of mere animals. Therefore the man who receives an ample inheritance from his parents, which frees him from these toils, and leaves him open to engage in worthier work, holds a position that one may well wish to have, and he should indeed make the best use of it.[1]

"The two things that eat up so much money are food

[1] Milton's own case, and his very sentiments in many places of his writings.

and dress. In Nova Solyma we take good precautions about these: rank and dignity is not accompanied by costly apparel or a large and varied wardrobe, but by certain well-known emblems of office; we live simply and unaffectedly, and luxury is subject to public censure. With us there is no necessity to heap up riches, and in consequence we do not desire it. He who wastes the means he has inherited, or, as is less likely, acquired by himself, is obliged to send in his accounts not only to his creditors, but to the public censors.

"We have the same frugal mind in regard to funerals and festivals, for we consider all sumptuous burial rites as fines coming out of the pockets of the people concerned; and as for public displays, if the nobles and principal citizens cannot afford to supply the money, and are only shamed into it by custom, we think we are better without them—they are vanity. And so, to be free from the tyranny of custom, we passed a law against them, for we knew that if we took away occasions for pomp and ceremony, and produced a change of opinion about such things, one very great fosterer of the love of money would be destroyed. Temperate and careful men are able to live contentedly on a modest sufficiency, and old men and misers on even less than that. It is the careless squanderers who cannot get on without plenty of money.

"Arts and crafts and husbandry are nowhere more diligently practised than with us. What is genuinely useful we keep for home consumption; the more showy articles we export to foreign nations, even as beads and toys are bartered to savages. As for the old-fashioned thriftiness, which is such a foe to extravagance, and the nurse of the manly virtues as well as the extinguisher of riotous living, we hold it in great esteem, and we think the real use of money consists in the just expenditure of it for simple necessaries. A thoroughly good master of the house is really open-handed, not like the spendthrifts who for a short time are recklessly liberal; he is duly and constantly liberal all his life long, and leaves the means of being liberal to those who succeed him.

"God, who devised[1] all things from nothing, wishes nothing to be annihilated; but he who dissipates his means, though he cannot absolutely destroy his property, quite annihilates the use it is meant to serve.

"Thriftiness also shows us the bright side[2] of money-making, for whatever expenses are honestly cut down without meanness may be reckoned as so much money made. But a thrift that is sordid and filthy we abominate, and next to the absolute necessities of life we value, cleanliness and neatness. Dust is the serpent's meat, and to dust we all one day return; such is God's penal decree.

"Especially do we hold it a disgraceful crime to show a grasping stinginess of disposition without a particle of liberality in it, for there is no truer duty and stronger bond in human society than mutual acts of unselfish kindness. The wildest beasts show it at breeding-time to their mates and to their young, and that human being can have no true conception of eternity who neglects his own offspring. And this unselfish love should be extended to relatives and neighbours and, so to speak, to all men, for that man is not a true member of the brotherhood of man who holds any human being an alien or without the pale[3] of brotherly love. What is asked of us for the poor is God's tribute-money, and He has willed that the poor shall be ever with us as His tax-gatherers.[4] The Middle Ages of Christendom, holding the merit of works of supererogation, turned this great virtue into a yet greater abuse, and in later times this abuse became a ready pretext for ceasing to practise such an expensive virtue. We, however, neither try to make bargains with God, nor, with the example before us of the Master's love for His brethren, dare we show a want of love for the Master's servants. We consider that whatever is properly spent for such purposes is not so much really

[1] *Finxit.* Milton avoids the word "create from nothing" over and over again in *Nova Solyma.*

[2] Lat. *alteram paginam*—"paginam utramque facit fortuna" (Pliny).

[3] The Latin is *exors.*

[4] *Publicani.*

spent as laid up for us—where no earthly risks can rob us of it—in the treasure-chambers of heaven."

With such discourse the dusk drew on, and they started for home. On that night Joseph was too full of thought to sleep, and so, in the quiet solitude of his chamber, he composed the following address to the Deity, and next day he recited it to his two friends.

O God, who, as a sower,[1] spread on high
The countless stars o'er all the eternal sky,
My King, my Father, hear me when I cry.

Now has the chariot of the setting sun
Sunk with his horses 'neath the western waves,
And Night's pale Queen is gliding on her way.
Now, too, the rising stars peep out and light
With their bright eyes the blue-black vault of Heaven.
A sudden stillness holds both earth and air:
The sea is lulled; the birds have gone to roost;
And beasts and men repair their toil with sleep,
Resting their limbs. Now issues forth the wolf
From many a wood, and howls throughout the dark,
And dogs of evil omen bark without.
Ill-boding birds now leave their secret haunts,
And fill the air with gruesome nightly cries,
Responding each to each in dirgeful[2] tones.
Then Fear and Panic, Fright and Tumult blind
Hold sway, while Craft and Silence creep along.
Now Lust and murd'rous Hate that shun the light
Both have their will, for Night is lone and dark.
Next Hell sends forth a filthy, impish tribe,
While baneful spectres wander up and down,
And shrieks and groans re-echo through the air.[3]
Anon there seems at hand a lurid throng
Par. Lost, xii. 644. With dreadful faces and with fiery arms.

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[1] *Paradise Lost*, vii. 358:

And sowed with stars the Heaven, thick as a field.

[2] Lat. *feralis*, a word used before in *Nova Solyma*, and by Milton in his Latin poem *On the Fifth of November* at line 153. In later editions of *Eikon Basilikè*, p. 126, "ferall" is changed to "fatal," lest the unusual word should betray the author, or editor, whom I take to be Gauden.

[3] See *Excursus* L for a remarkable parallel passage from Milton's youthful composition where the same horrors of night are strikingly

'Tis now the conscience of an ill-spent life
Blanches the cheek and makes the blood run cold;
To lie on sumptuous couch brings no relief
From such a thought, nor can the camp or court,
Nor can the glories of a monarch's power
Bring restful peace, or heal a sin-sick breast.
The sword of Damocles is ever there,
And secret crimes of yore renew themselves
To fill the wakeful hours. From side to side,
Restless, the wretch will turn; and if perchance
A fitful snatch of sleep should come, how soon
He starts in terror at the slightest sound,
With widely staring eyes, his ears alert,
And on his brow the chilly sweat of fear,
Half dead, half mad—how such must fear the night!
  Not so, O Father, with those pious souls
Whom angel-guards defend at Thy behest,
Who rest beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Each darksome night, for golden dreams are theirs
And mine as well; at least, when Thou dost seize
And snatch me to the starry courts of Heaven,[1]

---

put forward. We may also add the passage in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 662, concerning the "night-hag riding through the air," and the long passage (*Paradise Regained*, 407-30) detailing the terrors of night by which the Tempter disturbed the fasting Saviour in the wilderness:

> Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
> Environed Thee; some howled, some yelled, some shrieked.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thus passed the Night so foul, till Morning fair
> Come forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray.

These odd, pessimistic views of night are not, so far as I know, held by any contemporary poet except Milton, and indeed few poets of any age or nation give such an unpleasant colouring as we have here. The only modern ones I can recall are Peter Pindar (*i.e.* Dr. Walcot), who says:

> Night, like a widow in her weeds of woe,
> Had gravely walk'd for hours our world below.
> Hobgoblins, spectres in her train, and cats,
> Owls round her hooting, mix'd with shrieking bats;

and just before Milton's time that strong denunciatory stanza of Lucrece

> O comfort-killing Night, image of Hell.

[1] Though dark, O God! if guarded by Thy night
I see with intellectual eyes; the night
To me a noontide blaze, illumined by
The gracious splendour of Thy Majesty.

These lines form the conclusion of forty-two lines of verse *On*

Setting me with the angelic throng, and near
That golden altar ever flaming forth[1]
With incense and with odours choice, the signs
Of pious prayer; while round me I may see

Daybreak, which many critics, and among them Symmons, have without hesitation given to Milton as author. The poem first appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1786, p. 698. It was found on two leaves prefixed to the title-page of an original first edition of *Paradise Lost.* It was written in a female hand, and subscribed "Dictated by J. M."

Taken in conjunction with this and other passages of *Nova Solyma*, and also with what we know of Milton from his acknowledged writings, the poem *On Daybreak*, in spite of the jingling rhymes, may possibly be Milton's. The moon is referred to by the epithet "Cynthia," which we also find in *Nova Solyma.* As I do not think this poem is much known, I will give the beginning:

Welcome, bright chorister, to our hemisphere;
Thy glad approaches tell us day is near.
See! how his early dawn creeps o'er yon hill,
And with his grey-eyed light begins to fill
The silent air, driving far from our sight
The starry regiment of frighted Night;
Whose pale-faced regent, Cynthia, paler grows
To see herself pursued by conquering foes, etc.

[1] This poet's vision of an *ara aurea*, a golden altar in Heaven, is clearly taken from Revelation viii. 3, 4, which John Milton quoted in his *Christian Doctrine*, v. 30 (Bohn's ed.): "There was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God."

This thought of prayers ascending with incense was a favourite one with our great Puritan. It was Biblical—that was one reason; and they were presented by the One great Mediatorial Priest, not by Laud's satellites—that, no doubt, was another reason. Compare that fine passage in *Paradise Lost*, xi. 14:

To heaven their prayers
Flew up nor missed the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed,
Dimensionless, through heavenly doors; then, clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne.

This parallel comes out again strongly farther on in our Sixth Book, where Apollos (*i.e.* Dr. Thomas, young Milton's tutor) is discoursing on the power of intercessory prayer independent of any "stinted liturgy," as Milton calls it in his *Eikonoklastes.*

Those heaven-born sons of light who kept the faith,
And those blest saints elect from all the earth,
Redeemed from sin's foul stain, their equals now;
While each and all in white-robed triumph join
With songs in unison and festal dance.[1]
  O God, Thou builder of the flaming walls
Of yonder star-strewn Heaven, the winds are Thine,
And Thine the secret chambers of the deep;
Thy plastic hand did mould the passive earth
And set in solid order this our world.
Great Fount of all! Thy will stands ever sure,
Though men resist, and wag their raging tongues.
  Nor was, O Christ, Thy Godlike glory marred
When Thou didst take our nature's lowly form,
Didst bear our ills and trials undefiled,
And, slain by wicked men, didst rise again
To Heaven's high gate, triumphant over Death.
  O Father, Son, and Holy quickening Spirit,
Eternal Trine! who is there like to Thee
Among the gods whom pagans vainly dread,
Or where Thy equal found? To Thee alone
Enthroned above we raise the worthy song,
For Thou art clothed with honour, and to Thee,
With outspread eagle-wings, crowned Victory
Her note of triumph sounds in joyous glee.[2]

  Ah me! the vision's gone; I wake once more
To earthly cares, and life's dull, troubled course.
Ah, woe is me! in prison fast I'm chained,
And sunk in sin. Ah! who can set me free?
Lust drags me headlong down; the wicked world
Is ever near; and Satan claims his own.
  But yet why should I fear these deadly three?
For Thy right hand doth hold me up, and I
Shall solace find from thoughts of joys now nigh,
And Thy millennial kingdom's Majesty![3]

. . . . .

  O God, who sowed the eternal stars on high,
My King and Father, unto Thee I cry.

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[1] Compare Milton's description of night in Heaven (*Paradise Lost*, v. 642, etc):

> Who in their course
> Melodious hymns about the Sovran throne
> Alternate all night long.

[2] See *Excursus* N (Victoria).

[3] See *Excursus* H (Joseph *Hymn to the Deity*).

But Joseph's young friends were hardly in a fit state of mind for such reflections; a constant sense of shame, and all the anxieties that came with it, kept ever oppressing them. Not even the quiet of night gave them relief, and many a sigh and many a tear marked the silent watches. At last one night, when they had been bemoaning the past together, Politian could refrain himself no longer.

"Why," he asked, "do we stay here, disgraced as we are, and unworthy recipients of so many kindnesses? If neither the good advice nor good example of such worthy citizens as we have met here can improve us, the sooner we return home with all our follies the better; let us not stay and pollute such a spot with our misdeeds. But whither shall we flee to hide ourselves, and what hiding-places can we ever find from God's presence?"

His emotion did not allow him to say more, and Eugenius, equally affected, remained silent too. This mutual symphony of woe robbed them of much of their first repose, and with short snatches of broken sleep the night passed very wearily till they welcomed the dawn.

BOOK VI

CHAPTER I

APOLLOS ARRIVES HOME SAFELY AFTER A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE FROM THE PIRATES—HIS VISIT TO ENGLAND

THESE young men would now doubtless have withdrawn themselves and their troubles from the society of Joseph, and quietly taken their leave of the country, if the happy chance of events had not ordered otherwise. But just at this juncture Apollos happened to arrive home again, and his first visit was to Jacob's family. His meeting with Joseph was a most affectionate one on both sides, and especially were they thankful to meet at home safe and sound after so many perils.

While they were recounting their adventures, Alcimus came in, and added still more to his father's joy and surprise by prostrating himself with filial reverence almost as a suppliant at his father's feet. Joseph explained briefly to Apollos the true history of Alcimus, and what had happened, and thus there was nothing now to restrain their feelings of happiness. Jacob next came in and joined in the general joy, and all wanted to know how Apollos had got safely through such a constant storm of trouble.

But before answering their questions, Apollos made an enquiry whether a certain Politian and his brother-comrade Eugenius were staying with them.

"Yes," was the reply, "they are with us; but what do you know of them?"

"I am glad indeed to hear of them," said Apollos; "I should like to see them if they are in the house now."

Whilst they were being sought for, Apollos took out a letter which he said he had brought for them from their parents. This made Joseph ask Apollos eagerly whether he had been in England.

"Yes; and indeed their friends were very hospitable to me. They were overjoyed to hear their sons were alive and well in our own country, according to a letter they had received."

While they were still talking, Politian and Eugenius hurried in, having just received the message sent to them. They began to enquire at once about the friends they had left behind, and on this point the letters from home which Apollos handed to them gave all the necessary information. They were to this effect—viz. their friends in England could not understand what had induced them to leave their country without their parents' knowledge, and thus to leave all plunged in the greatest grief and anxiety; that it was no small comfort to hear that their ill-advised journey had resulted in finally bringing them to a most admirable nation, where they could make amends for their past rashness and devote themselves to the highest culture. The letter also sent permission to stay, if convenient, in their present hospitable quarters, as the writer himself intended shortly to sail for Nova Solyma on some public business.

When Apollos had thus executed his commission, he proceeded at once to relate his adventures:

"After I had been driven to take refuge in Italy from the bad treatment of the Sicilians, I at once took passage in the next ship bound for Judaea, for I was an exile with no means of living, nor could I ascertain where you might be with any certainty, and I wished as well to anticipate any bad news of our party that might eventually reach Nova Solyma, and relieve any serious apprehensions of our safety; but by God's Providence you have arrived before me.

"We started from Rhegium, and were well out at sea,

making an eastward course under a favourable wind, and secure from any perils of sea and sky, but not, as it turned out, secure from a more serious peril—viz. some African[1] pirates who were looking for booty in that part of the Mediterranean, and attacked us. Our ship, which was of inferior size, and not equally armed for resistance, yielded without a shot being fired.

"Our barbarous captors were not content with taking the cargo and all we had, but made us their prisoners as well. When they had stripped our vessel of everything that could be serviceable to them, they set her adrift, and packed us all into the lowest and darkest part of their ship, underneath the gangways. What they gave us to eat was hard ship's biscuit and stinking, foul water, and what with our close quarters and the filthy surroundings[2] affecting our health, we suffered as much as captives can. We remained some time in our dark hole, with no means of knowing the pirates' plans or what would be the end of us, until the third day, when we were forced into still closer custody, and all our exits strongly bolted. We then heard the guns cleared for action, and presently we heard frequent cannonading and loud concussions which made our ship quiver from stem to stern.

"All this time our ship kept tacking about so as best to discharge her broadside, and looking out for every advantage of wind or current, so that it really seemed more a duel between ships than a fight between men. The contest was long and most determined, and all this time our fate was most uncertain—were we to be butchered, or drowned, or taken prisoners a second time? We could not say; but we preferred any event to the pirates' victory, and our former cowardice in surrendering our ship to the pirates without a blow was in marked contrast to our present bold schemes for fighting for our liberty from our cruel captors. Near me in our prison hole was a young Englishman named Strong, maimed in person, but of great resource of mind and ready

[1] *I.e.* Algerian, as appears from Rawlins's account.

[2] *Immarcentes paedore.*

courage.[1] He had been always against the surrender, and

[1] Where the author of *Nova Solyma* obtained this wonderful "tale of the sea" has most fortunately been discovered by a learned friend of mine who in knowledge of books has few equals, if any. It is a strong piece of evidence for authorship, and shows clearly enough that the author of *Nova Solyma* was an Englishman. For this "tale of the sea" is adapted from *The Wonderful Recovery of the Exchange of Bristow from the Turkish Pirats of Argier*, published by John Rawlins."

This first appeared as a quarto pamphlet at London in 1622, and was afterwards reproduced in an abbreviated form in *Purchas, His Pilgrimes*, 1625, fol. To put the tale very briefly, the *Exchange* was an English ship which had been taken by the Turks, refitted at Algiers, and sent out as a pirate with a crew of sixty-three Turks and Moors and ten English captives, or slaves, as they are called, of which one was John Rawlins, the narrator and publisher of the account, who is described as being "a man in every way sufficient for sea affairs, being of great resolution and good experience, and for all he had a lame hand, yet had he a sound heart and noble courage for any attempt or adventure."

The English captives (ten in number, as in our Romance) were employed under hatches about the ordnance and other such works, and their condition was so miserable that Rawlins often "burst out into these and such-like abrupt speeches: O Hellish slaverie to be thus subject to Dogs! O God, strengthen my heart and hand and something shall be done to ease us of these mischiefes, and deliver us from these cruel Mahometan Dogs."

Rawlins frequently spoke to the other Englishmen about their wretched state and urged them to join him in an attempt to get liberty, and, having obtained many secret confederates, they got together and concealed various pieces of iron and other things that would be useful for their plan. Eventually the attack that Rawlins planned came off successfully, for they surprised and killed several Turks, and the others then surrendered, and the ship was safely taken to Plymouth, and, so the narrative concludes, the Turks are in jail there now.

From the above it is clear enough that the Englishman Strong, or Valens, the hero of the tale in *Nova Solyma*, is no other than John Rawlins, of the Bristol ship *Exchange*, and that the tale in our Romance is a piece of fiction to some extent based on fact.

The author of *Nova Solyma* does not by any means borrow the tale entire from Rawlins's pamphlet, for he has given many incidents that do not at all agree with the pamphlet; but there can be no doubt, from the above-mentioned remarkable similarities, that the pamphlet had been read by our anonymous author, who appears to have made up his *Nova Solyma* tale from a mixture of Rawlins and one or two other

was all the more fretful as a captive. I, too, had advised resistance, so he had some confidence in me, and whispered in my ear: 'Why do we keep here shut in like cattle in a slaughter-yard? We are losing our best opportunity: many of the pirates are slain; no one can be spared to guard us just now. We have our hands free, and so can provide ourselves with weapons, or even if we cannot arm ourselves, we can at least hold down the pirates while the enemy is boarding the ship; and if we thus help the foe to victory, our liberty will surely be given us as a reward.'

"I approved his plan, and advised him to communicate it with all boldness to the rest. There were ten of us, and the pirates, before the action began, numbered fifty odd; and on account of our great minority and previous cowardice, they did not trouble themselves much about us. So the Englishman boldly urged his plan, and advised them to take the chance and manfully attack the pirates

contemporary English deeds of naval daring—viz. the account of the *Dolphin*, a ship which on her voyage home from Zante in 1617 beat off five Turkish vessels, and the combat of the *Lion* ship in 1625. Both these "tales of the sea" are recorded in the works of Taylor the Water-Poet, published in 1630. These very useful identifications I owe to Dr. Richard Garnett, and I quite agree with his *dictum* that if the author of *Nova Solyma* did know and use these accounts "it would establish a moral certainty of his being an Englishman."

This was something for my contention certainly; but could I bring Milton in?—that was my next thought. I then remembered that Purchas was one of the authors which John Milton had drawn upon more than once in his *Common-place Book* discovered so recently as 1877, and on reference to my shelves I found an extract which Milton had written down from *Purchas*, tom. ii., 759—*i.e.* only about a hundred pages before Rawlins's account. So that after 250 years and more we are able to say that John Milton, in the course of his reading, arrived at a measurable distance of letter-press from the very tale in question!

May we not believe, I ask, that our illustrious poet continued his reading a little farther, and that the striking tale of Rawlins and his lame hand and his courageous resourcefulness, and even his name (RAVVLINS = VALENS), were all almost unconsciously impressed on his mind (or, to be up to date, impressed on his subliminal consciousness), and then reproduced in his youthful Romance, altered and stamped with his own mark, as was his frequent manner.

while intent on the foe; 'for in this way,' said he, 'you will recover all you have lost, or at least you will obtain liberty either by victory or by death.'

"As he spoke, a large cannon ball from the enemy crashed through the side of the ship in front of them all, and smashed the bolts and bars of their prison-house. Splinters of the shattered wood wounded two of them, but not seriously, and all were affected by the rush of air; but the result was that as an opening had been thus made for us, and our present condition seemed more desperate than ever, by common consent we all rushed out through the broken door. The Englishman, who was our leader, seized an iron bar which he found close by, and others took for their weapons poles and splinters of the broken wood and whatever came to hand. We were ordered to follow close behind, and first made our onslaught on the gunners, who could not hear us for the noise. We attacked them unawares, and hard at their noisy work. The first three we came upon were slain where they stood, and, arming ourselves with their weapons, we prepared to defend the fore part of the ship where this happened.

"Presently some of the other pirates, who happened to see us, turned to attacked us with fierce cries; but just then a torch, which had been carelessly thrown aside, fell upon a great heap of gunpowder. A volume of flame burst forth at once, and many who were near, and more still who were on deck just above, lost their lives, and the after-part of the vessel was much damaged. We were near the prow, and as explosions of flame always spend their energy in the upward direction, we all escaped unhurt.

"To be freed from immediate danger by such a providential event raised our spirits and gave us much confidence. The pirates, struck with terror, rushed here and there away from the fire, while we all started forth at once from our lurking-places and made our way to the deck. There we found that the explosion had damaged the largest sails and the tackling, and that the rudder

was useless. Tossed about on the sea like a log, our ship could neither tack nor fight, and her guns were soon silent. When the enemy perceived this, they brought themselves alongside and, using their poles and iron hooks, prepared to board us. Our English leader now recognised the attacking party as his fellow-countrymen, and made signs that we were friends who had just seized the ship. So they boldly leaped on our part of the deck and joined us. The pirates, in their despair and rage, now went below and began to heap together all the powder that was left, and, setting fire to it, in one vindictive act they blew to pieces themselves and a great part of the ship, as well as about six Englishmen, among whom was our leader, and three others of the crew, who had all rushed too eagerly after the pirates for the sake of vengeance.

"The ship was now so knocked to pieces that there was hardly a sound plank anywhere, so it was decided to take us off and set her adrift.

"All this took place off the coast of Spain, where the ship, returning with a cargo from Zante, had been attacked by our pirates, who had been diverted from their usual haunts by the change of wind. Flight was impossible, so they prepared themselves for defence, but only with a view to make the pirates drop their pursuit; however, as things turned out, they succeeded beyond their utmost hope in being easy victors.

"As their own vessel was somewhat damaged by the broadsides it had received, and as the wind was in the right quarter, they determined to make for England at once. We went there too, as there was no time to reship us, and our sailors were a useful addition to the crew.

"After ten days we arrive at Plymouth Sound, and disembark. The merchant who owned nearly all the freight lived in London, so his supercargo, Clement, who had been friendly with me during the voyage, and saw my want of means, induced me to go to London with him, and promised his help in getting me something to live on from the merchants there who had dealings with the Jews. I was not backward in accepting so good a

way out of my difficulties, so he hired two horses for us, and we rode direct to the merchant's house in London. On his arrival the supercargo gave his account of this voyage and especially of the fight, and mentioned to the merchant that he had brought with him an aged Jew who had rendered useful service with others against the pirates, and was anxious to reach his country again, but was quite without means.

"The merchant, whose name was Angell, orders me to be called in, and after a few customary words he thanked me for my help to his ship, and I returned the compliment by thanking him for his agent's kindness to me, and indirectly for my own liberty. He then asked me to stay with him until he could arrange for my return home.

"While here I fell ill with the quartan ague, and did not get free from it all the spring, and the reason I did not write to you was that I thought you must have already heard all that happened in Sicily, and I had nothing very cheerful to relate about myself. Just when I had regained my health, the merchant received a letter from his sons at Nova Solyma. When he found they were staying with Jacob, whose name and position I had mentioned to him in conversation on other occasions, he called me to him and read the letter aloud.

"'Now,' he added, 'as you are well acquainted with their host and also his surroundings, pray tell me all you know.'

"When I heard Joseph mentioned in the letter, I was amazed, and thanked him for letting me hear the news, for it was news of my own friends. This very Joseph, I told him, was my own pupil, entrusted to me by his father to be his tutor on a tour to Europe. Then I related how we were separated, and also my own privations, but that I could forget all my troubles in the thought that he was safe, and that the merchant also need no longer be anxious about his sons, for they were with excellent and generous people. He was rejoiced at what I told him, and especially gratified that he had the chance of somewhat repaying his obligation to you in me.

"In the course of friendly talk I found out that the younger of his lads was his own son, and the other his stepson, the only child of his wife by her former marriage with a Venetian named Adrian, whom I have often heard you mention as one of your greatest friends."

On this Jacob turned and looked earnestly at Politian, and then, as though he recognised his father's features, he embraced him, and said: "Art thou then the son of that old friend of mine who did so many good services to me in days gone by, and was such a helper to our people when we came back to Zion? Why have I been so long unknown to one who has such a great claim to my gratitude?"

This renewal in Politian of a very old friendship was a cause of much pleasure to all, and so was the news that Angell the merchant was soon to take ship and visit them.

CHAPTER II

OLD JACOB'S SEARCH FOR THE TRUE RELIGION

PRESENTLY the company separated, and Jacob was left alone with the two young guests, and after a pleasant and friendly talk he took the opportunity, at their request, of proceeding with the discourse he had lately commenced for their benefit.

"I have already told you how I arrived at the opinion that religion in its essence is the true worship of God as Creator, and that He, the most Holy One, cannot and will not be worshipped by the ungodly; that wickedness and contempt of God cannot be expiated by holocausts of sacrifices, or by rivers of tears, or by any abundance of subsequent good works. Especially is this so since no part of our life is free from this depravity of nature; if we repent and renew our life, we are still not clear of the stain of guilt, and there is constant cause for penitence. The philosophers do not view these matters in the true and right way: they attach too great importance to our merits and virtues, and God's pardoning mercy to sinners is either altogether passed over or denied. It is, however, clear that this mercy is to be obtained by seeking for it. One reason is that we are all called to worship God, that being the only way we can approach Him. Another reason is the very condition of our life that now is, for by our wickedness we are separated from God and at enmity with Him, and by the law of justice condemned to His vengeance, and yet He preserves us alive, and loads us constantly with His benefits, guilty and wicked as we are. Why should He do this unless there be some

dispensation of grace awaiting us, and some bright hope of a perfect and sufficient reconciliation provided for us?

"How are we to account for so many sacrifices, expiations, and prayers in the religious worship of all nations, unless it be their natural conscience prompting them to look for pardon? Certainly God has implanted in the minds of all heathen nations this fundamental article of faith, as well as signs of His gracious favour, so that they might be the more without excuse.

"Still, I would not dare to deny that God in His goodness might graciously accept a reprobate man without any vicarious satisfaction at all, for His ways are infinite and inscrutable, and we cannot and must not limit His methods. Yet since this theatre of the universe is designed to show His glory as in a mirror, it seems but right that His justice should be truly vindicated, not in a slack or slovenly manner, nor yet in a merciless and angry mood, for justice, of all God's attributes, is the most invariable. Mercy can be granted or withheld; prudence and might are exercised differently on different occasions; but justice in its essence is simple and inflexible, its accompaniments are the sword and the balance, and by these are the wicked surely punished, and the just acquitted.

"How, then, can the wicked man go unpunished, and how can the unjust be pronounced righteous without annulling the first principles of justice? When a man is tied and bound by his sins, how can there be peace for him and amity with God? We can forgive those who trespass against us, and as a rule ought to do so, for vengeance belongeth to God in its supreme and final issue, and shall not the Judge of all the world do right?

"But all the laws of justice are perfectly fulfilled if another takes to himself the guilt and the punishment. Nor does this vicarious satisfaction detract one whit from God's grace; nay, it makes it much the more abound, for so grace and justice meet in harmony together. The offering of sacrifices, from Adam onwards, gives us a clear intimation of some future ordinance of God, some

expiation by blood, which should prepare the way for our salvation. The false religions of antiquity followed in their own rites the same scheme, but not with the same object in view, for they only looked to purchase thereby peace with God, and to do away with the individual guilt by the mere merit of the sacrifice; but the sacrifices of God's ancient people had in view God's goodness only, and His Messiah, who should come to fulfil the whole law of sacrifice.

"So next I arrived at the firm conviction that there was a way of salvation, nor would I suffer it to be wrested from me by my own mistrust, or by the arguments of others, for I felt it to be the very foundation of all hope, without which there was nothing to expect but a most sure and eternal condemnation to the worst of torments; and what could mortal man imagine more sad or dreadful than this? Oh! how gladly I accepted the thin beam of light that came to me through this loophole; and if I could see nothing more, there was still that ray of infinite mercy streaming forth from the face of God Himself, and I felt the courage to walk on in the light thereof, yea, down into the jaws of Hell itself, if I could have but that to cheer me still. Nor did I cease to pray and beseech God to open to me the way of salvation, and to set my feet on the path that truly led to Him.

"This thought, too, greatly helped me—viz. that if there should be a new covenant of this kind, by which our debt to God could be annulled, it must be beyond the range of our ordinary faculties, and outside the domain of Nature, where nothing akin to this is anywhere apparent. So I next began to search out whether this Divine plan had ever been revealed from Heaven, and where I could find the best record and evidence of such things.

"I knew it had been said by holy men of old that our hope of salvation rests on the name of God alone, and I thought therefore that all His ordinances, however trifling and futile they might seem to be, yet if they had sole regard to His goodness, could not possibly be in vain or misleading. And, what is more, I perceived that there

was lying hid, under the letter of these ordinances and types, that very new and supernatural law of Redemption for which I was searching.

"Herein I found the Saviour of the world predicted, indicated, and duly heralded, all being done with that gradual order and ceremony befitting such a grand event. The types came first, directing men's faith to a Messiah, but giving little or no knowledge concerning His person. God's people in the patriarchal days saw not the types in their clearness: they only saw the healing miracles of God.[1] Later on the prophets, enlightened by God, gave the people a clearer view of Him who should come. From this body of Scripture (rejecting all the folly of commentators) I gathered together a true delineation of the Messiah. He was to be God with us, born of a virgin, free from sin, and yet was to suffer all the afflictions of life, and die by a violent and cruel death. He was to redeem us by His merits and mighty power from the dominion of sin, and to transport us to eternal bliss. All these sayings I thought myself bound to consider with my most careful judgment.

"The first thing that did much daunt me was that a man should be announced as God, since all Nature bears witness that there is but one infinite Deity. I therefore began to think this name of God was devised for Him on account of the power and majesty manifested in Him, just as the polytheists admit their heroes to the title of gods, and that the Holy Spirit was entitled God as well to show that this plan was something not to be confounded with mere deification of heroes. When, however, I looked back at the high character and proved truth of the writers, I felt that the theory of impious fiction was untenable.

"When I remembered the age of these accounts, given forth when the hope of a Messiah was as far as could be from men's thoughts, and when the knowledge of Him was the slightest possible, I began to be tossed to and fro with divers conjectures, and at last I appealed to God,

[1] As in the brazen serpent in the wilderness.

and earnestly prayed that He would Himself untie for me this hard knot.

"Whilst thus immersed in profound contemplation, I felt this solution borne in upon my mind—viz. although God is one and infinite, yet we must remember that He is One in a way peculiarly His own, in a way that is beyond our ways, ineffable and absolute, nor can His unity be understood by us at all more completely than either His eternity or His ubiquity, for if He remains altogether the same in relation to time, whether the past, the present, or the future, and to space, whether above or below or in the midst, seeing He completely fills with His infinite Presence all these three divisions, why should it be more incredible that He should be Three in One, and One in Three? For They are not three infinites, nor yet three portions of one infinite, but three ineffable and inexplicable Persons in one infinite Essence. In Paradise it was enough to know the unity of God and His infinite power; afterwards, when there became need of a Divine Saviour, it was only right that this hidden truth should be disclosed, and from whose mouth better than from His who knew best His own nature? Perchance not even yet do we know all the wonderful things that are to be revealed about the Godhead.

"Thus there did come to me some notion of this mystery, though I cannot call it either knowledge or proof. For although we admit that God is One most simply and purely,[1] yet when He beholds His own beauty and enjoys His own happiness, He acts in His own way upon Himself. So there is (1) the agent, (2) that which is acted upon, and (3) the action itself.

"Our mind, which is our most godlike part, gives in some degree an illustration of this, not indeed by such threefold faculties as are united in the Divine perfection, but by the reflection of our mind's particular faculties on

[1] Lat. *purissimus actus*. The contemporary theologians Wollebius, Alex. Ross, etc., used to say "God was all act"—*i.e.* He was not compounded, for in composition there is act and possibility; but God is *actus purissimus* in their view.

themselves, which is one of Nature's closest conjunctions. Thus the intellect understands itself. Here we have (1) intelligence, (2) the thing understood, (3) the intellectual power itself,[1] and yet one and the same intellect. In our case this happens without any change of person, for our nature is capable of this change in itself; but all that is contained in God, and separately considered, is also God, and so there are three subsistences of one Deity. The first is called God the Father, the fount and origin of the other two; the second is the Son, who is the resplendent image of the Father, His wisdom and His word; the third is the Spirit, or the active influence of each, harmonising and uniting the other two."[2]

[1] This is almost word for word from a treatise on the Trinity by none other than Alex. Gil, Milton's old schoolmaster, written in 1601. See his *Sacred Philosophie* (London, 1635, fol., p. 217), where the treatise is represented in a second edition. It was originally published in 1601.

This selfsame way of illustrating the mystery ot the Trinity had somewhat to do with the burning of Lucilio Vanini as a heretic and atheist in 1617. To meddle with the Trinity in the lands where the Inquisition was a power was indeed to play with edged tools, and poor Vanini found this out to his cost. I am afraid both the elder Gil and Milton would have fared very badly at the hands of the Inquisitors for their little piece of *intellectual* work here quoted, for Vanini was accused of blaspheming the incarnation of Christ in the following passage of his *Dialogues*: "Est autem Dei filius a Deo genitus, intelligens enim seipsum Deus generat ex sese sibi aequalem filium propterea quod intellectio aequalis est intelligenti, ergo etiam res intellecta," etc. Who the original author of this piece of metaphysical verbiage really was, I know not; but of the three here mentioned, Gil was the first to employ it in 1601, and Milton the last, Vanini having meanwhile been burnt to death for this and other similar intellectual fireworks.

[2] Milton was an Arian insomuch as he distinctly rejected that metaphysical and scholastic notion known as the "Eternal Generation of the Son of God," which was the primary test as between Orthodox and Arian. Milton's so-called heresy in this matter appears clearly enough in his posthumous *De Doctrina Christiana*. But at no time of his life did he cease to be a firm and conscientious believer in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, according to Scripture and the Apostolic Creed as he interpreted these sources. Nor is it likely that Milton would consider any taint of heresy possible on such an abstruse

matter, for in his tract on Toleration he carefully distinguishes between error and heresy thus: "Heresy is in the will of choice, professedly against Scripture; error is against the will, in misunderstanding the Scriptures after all sincere endeavour to understand it rightly."

Some of Milton's expressions at different periods of his life well illustrate the theory of the Trinity as given forth in *Nova Solyma*, and tend, I think, to support the Miltonic authorship:

> Thee next they sang of all Creation first,
> Begotten Son, Divine Similitude!
> In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
> Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
> Whom else no creature can behold; on Thee,
> Impressed, the effulgence of His glory abides.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, iii. 383.)
>
> Son, Thou in whom My glory I behold,
> In full resplendence, heir of all My might—
> Effulgence of My glory, Son beloved."
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, v. 719.)
>
> Resplendent, all His Father manifest
> Expressed.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, x. 65.)

"O Thou the everbegotten Light and perfect image of the Father!" (*Animadversions on the Remonstrants' Defence*, 1641, Bohn's ed., iv. 71, where "everbegotten" need not mean "*eternally* begotten," for to Milton "for ever and ever" was "throughout the ages"—*i.e.* in time, not beyond it).

> O Son, in whom My soul hath chief delight,
> Son of My bosom, Son who art alone
> My word, My wisdom, and effectual might.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, iii. 168.)

"Thou therefore that sittest in light and glory unapproachable, Parent of angels and men, next Thee I implore, omnipotent King, Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature Thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting Love! And Thou the third subsistence of Divine infinitude, illuminating Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! one tripersonal Godhead!" (*Of Reformation in England*, 1641; the famous peroration).

"The generation of the Divine nature is described by no one with more sublimity and copiousness than by the Apostle to the Hebrews (i. 3): 'Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person,' etc., etc. It must be understood from this that God imparted to the Son as much as He pleased of the Divine nature, nay, of the Divine substance itself, care being taken not to confound the substance with the whole essence, which would imply that the Father had given to the Son what He retained numerically the same Himself, which would be a contradiction in terms instead

of a mode of generation. This is the whole that is revealed concerning the generation of the Son of God. Whoever wishes to be wiser than this becomes foiled in his pursuit after wisdom, entangled in the deceitfulness of vain philosophy, or rather of sophistry, and involved in darkness" (*De Doctrina Christiana*, v.).

The Latin which is used by Milton for the text from Hebrews i. 3, is remarkable—viz. "Qui cum sit effulgentia gloriae, et character *subsistentiae* illius." Here, as usual, he makes his own translation, and uses his own word *subsistentia*, which we have heard of above in 1641, when he calls the Holy Spirit "the third subsistence."

If we compare all these quotations with the *resplendens Idea* and the *tres subsistentiae* of *Nova Solyma*, the coincidences of thought and expression will go some way in suggesting the Miltonic authorship of the work.

And Wollebius, in his *Christian Divinity*, c. ii., says: "The Persons of the Deity are subsistences, each of which hath the whole essence of God." This book was Milton's favourite theological manual for his pupils. Also Gil the elder (master of Paul's School when Milton was a pupil) says (*Sacred Philosophie*, p. 55): "Our sound Doctors of all sides agree that *ὑπόστασις* or a subsistence is *τρόπος ὑπάρξεως*, that manner of being, proprietie, or reall relation which belongs to every one Person in the Holy Trinitie." Gil was an orthodox Anglican, holding the equality and eternal generation of the Son, but frequently reminds us of the lines of argument in *Nova Solyma*.

CHAPTER III

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY—PERORATION

"IN the work of redemption the Father sends and bestows upon us the Son, the Son makes our redemption a finished work, and the Spirit applies it with pardoning grace. As all the Persons had their share in the work, it was to be expected that the Son should take the work upon Himself, so that the Father might have the part of sending, and the Spirit the part of applying, and also that the Son, who is the image[1] of the Deity, might be the instrument[2] in working out our redemption. Undoubtedly the instrument must be Divine,[3] for all creation is under the law of obedience, and therefore no redundant meritorious work can be performed by man to redeem his brother. But in His case, who, being of God,[4] willingly took the form of a servant, by that Divine union it came to pass that His merits have the virtue of saving to the uttermost. It is befitting also that He should have the nature of man, and so be capable of obedience and suffering, and able to transfer the benefits thereof to us, in that same human nature in which the primeval curse descended to all Adam's posterity; in fine, since man is the epitome of all created things, He became man that He might renew all things in Himself. And lest by His birth in the world He should seem to inherit the depravity of human nature, He did not become subject to the ordinary law of generation,[5] but was specially born

[1] *Idea.* [2] *Machina.* [3] *Deus.* [4] *Deus.*

[5] Milton's own words are (*Christian Doctrine*, c. xi.): "Christ alone was exempt from this contagion, being born by supernatural generation."

of a pure Virgin, and, that there might be no suspicion of any generative taint, born of a mighty supernatural generation, bringing with Him the signs of His Divine nature.[1]

"Moreover, he who expiates the sins of others must himself be without sin, and it was needful that He should suffer in order that the just sentence of God's law should be carried out in Him, and that He should thereby free us from our disobedience and restore us to the perfect[2] favour of an offended Deity.

"When I had turned these things over in my mind, I was filled with an amazing wonder, which presently resolved itself into faith, for all seemed so marvellous, and yet so worthy of God's holiness and goodness, so adapted withal to our needs, so sufficient, yea, so bountifully overflowing, that I felt bound to admit that such marvels and mysteries could not possibly be the inventions of man, nor concepts of his imagination. For this most wonderful plan of salvation embraces the whole world, and all the ages through which it shall last, and beyond them it stretches forth to limitless eternity. By this plan the particular attributes of God are each brought into perfect harmony, and attain to the full measure of praise.

"So great a work as this was provided for and ordained from all eternity; the world itself was framed for the glory of the Messiah that should come; by the ineffable Word was it drawn forth from nothing, and adorned by His wisdom.

"Scarcely had this empire been set up in its exceeding beauty, when a twofold rebellion arose, and that monster more hideous than Chaos, more noxious than the vast inane, was permitted to enter upon the scene.[3] From

[1] See Milton's *Christian Doctrine*, c. xi.; Bohn's ed., iv. 261.

[2] Heb. x. 14; cf. Milton's *Christian Doctrine*, iv., 315, 318. "The complete reparation made by Christ."

[3] Lat. "Ipso Chao deformius monstrum ipsoque inani et nihilo nequius." Do we not here see the first stirrings of that weird and sublime imagination which many years afterwards gave to the world that appalling personification of Sin and Death at the gates of Hell

that time all things downward went to ruin, concluded together under Sin and Death ; nowhere was there any means of relief, nowhere any hope of salvation. The whole work seemed built up on man's misery, and creation a failure, for surely it were better not to be, than to exist only for eternal woe. But the Divine Author of our salvation was not wanting when the occasion arose, nor did He cease from His purpose even when the world seemed lost. Touched with a compassion beyond human belief, He allied Himself to our weakness, and began an unceasing war against that most powerful enemy who had so recently made us bite the dust. He stood between us and the sword of the Father's wrath inevitably pending over our heads. He became our surety, nor did He ever draw back or repent His work of love, and to this alone He gave Himself wholly for our sakes. And so this world was delivered to Him, that He might lay in it the foundations of a new kingdom.[1] He came down and adorned by His presence this world of ours, and has chosen out those who should fight with Him as soldiers, not by their own strength, nor by such carnal weapons as had failed them heretofore, but by the aid of His invincible merit. That His victory might the more redound, He turned over to the ranks of the enemy the greatest portion of the human race, and among those very soldiers who fought on His side He has permitted a perverse faction[2] to be in authority.[3] Yet He has ever shielded His own, and granted them constant access to Himself, so that when the contest was the fiercest, He, when called upon, would be present, and obtain the victory over the insulting foe ;

in *Paradise Lost*? To personify metaphysical abstractions was considered absurd by many critics of Milton, but he had defended the practice in *Nova Solyma* years before.

[1] Matt. xi. 27.

[2] Lat. *inimica factio*. This word and the English equivalent *faction* are favourite terms with Milton for political and theological opponents.

[3] The Papists ? This is Miltonic. He was most reserved in bringing politics or polemical religion into his moral writings, or indeed in referring to them in any way. See as to Popery especially, *De Doctrina Christiana*, p. xxvi. (Bohn).

yet not by might or warlike panoply, but by a meek and lowly spirit, and by that knowledge of common human nature wherein (oh, miracle of Divine love!) our Saviour has associated Himself with us.

"There is nothing that can be conceived so wonderful as this, nor aught that could be done more admirable. He was veiled in flesh that He might take upon Him the infirmities of the living and the needs of the dying; and while He suffered the vilest indignities, nothing that was foul or unjust could be laid to His charge.[1] So He conquered the raging of men and of devils, and satisfied the justice of an offended Deity. Now He reigns in triumph, and not only wicked men and all the powers of Hell lie chained beneath His feet, but the *spolia opima* which He brought from the enemy, and made a show of to the world,[2] He has now hung up in their appointed place in Heaven.

"The worst punishments of the damned, the eternal vengeance that is never satiated, do not glorify God's name, or uphold His dignity, as does this infinite satisfaction of the Son, whereby the heaviest weight of our multitudinous sins is counted as nothing against us in God's balance.

"What nobler exercise of power can there be than to raise the weak and indigent from the cruellest of captivities? What greater proof of wisdom than so happily to extricate us from the labyrinths of destruction? But the pitiful loving-kindness herein displayed is the

[1] Professor Raleigh's recent appreciation of Milton (London, Ed. Arnold, 1900) is admirable in very many ways, but there is one remark which certainly surprised me. He says of our great poet and theologian: "His guiding star was not Christianity, *which in its most characteristic and beautiful aspects had no fascination for him*, but rather that severe and self-centred ideal of life and character which is called Puritanism." It was the part I have put in italics that startled me; omit this, and the remark might pass as a fairly accurate generalisation. But considering the many beautiful perorations in his prose works and the Christian aspirations that so frequently occur elsewhere, I think the italics are not justified. Anyhow, *Nova Solyma* does not justify them.

[2] Col. ii. 15.

attribute that shines forth most of all in this dark world of ours, and it shineth unto perfect day.

"That He should take into His bosom of mercy such unworthy outcasts, such bitter foes, that He should draw them to Himself even when they were unwilling and in open resistance, that He should not only give them pardon and salvation, but, with a zeal beyond conceiving, should join them to Himself in a bond of everlasting love—ah! here indeed do all the rays of God's goodness meet as in a focus, and this is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, this is the Star that bringeth chief salvation.[1]

"In the Son our nature is joined to the Divine nature, and ennobled by an everlasting and inviolable decree; and as in the mystery of the Trinity there are three Persons of one nature, so the Person of Christ consists of two most diverse natures (a mystery hardly less wonderful than the other), and He has prayed that we may be joined to Him even as He is united to the Father. This is He who is the Lord and Governor of the world, and for the sake of His people, having made all things subject to Himself, He is their present salvation and future reward. Wicked men and evil angels He restrains with curb and scourge, and they who, on the Judgment Day, are condemned by Him, shall go into everlasting punishment. As for the good angels, they shall be His ministers and serve Him in the courts of Heaven, and their reward shall be to live with Him in His keeping for ever. But only a very few of the race of wretched mortals are raised to this supreme honour (lest the favour be too general and common), and the bliss is so perfect and immense that there is more of favour shown to the lowest inhabitant in Heaven than of stern justice to all the tribes of Hell; nay, further, what is stranger still, each smallest crumb

[1] Our illustrious poet and great Scriptural theologian never occupied a pulpit, and there is no record, even in later days of blindness, when he was almost a Quaker, of his speaking among his friends as "the Spirit moved"; but surely here we have a sermon and a peroration worthy of the man.

from the table of God's present bounty is greater than all the free favours of Paradise, for that bliss of the Adamic state, although it was under a covenant, depended on no previous merits, while in the other case God not only puts aside His vengeance, in spite of all the crying sins against Him, and the punishment they justly deserve, but shows a love by so much greater than man deserves as Christ is greater than Adam.

"Whilst I seriously consider these things I do not feel so much instructed or edified as rapt in ecstasy, surrounded in unapproachable light, and in the enjoyment of some heavenly vision.[1] Nor can I oppose so great and so majestic a truth, nor give up the highest hopes that are vouchsafed to us, especially when I remember how vain and uncertain all things are below without Christ, how dark and cheerless and inglorious. Nor has any religion that I ever heard of gloried in so Divine a founder as ours: the Mahometans give no such Divine honours to their prophet, nor did he himself claim either to be God or the Son of God—not through any humility of character, but rather because he despaired of sustaining properly so high a claim, and therefore he would not allow to another that which he dared not assume for himself; and whatever other fanatic may have claimed Divine honours at once has been scouted by general contempt.

"And so, when neither Nature nor any other religious teaching could give me the slightest help in obtaining the remedy I sought for, I remained in a strait between two—not knowing whether to hope as a Jew or believe as a Christian. I was not prejudiced in favour of one more than the other, and I set about to discover the honest truth between them as best I could. First, I diligently reviewed once more the life of Christ, and compared it with the promised Messiah, in all the coincidences of His Person, acts, and sayings, both in His life and in His death, as well as in His doctrine and the Church He founded. If all these were found in perfect agreement with our

[1] See notes, Vol. I., pp. 193-5.

prophecies and types, I felt that here was He whom I sought for, and nowhere else.

"For some time I had my doubts about the truth of the Gospel account, which was of course fundamental in this enquiry; but the more diligently I examined into this, the more did I notice its agreement with our traditions, and its obvious, simple truth joined with a certain Divine dignity and sanctity. It set forth the purest worship of God, while our earlier and more elementary religion never rose to such a height of unalloyed teaching, and was unable to point out half so beautifully and clearly either the reason of our redemption, the true office of the Messiah, or the glories of the heavenly kingdom and the world to come.

"To this I added the testimony of others, that Christ was the best of men, even Mahomet giving to Him greater honour than to Moses, though this was a bold and incautious thing for him to say, for if Christ was such a true and holy prophet, how could He so sin against God as falsely to call Himself the Son of God, or how could He so deceive His followers by vain fables in such an all-important matter?

"It seemed, then, that the Jews bore witness as against Mahomet that the Redeemer of the world must be truly the Son of God, and that Mahomet bore witness as against the Jews that Christ was that great prophet whom Moses foretold; and the inference I drew was this, that both were right, or else Christ the most impious impostor that could be. But no sane or sober man had ever thought Him to be that, and so I accepted my first inference without a doubt. I could not believe that the Saviour was either a vain trifler or a mad enthusiast—His lofty character and great natural sense quite put that idea aside; and again, what self-advantage was He fostering by His message? He sought none and obtained none. He foresaw His death at the hands of His enemies, and went through with His work to the end; His life approved His teaching, for He sought neither pleasures nor wealth, nor even did He bid for that popular favour

which even the most rigid and austere impostors always seek after, although they may try to suppress their intention. Neither was He a cynic or an eccentric: He did not refuse to be present at social feasts; He honoured His kinsfolk; He paid tribute to Caesar. He always asserted His high calling, and He acted up to it. He was consistent both in His life and in His death, and whatever I sought for in the Messiah I found the fulness of it in Him.

"It is true that a few learned poets have written on heroic themes in a lofty style; but how very few even of these have lived the life they wrote of! and not one of them ever gave himself out to be Divine, without being laughed to scorn by the crowd and contemned by all prudent people. I felt it could not be possible that One of such lowly birth, having never learnt letters, One with no long experience of life, and with no support from His superiors, could ever obtain such a marvellous fame, both contemporary and posthumous, unless He had been supported by the evident witness of perfect truth, and confirmed by the most certain signs of an indwelling Deity. The chief priests and elders accused Him of fraud, but how lamely! He chose for His disciples poor, unlettered men, but, if we may judge from their writings, of such a character as not likely to be either deceivers or deceived. And that He did was done openly, often before most critical and hostile spectators, who tried to entangle Him both in His talk and actions. One of His disciples was a traitor to Him; but this man's conscience soon condemned him to a suicidal death. Many charges and calumnies were fabricated against Him, but when I looked for the evidence or catalogue of them as written over His cross, I found nothing beyond a voluntary admission He once made about Himself.[1]

"And besides all this, there are His miracles. He performed many, generally quite openly, and as circumstances might call them forth; all were works of mercy and healing, such as befit a Saviour of mankind; the one exception, when the unfruitful tree was cursed, was made

[1] Mark xv. 2.

as a lesson for humanity in general. But allow these to be false, or done through confederates if you will; yet who, I ask, could concoct all those coincidences of time and place which were required to fulfil the ancient prophecies, and which happened independently? I mean such as these: that He was to spring from David's royal race just when the sceptre should depart from Judah; that He should be born in the city of David, and should be cut off at an appointed time; that a field should be purchased with the price of treachery; that lots should be cast for His vesture; that not a bone of Him should be broken; and many other such-like predictions.

" Forgers and those who are past masters in such craftiness, while they are most careful in putting together the main outlines of a story, are generally discovered by some minute and subtle discrepancies of an unexpected kind. But we have both Testaments, the Old and the New, in common use, and they both are in perfect agreement, as if the Messiah had been brought before us by the Jews to fulfil their prophecies.

" And there is this to remember as well—that if we take the Messiah to be a most arch-deceiver, and as long as He lived most careful to maintain the deception, surely we could not expect His disciples and followers all to do the same. But we know that, simple and unlearned men as they were, when they had lost their Master by a cruel death for His so-called blasphemous assertion of His Messiahship, and when they were in the same danger, with no hope of their cherished earthly kingdom, and with little knowledge of the heavenly one, they, I say, surpassed all human conception and all heroic precedent; yea, they surpassed their own natures in the marvellous way whereby they spread the religion of Christ through the cities of Greece and imperial Rome, and as far almost as to the ends of world, although they had to fight against every injurious device of their enemies, in an age when might and acuteness were sworn allies.

" Many of them, like their Master, wrought miracles, and cast out devils from the bodies and minds of men

and from pagan temples.[1] They were moved by one self-same spirit, and followed the same precepts. And what manner of men were they to effect so much?

"Well, not only did they give up all the chief pleasures of life, but all that they had, yea, and their lives also were gladly surrendered for their Master's sake, for their new hopes, and for their heavenly kingdom. For them there were no enticing siren voices, no Bacchanalian orgies, no ornate religious functions, and no charms of human eloquence to enchant and sustain. No tyrannical force of arms propagated their opinions, as was the case afterwards with the followers of Mahomet, whose faith sprang up only in the footsteps of preceding victories, and never advanced in any other way but by the law and right of conquest. Far otherwise was it with the first disciples of Jesus. The power of eternal truth seemed to be on their side, a truth not afraid of free discussion, combating with success the grossest calumnies of heretics and enemies, and standing firm against all the threats and tortures that natural depravity can devise.

"And so it came to pass that a favourable opinion of the Christian religion began to possess my thoughts and to support my wavering faith, until at last the rays of Divine light burst upon me, and, taking away all my darkness and blindness, revealed to my enlightened eyes Jesus Christ, Messiah and Saviour, as well as Creator[2] and God. My sons, Christ dwells in our hearts by faith, and thus it is that we become conscious partakers of His fulness.

"O my Saviour, I feel Thee there even now, and the rays of Thy glory shine forth through darkness that is about me, and my only grief is that I know only a part, and do not yet know Thee even as I am known."

[1] Thomas, the Apostle of India, and Titus, who broke the Cretan idol of Diana by his prayers, seem to be the ones alluded to. There are later monkish miracles of this kind, but Milton would reject all such.

[2] Here Christ is called *Deus Creator*. At first sight this seems a very strong expression, far stronger than Milton would be likely to use at any period of his life. But it is not really so—it is not even an anti-Arian expression when we consider John i. 3-10, Col. i. 16, Heb. i. 2, etc.; and Milton uses the appellation *Deus* even for angels.

CHAPTER IV

THE YOUNG ENGLISHMEN GROW IN GRACE

WHEN this grave and pious discourse was ended and Jacob had left them, both the young men were moved in their conscience, and began to feel within themselves how unworthy they were of such salvation.

Presently Eugenius went away, so as to be able more freely to meditate. Politian went to talk with Joseph; and, being in an humble, penitent mood, he confessed to him how he felt the goodness of God in turning his back-slidings into the means of his self-conviction, and what a blessed event his visit to Solyma had been, for to him it had opened a better country, or rather another world.

"Our prophets of old," said Joseph, "declared this, that many of the Gentiles should be born again by virtue of the Divine truth that should go forth from Zion; and not long ago, thinking indeed of you, I translated into lyrics the very Psalm which so speaks of Zion, and here it is for you to read."

Politian was hardly in the mood for lyrics, but he took the manuscript from Joseph, and began to glance through it with a sad, listless expression.[1] He had hardly looked into it when he began to say: "Oh! my friend, pardon me

[1] In the Latin original there follows at this place an excellent and close lyrical translation of Psalm lxxxviii. in twenty lines, consisting of alternate glyconics and asclepiads, beginning thus:

Stat sacris sita montibus
Sedes aetherei regia numinis,
Portas illi Sionias
Jacobi reliquis plus amat aedibus.

On the whole, Buchanan's attempt for the same Psalm seems less

if I seem to take little interest in such an excellent poem, but I have a sore wound at heart which deeply pains me, and I crave for sympathetic help. It was you who made me see and feel my wound; 'it is you who should rightly apply the remedy. Soothe then, I pray, the tumult of my breast, and loosen the knot which conscience has tied so tightly. I will hold back nothing; you shall see the innermost workings of my mind, for I feel that my crime and the heavy weight of Divine vengeance is greater than I can bear. 'Tis true I see sometimes a slight ray of omnipotent grace flitting across the darkness of my night with frequent flashes as from some tiny crevice. Ah! but who shall fill me with these rays of grace, and make the shadows pass away for ever?"

As he thus spake, Joseph earnestly gazed at him, and, not to lose so good a chance of guiding him aright, he prudently admonished him.

successful; but the metre used, being a different one, prevents a strict comparison.

At three different periods of his life did Milton turn certain of David's Psalms into English verse:

(1) When he was fifteen years old he paraphrased Psalms cxiv. and cxxxvi.

(2) In 1648 he translated Psalms lxxx.—lxxxviii. into the usual service metre of eights and sixes. As I have stated elsewhere, he especially aimed in this translation at a *close* rendering of the Hebrew original.

(3) In 1653 he rendered Psalms i.—viii. into metres all different, and some very uncommon, the metres being most likely his own invention, and used by our great poet as a trial of harmony.

If we put these English attempts of Milton side by side with the Latin translations of the Psalms that occur here and there in *Nova Solyma*, we shall find a striking parallelism.

The two Psalms translated in our Romance are the 87th and the 149th, and they are both very close renderings direct from the Hebrew, and are in different metres, both very uncommon, and probably invented by the author as trials of harmony. They are both successful in this, especially the latter Psalm, where there is the singularly harmonious and uprising concord of praise produced from the unusual succession of a glyconic, an asclepiad, and an hexameter. What English contemporary author would be likely to make such a fine metrical attempt as this, and a novelty as well?

It is admitted on all hands that Milton's English attempts on the Psalms are quite unworthy of his poetical genius. As Landor wittily

"Alas! how wrong it is to give to me the credit for a work which is of God's grace only! It is this alone which gives us true knowledge of our sins and a sense of our most wretched state. No one is duly penitent for sins against God unless he is prompted by God, or put to the test, nor is it in man's power to make any one at peace with God. We can suggest, we can exhort, we can urge, but all the influence and effect is to be looked for from the Holy Spirit. It is not Zion that can make all her people holy, nor yet Babylon that can make hers vile. How many saw the miracles of Christ when He was on earth, and were none the better for it! How many live soberly and act justly in their relations with their fellow-men, and yet have a positive aversion to a true, heart-searching religion!

There are some, not only of average culture, but even

expressed it, "Milton was never so much a regicide as when he lifted up his hand against King David." I think this pungent piece of criticism would have been considerably modified if Landor could have glanced through the *Laudemus Dominum Deum* and the *Stat sacra sita montibus* of our Romance.

It is a strange anomaly that a poet such as Milton was should translate some of the Psalms in a worse manner than they have ever been translated before or since. A reason has been given that there is "a wide difference between being bound to the wheels of a chariot and guiding it." Quite so. To be able to hold with a free hand the reins of the winged chariot of our thoughts is an inestimable advantage to a poet. And therefore the two fine Latin lyrics of *Nova Solyma*, formed so closely from the Psalms, are all the more creditable to their author. However, Milton could be bound to the chariot, and yet at the same time handle the reins admirably well, and no better instance can be given than that in *Paradise Lost*, v. 152-200, where Psalm cxlviii. is made even finer than the original in those well-known lines beginning

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,

where the winged chariot does indeed rise from the lower mists of earth into a "larger air." The Latin Psalms of our Romance rise too in their degree, and are most appropriately chosen for a place in *New Jerusalem*, for this 87th Psalm stands alone among the writings of the Old Testament in representing the union of nations as a new birth into the City of God, and the other Psalm, the 149th, is even yet more appropriate, as will appear when we reach it towards the end of this book.

some learned men, with strong proclivities in favour of Christian principles and the good of their neighbours, and with a strong wish to walk in the path that leadeth to eternal life, and yet, when the time for accepting the great offer is at hand, they turn aside and rush headlong to their destruction, and show clearly in this present life their condemnation, even before that last great day of reckoning and judgment which shall show forth God's most perfect work.

"For whilst it is the truest test of righteousness to love God above ourselves, and to have faith in Christ beyond ourselves, this cannot be obtained in the least degree unless we are lifted up by the hand of God above and beyond ourselves. No pristine qualities of our nature can make us regenerate, for, being at enmity with God, we are without the desire to return to Him.

"We have indeed liberty of will, but no will for that liberty[1] of the children of God which is free from the perverseness of sin. Whence in all our dealings with God there is no sincere and genuine impulse of our own, but the impulse is always from God. Nor are His impulses in vain; in His commands, in His exhortations repeated again and again, in His threats, remedies, helps, He deals with us as men, He attracts our attention, and that He may have us listen, He imparts to us the revived faculty of hearing His voice, He shows us things that accompany salvation, and opens our eyes to help us to see them. He calls us to arise from the death of sin, and imparts to us the power of rising to life.[2]

"The wicked and disobedient He reproaches with their shortcomings and the loss of their original state, when they were not only free to obey, but capable of faith, and partakers of the hidden things of God, and in this life, if they refuse and despise the great

[1] A Miltonic jingle, or play of words, as elsewhere remarked.

[2] The whole argument here is condensed by Milton in his *Christian Doctrine* (Bohn's ed., iv. 318) in the following words: "If we deserve anything, if there be any worthiness in us on any ground whatever, it is God that hath made us worthy in Christ" (Col. i. 12).

offer, He loads them with benefits that will avail them nothing.[1]

"As for His elect, He renews their nature and adapts their outward senses and inward feelings to the reception of His gracious purpose. They are earthen vessels, and these are left as they are; but His grace is poured into them, and any good natural qualities they may retain are improved rather than rejected, for nothing that has come from Him does He refuse or destroy or despise. If we rightly consider the great work of redemption, we shall honour it with our highest praises as being anterior to and of wider scope than the work of Creation.

"Moreover, Christ would not have so humbled Himself, except to take unto Himself the whole merit of the work. Surely we miserable, petty mortals cannot claim to share it with Him; but as He alone bore the awful weight of Divine vengeance, therefore He does not accept any helpers in the work of restoring us to grace, or of preparing our heavenly mansions, which is the crown and summit of it all. For how utterly incongruous and absurd it would be if He were to follow or be guided by our arbitrary or uncertain wills; and if we cannot at once admit this, we are really only mocking His efforts and seeking to deprive Him of the noble booty He so earnestly hunts after.

"Then, too, there is His mystical body, complete in all its members and joints.[2] If any could make themselves reprobates, would they not be mutilating that body in some of its parts; or if they could make themselves of the number of the elect, would they not be grossly distending and altering its perfection of form?

"Nor does this upset the doctrine of the human will, for our will stands to God's will in the relation of a child to its father and ruler, and this can easily and almost instinctively be brought into accordance with Him.

"This Divine work, which theologians term conversion, has many counterfeits and travesties, and by these men are deceived both with regard to others and themselves,

[1] Psalm xvii. 14. [2] Eph. iv. 16.

for conversion often lies far beneath the surface, and is often concealed under many frailties and imperfections. Yet it is most certain that they who have really experienced this great work are as far removed from all the false professors of it as Heaven is from the Hell to which all such really tend.

"And indeed, if conversion were not of the nature, so to speak, of an infused state of mind, we might make progress in it step by step; and in that case, those who died at different stages of the work, or in mid progress, would be in some suspended middle state, or at least fall short of consummated bliss; and how could we possibly draw the line between the merits sufficient for Heaven, and those not quite so good, which would send us to Hell?

"No; direct and honest conversion is the work and office of God Himself, and is the effect of eternal election. It marks the individual and inscribes his name in the Book of Life, from henceforth never to be blotted out. It makes us partakers of God's covenant and citizens of Heaven. It is a new birth, brought to pass in a moment, as is the old conception in sin, and it is completed in due time. It can check or draw back as with a bit those rushing to destruction in mad career of sin. The genuine converts are the first to admit that they themselves are helpless to effect anything, nor do they presume to boast of their own will, though they feel they can do all things, God helping them—no enticements can allure them, or tortures daunt; while, on the other hand, they who boast of the powers of the natural man, and profess much, generally perform little, and never attain to such real piety.

"Let them therefore who choose that way take their stand on their good works; let them heap Ossa on Pelion, and Olympus on Ossa; let them, like the giants of old, strive to rise from earth to Heaven, till with the same inevitable result they are struck by the Divine thunderbolts down to mother earth again, and buried beneath their own inventions.

"I earnestly warn you, be not like the many who flee for salvation to such a refuge, deeming it perfectly safe both in life and in death; yet, not having entered the ark of faith, they must all fail to reach the desired haven.

"The old Adamic covenant is annulled and condemned, and now we must go beyond our own efforts, and daily beg for what is needful from our second Adam, not reckoning our own merits, but His only. Wherefore, I beseech you, count these small seeds of grace, which have now just been sown in you, as of far greater worth than gold, or precious stones, or even a royal diadem; go on, as you have begun, in the hope of His loving-kindness, and enter into your joy. If I have been of any service in this great matter, I rejoice with a greater triumph than if I had gained the whole world."

Politian, who had been a wrapt listener, with all the eagerness of a thirsty soul, was so touched by the last words that he cried out: "O Joseph, next, after God, I owe all to thee. I should have been lost a second time but for your better advice now, for I had resolved with my mind to repent of my past life, and by a course of good actions and religious duties to obtain the grace of God; and now I perceive that I must make the last first, and begin with grace. O Jesus, my Lord, I believe in Thee; help Thou my unbelief!"

With many a deep sigh and with tearful eyes upcast to Heaven did he repeat his vows and prayers, while Joseph, who had closely grasped his hand for sympathy and joy, could scarce restrain his emotion.

"Hold fast to this," said he, "and insist on it ever thus, and you shall never perish; my soul for yours on it. In all that you do, let this be the aim and end, for faith will call upon you to do very many things, and will give you strength from Heaven to do them.

"Many grope about in the dark in this matter of conversion, and cannot find the door of entrance; they run hither and thither, and are out of breath, and yet make no progress because they have missed their true way,

and their labour is therefore in vain. This that I tell you of is the heavenly road, which shall lead you straight to the end; it is the heavenly chariot that shall with greatest ease exalt you on high.

"From the very first I felt drawn to you in the bonds of love, but never more so than in your present self-abasement. Go on by all means as you have begun, and become a noble and true Christian, not vainly puffed up with the scum or the dregs, but healthily nourished by the essence and spirit of our religion. Enter upon the road of true happiness, for it is religion that makes us truly and rightly enjoy all things in their God-given uses. Prosperity is then a savoury dish, having the relish of a good conscience, and is a foretaste of better and more enduring good things laid up for us in store. Adversity is endured with an equable mind as a necessary and salutary correction from a Father's hand. In fact, the eternal joys of Heaven are the very breath of His life, and the sure and certain hope of them casts in the shade all other hopes.

"How different with the wicked! The best advantages of life are misused or wasted; their very joys lack spontaneity, and are built upon quicksands—have nothing in them sure or perfect or well founded, nothing eternal. In their pleasures and luxuries they must needs be ill at ease, for there are the stings of a guilty conscience, and the sword ever impending over their heads.

"And when they fall into misfortune, they are like wild beasts caught in a net, with no hope or chance of escape: there is nothing to comfort them, nothing to support them; frightened and hemmed in by unforeseen evils, they live in the constant sight of death and the dreadful consummation of all the worst torments."[1]

[1] Here truly we have a noble Nonconformist, a mighty Apostle of Free Grace! Here is no Cavalier resting on his Prayer Book, no Laudian dwelling on "the beauty of holiness" in Temple worship. Here is a Bunyan before his time, with "Grace Abounding" writ with the large logic of a cultured mind. Who in those days was equal to this *and the rest* of *Nova Solyma*?

CHAPTER V

THE DESPAIR OF ALCIMUS—HIS END

WHILE they were prolonging this discourse a messenger came hastily on the scene, saying that Alcimus was in a critical state, and that Joseph's presence was desired. For Alcimus, urged on by his father's counsels, when he set about the work of a solid and lasting repentance [*ubi coepit resipiscere*] was greatly exercised by the repentance of fear [*poenitentiâ exercebatur*].[1]

So Joseph went at once, accompanied by Politian. They found his condition in no way altered; he was still crying out about his sins, which, long unnoticed by him, were at length torturing his thoughts beyond endurance. Apollos was there, trying to soothe him.

"We know that you are under the rod of God's correction, no doubt deservedly; but I exhort you to patiently submit to His will, and accept it as for your good in all penitence."

But he, shaking his head, thus interrupted his father: "I could not bring my mind to such a state, were you to offer me all the glories of this world and the next as well. I know that it would open the door of Heaven

[1] Here the author makes a distinction between *resipiscentia* and *poenitentia* which was first made by Lactantius, Lib. VI., *De Vero Cultu*, c. xxiv., though the two words are generally used indiscriminately by the Fathers. Now, Milton also, in his *De Doctrina Christiana*, c. xvii., makes a clear distinction between the same two words, and illustrates it by saying that *poenitentia* was to *resipiscentia* as ordinary faith to saving faith (*fides salvifica*), and adds: "Methodi causa distinguo; neque nempe negarim poenitentiam pro resipiscentia saepe usurpari."

to me, but it is beyond my reach, and you, if you were as I am now, would feel the same."

"I admit that, my son," said his father, weeping, "and therefore it is that I would have you pray to God for it."

But Alcimus was little moved by this appeal, and repeated his woes.

"I am," cried he, "a very sink of iniquity: I have broken all laws, human and divine, and you know that in this I speak the truth; but there is something worse behind, aggravating my guilt, and cutting me off from all hope."

"Whatever it be, let us know it," said Joseph. "I warrant you for a certainty that the grace of Christ can overcome it."

At this Alcimus looked at him stedfastly, and said: "Were you then present when God passed His decree upon me, that you can so boldly affirm this? How know you that I was not shut out for all eternity?"

"And I will ask you," retorted Joseph, "how do you know that you were? Show us this arrow that has pierced you; draw it out from the wound, and let us see if the wound cannot be healed."

"Well," replied he, "I have the inward feeling and presentiment that I am without hope of grace or even of repentance."

"Granted as to your present feelings," replied Joseph; "but how can you know what your feelings may be later on? The earth is iron-bound by frost, and when God brings back the genial sun, how soon is it broken up and softened by balmy spring, and what rich fruits does it bring forth! The fiercest tempests are lulled at His word, and the raging sea is calmed. Is He less powerful in our case? Nay, more; the sense of impenitent unworthiness is the first step towards salvation. Remember Theophrastus, who from the depths of wickedness and utter despair found this grace. Why not lay open your mind-sickness and seek its cure?"

He, still uncheered by hope, answered: "I know well enough that God is merciful, and I will ever acknowledge

it; but my case is such as to be beyond the pale of mercy. As a boy I was brought up in the best surroundings, was religious according to my years, and began to seek after a truly pious life; and for long time I seemed to press forward and to be tasting Divine favour. But presently I grew weary of my good work, and fell back into vain desires; the lusts of the world overcame me, and the weight of many sins pressed me down."

"Your crime against God, I admit," said Joseph, "is great, and aggravated by the circumstances; but is not the indulgence of God to you all the more wonderful, in that He has stirred up your mind, and chastised you with His terrors, and arrested you in your downward course, and brought you at least to some healthy recognition of your parlous state?"

"What," replied Alcimus with a somewhat scornful smile, "can you hope to persuade me, or even to persuade yourself, that there is one spark of healthy religious feeling in my perverse and impious breast? What you refer to in me is not penitence—you may take my word for that; it is rather the utter despair of Hell, as is my just due."

"Well," replied Joseph, "let us not talk of your past state—as to that I pronounce nothing either way, and I advise you to follow the same course; let us rather look at things as they are at present, and here I instantly affirm there is no ground for despair."

"Nor yet for recovery," was the quick rejoinder. "Oh that I had never trod the heavenly path, or breathed that purer air! However deeply I might have sunk in the whirlpool of vice there was still hope; but now I have broken both the covenants and am without hope."

Joseph tried to calm him a little after this outburst, and then added: "Your last argument limits God's power, and is incorrect otherwise, for the grace of Christ pardons[1] sins committed against the Law as well as those

[1] Here in the Latin we have the word corresponding to *pardon* written in the form *exolvit*, and in other parts of the book we find

committed against the Gospel, and neither our repentance nor our faith can be, strictly speaking, complete and free from all blame, for we daily fail in our duty to God, even the best of us. Nothing is more frequently mentioned in Scripture than this failing, and the promises of pardon for it are just as frequent; so your difficulty is futile, and easily cleared."

Then said Alcimus: "I cannot forget Christ's declaration that if any one should sin against Him it would be forgiven, but whosoever should sin against the Holy Ghost should obtain no pardon, neither in this world, nor in that which is to come. Elsewhere,[1] too, there is this text, which I have read long ago, and carefully pondered in my mind: 'It cannot be that they who have been once enlightened, and tasted the heavenly gifts, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and tasted the good Word of God, and the power of the world to come, and then fell away, can again be renewed into repentance.' This is my sin, and this is my condemnation. Why do we argue in vain about a matter that is determined? Let me die in my wretched state; you who have not yet fallen from grace, take heed by my fatal sin, and seek salvation while you may."

Then, feeling there could be no further answer or consolation, he broke down in an agony of grief. But his father said:

exolverat, *exolvite*, *exolutum*, *exolve*, *exolvis*, so that we have not a printer's error, but most likely the reproduction of the spelling of the author's MS. Now, that Milton was in the habit of spelling *exsolvit* as *exolvit* we have good proof from his MS. *Commonplace Book*, which has recently been discovered, and still more recently produced in facsimile. It occurs as *exolvit* at the page numbered 183, and is quoted by the Editor as one of mistakes in the original MS., and is corrected to *exsolvit*. But I would rather say it was no mistake at all, but that Milton advisedly wrote it so. There are many similar droppings of the sibilant in Milton's published works—*e.g.* *exanguis* (*In Quint. Nov.*, 148); *exuccus* (*Opera Latina*, Amst. 1698, 345); *exuscitans* (*Opera Latina*, Amst. 1698, 346). In *Nova Solyma* we have *exortem*, and other examples as well.

[1] Heb. vi. 4, 5, 6.

"This terrible sentence is not for all who turn back, even if they fall away on the very threshold of Heaven; it is meant only for those who in a hateful and vindictive spirit fight against God, and oppose themselves knowingly and with every sense of passion and lust to that all-embracing love of God which is the earnest endeavour[1] of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. You warn others to shun your dreadful crime, and all the while you have not been really guilty of it; and while you pretend that you have no wish to repent, you mourn and complain that repentance is impossible. Persevere, and study the doctrine of repentance a little more accurately than that, and you will find there is no Divine prohibition which shuts out any living man from that great Christian virtue.

"Persevere, I say, in the face of all the obstacles and scruples which your own reluctant mind or the craftiness of the enemy may devise; for what other course, O wretched, puny mortal, is open to you? There is no escape, no hope of salvation elsewhere; there is nothing before you but this awful condemnation to which you consider yourself appointed, and which you perhaps may escape if you make the trial. In any case, yield not like a craven who turns to flee, but stand your ground with bold front. Persevere in looking upwards to God, in praying to Him, yea, in wearying Him[2] incessantly till you attain to that grace of which you now feel no sign, and scarce any desire. Be sure that our prayers will go up with yours, and be not the only one to distrust the event. Hope is the last abiding sign of life in God, despair the first of death."

These last words seemed so to find their mark that presently he declared he would try. Many and long were his inward conflicts, insomuch that all who stood round were deeply moved, and prayers were offered to the throne of grace; but nought seemed to avail, till, when they

[1] *Opificium* (Varro).

[2] *Suspiciendo, precando, carpendo.* Cf. Luke xviii. 5.

least expected, the light of Divine favour seemed to beam on his soul, not only soothing all his piteous cries, but filling him with a new and marvellous ecstasy of heavenly joy.

Oh, with what exceeding gladness did all rejoice at this admirable and happy issue of so doubtful and terrible a contest!

CHAPTER VI

THE MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS—"ODE ON THE SABBATH"

IT was scarcely a month after these things that Apollos, passing along the street, saw a man the very image of Clemens. On scrutinising him more closely, the man at once joyfully approached him, and said: "O most lucky meeting! You are the very man to help me. I have just come from the inn where I am lodging, and want to find Jacob's house. You come on the scenes indeed most seasonably, and your present aid will add to your many past favours."

"Has the master come too, or are you alone?" said Apollos.

"Oh! he is waiting at Joppa till I go back to him."

So Apollos took him direct to Jacob's house, where they had an interview with Eugenius and Politian, who were delighted to hear of the arrival of Angelus at Joppa, and as quickly as could be had their horses harnessed, and rode off to see him.

When they arrived, they came into his presence with that courteous joy and filial respect due to a parent, but mixed with a little shame when they thought of their very foolhardy escapade. They only received some mild expostulations on that subject, and, as they now appeared so humble and submissive, were presently pardoned and received into full favour. Then the conversation turned on Jacob and Joseph and their hospitality; and when Angelus heard how well they had been entertained, all his anxiety was turned into joy. And thus they pleasantly

talked far into the night, and on the following day set off for Solyma.

When they drew near, they were met on the road by some of the principal citizens, and brought to the house which Clemens had meanwhile hired for them. Presently Apollos makes his appearance along with Joseph, and both are introduced by Politian to his step-father, who, knowing Apollos very well, greeted him, of course, first, and in a most friendly manner; and then, advancing to Joseph, he expressed his great obligation to him for the many kindnesses shown to his boys, adding that he had been not only a friend and a brother, but a second father. Joseph pleasantly replied that the obligation, if any, was on his part, on account of their many acts of friendship to himself.

The next day Jacob paid a visit, and as soon as Angelus met him on the threshold, accompanied by Apollos, he knew him, and saluted him with many kindly words. Then Jacob reciprocated, praising the two lads, and saying the assistance given to Apollos deserved all the little return he had made. He also spoke of Adrian, once his dearest friend, and ventured to prophesy that as Angelus had been his successor in the bonds of wedlock, he would also succeed him in the bonds of friendship. They then retired within the house, and in further conversation Angelus said that he had heard his wife at home speak of this old friendship with Adrian when Apollos had spoken to them of Jacob And thus, through daily meeting each other, and by the great affinity between them in mind and character, there arose from such beginnings the highest friendship between these two venerable men.

Meanwhile, the young men pursued their religious enquiries with Joseph most diligently, especially Politian, who was comforted by the thought of heavenly joys, and humbly compared his own unworthiness with the glory and favour of God. He thought often on the gift of perseverance, and earnestly set to work to make up for his former life by special holiness.

The experience of Eugenius was not so favourable, and once happening to meet Joseph, he told him what horrible sights and thoughts were in the habit of oppressing him—thoughts hostile to Heaven, to Christ, to the Deity Himself. Joseph noticed a terrible and unusual look that he had, and, at once taking in the situation, said:

"I know the cause—it is the enemy of mankind, who, feeling himself cast out of his citadel, is now furiously besieging it. Nowhere does he show his craftiness more clearly than when he thus attacks us against our will by wicked thoughts; but if our will does not yield, we may consider such trials more as punishments than as crime, and, indeed, our former wickedness is wont to be punished in this way here below. The great refuge is God, who alone can cast out the devil within us; but, for your part, determine constantly to shut the eyes of your mind to such temptations. Engage in intellectual work, and dwell in thought on grand and noble subjects. Live not in a state of fear, for fear suggests what it dreads; but turn aside from such temptations with a manly indignation, or trample them down and step over them.

"What my special fear for you is, that when these horrible thoughts are vanquished, the persistent enemy may attack you with better chance of success in your carnal desires, and put you in greater danger."

Here Eugenius, with a deep sigh, cried out: "Even now he has arrayed his whole strength against me, and so many horrid crimes are suggested, so many incentives to wickedness impressed upon me, that I seem to be dwelling in Hell[1] rather than among living men."

Joseph continued: "By no means let him wear you out, or overcome you by fear. Presently he will perhaps use gentler and craftier methods, and will try to drag you into his net by some delicate and tempting bait;

[1] Lat. *in Erebo*. An unexpected word here in such thoroughly Christian surroundings. However, John Milton chooses to use it in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 883, his great Christian epic.

but do you prepare yourself, and determine neither to yield to his violence nor his cunning."

Having calmed him by this advice, he took his leave, and, seeking out Politian, he began to enquire how he, too, fared in his inner life.

"I now begin really to live," replied he, "and to see all things in a new light. If now I were to hear your instructive discourses again, they would not merely satisfy a craving for knowledge, but would build me up in practice as well."

Joseph tenderly embraced him, and exhorted him to go on diligently in that same frame of mind, and be on guard against all the wiles of men or devils, and all the perfidy of his own mind, which was naturally inclined to be in league with such; when he had once attained to faith, never to depart from it, and never to waver or relapse in the face of the strongest arguments and the sternest difficulties. "I will gladly advise you further; it was a good wish on your part, and to accede to it will be a benefit to myself, as well as, I hope, to you. Now that Apollos is staying with us, I should like to take and introduce you to him, for he is a man, I readily avow, from whom I have learnt very much. He is indeed most especially learned in divinity, devoted to his books, and ever busy writing; and in the midst of these occupations he instructs young pupils of good family with the greatest success.[1] Do you therefore go for Eugenius, while I go to ask Apollos to come and meet you both."

Eugenius was soon found in his chamber writing out some verses he had just composed, and after a little delay Joseph and Apollos joined them, and, noticing the verses still lying on the table, Joseph, by leave of the author, began to read them out:

"Hail, sacred day, for ever blest,
Great type of our eternal rest,[2]
Great gift of Christ our Lord!

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[1] A picture to the life of Thomas Young, Milton's early tutor.

[2] In the Latin, *aevi venientis imago*. This is Miltonic in many

On Heaven this day our hopes we fix;
Though earth oft claims the other six,
Today is God adored.

"The bells resound, rebound and sound;
From village, town, and hamlet round
Their clanging tongues repeat:
Come high, come low, come rich, come poor,
With gladness cross your threshold o'er,
Draw near with reverent feet.

Heb. x. 4. "No bulls or goats on altars slain,
No bloody sacrifices stain
Our Christian house of prayer,
But He who is our Light of life,
Who shields us in our deadly strife,
Doth meet His people there.

"Inflamed with Pentecostal fire,
Zion has left her ancient mire,
Gal. iv. 9. Her "elemental" days;[1]

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ways. The expression is referred originally to St. Basil the Great, who seems to have been a favourite father with Milton, as he quotes him several times in his *Commonplace Book.*

Milton's tutor, Thomas Young, also, in his treatise on the Lord's Day, says (p. 401) that Christians are to "feed their souls with the pious thoughts of that eternal rest (of which the Lords Dayes rest is an image according to Basil) in the world to come." And again (p. 400): "The Lord's Day (Basil the Great being witness) is an image of the world to come."

But, best proof of all, we have Milton's own words about it in his *De Doctrina Christiana.* In discussing the reasons for keeping the Sabbath, he gives this as one, and, indeed, the only distinctly Christian reason amongst them all. "Fifthly," he says, "as a shadow or type of things to come (Col. ii. 16, 17): 'in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days, which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ.' Of what things to come the Sabbaths are a shadow, we are taught (Heb. iv. 9, 10), namely, of that Sabbatical or eternal peace in Heaven, of which all believers are commanded to strive to be partakers through faith and obedience, following the example of Christ."

[1] The reference here is to the "weak aud beggarly elements" (στοιχεῖα—Gal. iv. 9) of the ancient Jewish faith and its ceremonial institutions. As for the "mire," each citizen of our New Jerusalem could truly say: "I waited patiently for the Lord; He brought me up

And now we know that God above
Will, through His Son's redeeming love,
Accept our prayers and praise.

"As dying men our tongues declare
Those everlasting gifts we share
From Christ our Master given;
We hear His wonders, sing His love,
While angels throng the roofs above,
Our listening choirs of Heaven.[1]

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also out of the mire and clay; and set my feet upon the Rock [Christ and ordered my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth."

Elsewhere in our Romance the text Gal. iv. 9 is referred to and translated by our concealed author in his approved independent fashion, using *inopia* to represent "beggarly." Milton also in his prose treatise *Of Reformation* speaks at the beginning of "the Jewish beggary of old cast rudiments."

[1] The Latin text is:

Scilicet et superi circum laquearia Divi
Pronis auribus adsunt;

that is to say: "Of a truth too the heavenly host of angels do throng the roofs (of our churches), listening to the services with eager ears." This seems rather a curious thought for a Puritan, more imaginative, idealised, and poetical than we should naturally expect. But it is withal thoroughly Miltonic. The word *Divi* points clearly that way. *Divi*, or *Dei*, was the Miltonic appellation for the angels, who are entitled "gods" again and again in *Paradise Lost* and elsewhere. Moreover, Milton took the greatest theological interest in angels, and is supposed to have assisted Henry Lawrence in his *Treatise of Angels* published in 1646, and again in 1652. This, however, admits of no doubt, that Milton speaks in *Christian Doctrine*, c. ix., of people who held the opinion that there were "angels whose office it was to be present at the religious assemblies of believers," adding his own remark that "numerous examples in confirmation of their opinion are not wanting." Of course he means Scriptural examples, and consequently we may take it that Milton held this opinion also. The inner part of the tabernacle and temple was by God's appointment to be adorned with cherubim (Exod. xxv. 18 and 1 Kings vi. 23), which was taken to denote the constant attendance of angels in the churches of God. And then there was the famous text 1 Cor. xi. 10, where the Apostle Paul charges women to be modestly attired (as many thought) in their Church assemblies "because of the angels," which supposes that the angels are ordinarily present there.

The poetical idea that listening angels thronged around the vaulted roofs (*laquearia*) while the faithful were gathered together below for

"We joy to know our Father's ears
Are eager for His children's prayers
In His appointed way,
And so we join in heart and voice
While in God's temple we rejoice
On this our festal day.

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the ministry of the Word and the reading of Scripture was most likely connected with the beautifully carved angels which often adorned the fine old oak roofs of English churches in those days.

As to angels, and the views advanced in *Nova Solyma* with regard to them, see what has been said before in Book III., where our author comments on the supernatural machinery of his Armada epic in terms very similar to those we should naturally accredit to Milton.

There was a church at Cambridge where Milton might, and no doubt did, see the listening choir of angels. It was known as "Little St. Marie's," and was close by Peterhouse. When Crashaw, Milton's fellow-poet and contemporary, joined that college, we read of him, in the Preface to his *Steps to the Altar*, that he often "lodged under Tertullian's roof of Angels" in St. Marie's Church; "there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow neere the house of God," etc.

And Peterhouse Chapel, too, had a beautiful roof adorned with angels, built between 1629 and 1631, while Milton was in residence at his University, this new roof being probably copied from Little St. Marie's, which church had served previously for the devotions of the college.

But these beautiful angels were all gone when *Nova Solyma* was published. In 1643 a Parliament Commission went to Cambridge to remove crosses, and on December 21st this Commission, with certain officers and soldiers, went to Peterhouse, and in the presence of the President and Fellows of the college they "pulled down two mighty great Angels with wings and divers other angells . . . and about a hundred Cherubims and angells and divers superstitious letters of gold."

This, I think, would have grieved Milton, iconoclast as he was in more than one way. For he was a lover of angels, and a believer in their reality, power, and attributes, if ever any Puritan was. They were scriptural—there was no doubt of that; so long as they were not worshipped, they deserved reverence and honour from Christian men. They fought for us, they listened to our earthly praises and songs, and knew that in God's good time we should join their choir above. How Milton and Lawrence would comfort themselves with these thoughts!

Crashaw's curious notice above of "Tertullian's roof of Angels" refers, I believe, to the fact that Tertullian was the first Christian writer who advanced the view that angels attended while faithful

"To our great God then let us sing,
For He created everything;
He made us as we are;
And our Good Shepherd loves His sheep
We are His flock, He doth us keep
In His eternal care.

"Rejoice in God ye people all!
Rejoice in Him, both great and small,
With gladness come before Him;
He doth us in green pastures feed,
He doth to living waters lead,
Oh, come, let us adore Him!

"Oh, tune your tongues to grateful lays!
Oh, enter then His courts with praise!
Oh, bless His holy Name!
For God is good; His truth stands fast;
His mercy shall most surely last
To endless years the same."[1]

When he had finished reading, Joseph looked towards Eugenius, and said: "I rejoice that you find time for such pursuits, and that you turn the pleasures of poetry to such profitable themes."

"By God's help," answered he, "I am free from my old evil fancies, and dwell on purer and better themes, as you counselled me. There was a time, I am sorry to admit now, when I despised such subjects as dull and

Christians were praying, in order to carry up the prayers to the Throne of Grace. Perhaps the author of *Nova Solyma* was here thinking of this beautiful ministry of angels in particular. Anyhow, it is a singular fact that among the very few Christian writers who embraced this opinion was Alcimus Avitus, Archbishop of Vienne, who wrote a poem on the fall of man in the fifth or sixth century, with which there is good reason to believe that Milton was well acquainted.

[1] I take this to be one of Milton's early Latin lyrics, while he was yet dwelling with some degree of pleasure on entering the sacred ministry of the Church of England, and written before he was turned from his purpose by the thought that, under Laud and his bishops, he would have to "subscribe slave" and give up that Christian liberty that was so dear to him. We may notice that this hymn is not attributed to Joseph, but to Eugenius.

tasteless ; but I have since learned to enjoy the Christian Sabbath, and, as you see, to sing its praises too."

This allusion to the weekly festival made them all beg of Apollos to favour them with a discourse on the Lord's Day.[1]

[1] Milton's early tutor, Dr. Thomas Young, to whom he owed so much in the formation of his character, wrote a special discourse on the Lord's Day—the chief work, indeed, he left behind him. Apollos, the tutor in good families, who was appealed to by the rest as an authority on the Lord's Day, seems to point clearly to Milton's tutor, and therefore has some bearing on the Miltonic authorship, as is elsewhere more fully stated.

CHAPTER VII

APOLLOS GIVES HIS VIEWS ON PUBLIC WORSHIP

APOLLOS, when thus pressed, gladly accepted so congenial and useful a task, and thus began:

"I do not intend to discuss the seventh-day Sabbath, lest I digress into Jewish questions, nor do I wish to burden your minds with knotty, congested disputations, especially so when all reasonable people agree that some regular customary time should be allotted to religious duties, that it should be pretty frequent, not carelessly observed, and not neglected, and yet not so observed as to prevent the necessary duties of life.

"We must remember, however, that there is no intrinsic sanctity in any particular day.[1]

"The first Sabbath of all was divinely designed to call attention to a natural circumstance—the setting apart, I mean, of that day for commemoration of the perfected work of creation, and for celebrating the praises of God; but as for the Lord's Day, it was either put apart by the Apostles that it might supply the room of the ancient Sabbath, or newly used by them in honour of the Resurrection, and for the services of Christian worship; and as it has been handed down to us through so many generations, it cannot be, or at least ought not to be, changed.[2]

[1] This was Milton's view, for which see at length his *De Doctrina Christiana*, ii. c. 7; Bohn's ed., v. 69. Channing on Milton, when referring to this opinion, says few have held this view.

[2] This is exactly what Milton's tutor says: "Surely he that saith, that so innocent a custome, so long received of the Church, and that through authority of God by His Apostles, ought not to be troubled with a change, seems to be in the right" (*The Lord's Day*: London, 1672; Baxter's later English ed., p. 174).

"The only controversy that some raise is this, whether it was appointed by a necessary and stringent command (from on high), or merely accepted by human arrangement and agreement; or, in other words, whether it was endowed with a fixed institution and a peculiar blessing, or whether it only has its share in the ordinary and general sanctity which belongs to all sacred seasons duly appointed in the Church, such as fasts and festivals and other minor solemnities.

"As to the method of observing the day, there is no disagreement. Our views are on broad and liberal principles, quite divorced from Jewish restrictions (hardly any command of the Mosaic Law had not something added to it as a fence); but the ordinary work of the week is suspended for the whole day. Surely this is reasonable, in spite of the many who oppose it, for since one whole day has been set apart for a certain purpose, it is right that each observer of the Lord's Day should fill it up completely with business suitable to the occasion. For why should profane or secular work be allowed in any part of this day, when it is totally forbidden on appointed fastdays? Surely it is not fulfilling the intention of the Sabbath to make it like a weekday, partly devotional and partly otherwise, whereas we ought rather to spend the entire day in religious exercises, varied, it may be, but still always of a devotional character. Is there possibly any better opportunity to make warm and revive that deadness and coldness which is so wont to fall on all absorbed in worldly aims? Is it not peculiarly fitted for drawing joy and the peace of God from the wells of salvation? Nor is there a more crucial test of a truly good-living man than that our poet has suggested. To such an one this day is a day of delights, consecrated so wholly to God, that his daily business, his daily pleasures, his ordinary talk, are all put in the background.

"It is most noticeable also that in every nation where this day is well observed, true religion makes progress, while wherever there begins to be a disregard of its sanctity, there also is the entering on the path of

downward ruin. Wherefore, since the real object of the day is a spiritual one, every endeavour should be in that direction, nor should we, with lazy good nature, follow in the footsteps of idle, unconventional people, but rather support and take pleasure in all that properly belongs to the day; for when shall we take thought for our souls, if not on the day that is specially given us for this purpose? Who will long for a heavenly Sabbath who has no relish for the earthly one?

"It is not enough on this day to have heavenly thoughts —we should have *them* every day; but we should also be free from that daily toil which God has appointed for us, and which He has been pleased to excuse on this one day of the week. All Sabbath work not enjoined by God is self-seeking, and displeasing to Him.

"The Christian Sabbath is superior to the Jewish Sabbath in that the commemoration of our miraculous redemption and the other mysteries of eternity is of higher import than the commemoration of the Creation, and, embracing this world and the next, is a higher incentive to religious duty.

"And there are various duties which have their appointed place in the religious work of the day, and by their variety and change they make it a holiday as well as a holyday.

"The two principal are prayer[1] [*precatio*] and the ministry of the Word [*praedicatio*]. A true, heartfelt prayer places the soul in the presence of God. No suppliant can cling to the knees of him who is absent, and in prayer we solicit, we lay hold of, we embrace, we get very near to a present God. We are bidden to call upon Him as if He were present, though in the flesh we can

[1] Chapter x. of Young's book on the Lord's Day is devoted to the subject of prayer. There are many striking coincidences, especially this one, that both in the text and in Young's work a prescribed form of prayer is virtually ignored, and the Lord's Prayer not noticed in *Nova Solyma* at all, and depreciated by Young. For Milton's similar views, cf. *De Doctrina Christiana*, iv. (vol. v. p. 31, Bohn's ed.); also *Paradise Lost*, v. 144, and *Eikonoklastes* (*Milton's Works*, i. 431).

never see Him, nor are we permitted to make a graven image to represent Him. Wherefore, while nothing is easier to a hypocrite than outward, formal prayers, there is nothing that he shuns and dreads so much as inward, heartfelt prayers, for their power is such that they bring his sins into the presence of an awful Judge, and either become his cleansing fires, or harden him by degrees into a careless reprobate who renounces prayer altogether. Thus it is that good and holy men, after the commission of a great crime, often feel greatly disinclined to their old habit of prayer.

"Nor does the earnest outpouring to God of our wishes fully constitute prayer, for then the mere natural cravings would seem to be a part of religion, just as by a popular fiction the young crows are thought to pray when they cry for food in their nests. Prayer is of a more spiritual nature that this, and must be combined with love, trust, and reverence; God will not dispense with these. His ears are always open to us, as if He were waiting to hear us. If we pray to God, there is no need to pray to the saints; and unless we pray to God first, there is little help to be hoped for elsewhere. But since God is perfectly just, and we mortals vile and unjust, and our very prayers tainted by our sins, it would be the height of impudence and folly to lay our impurities thus before Him, except the mediation of Christ were interposed.

"Again, on account of our blindness and ignorance, both with regard to what is conducive to God's honour and our own happiness, it follows that there can be no complete love or trust without the aid of the Divine Spirit; nor does God take heed of any prayer that is not offered up through the intercession of Christ, and by the ministry of the Spirit. Knowing this, we ought to empty ourselves of all self-righteousness, and, with a true feeling of our own miserable state, implore His paternal indulgence towards us with every effort of our minds, and with a certain active, wrestling spirit, neither fainting nor failing till we be satisfied either in obtaining our request, or in the confirmation of our trust in Him.

"But God will not hear us unless we obey His will. Let that be our highest object in all our prayers, for therein is united His glory and our salvation.

"Each prayer we utter, each quick, passing thought, yea, every exclamation, sigh, or groan of ours, if so sent forth to God, is sure of an answer from Him in due season.[1] To feel doubtful, or to cease to look forward in hope for an answer, is to lose the chance of it altogether, and by a want of trust to turn our prayers against ourself. Prayers are not like tasks, which, when performed, are done with, and the conscience quit of them; but all their efficacy lies in the subsequent and tenacious hope. As much as we truly pray for, just so much do we receive, for prayers are the surest merchandise we have to barter with God; and if we are active traders in that respect, we shall find it more profitable than all the rest of our labours and studies. Nay, true prayer makes us more eager to work. He who asks anything of God, and tries not his best to get it himself, if he fails, has only himself to blame. Never forget that prayer and work should go together.

"I would not say that a prayer sent forth on the spur of the moment when danger was pressing and there was every need to fight would be superfluous; it would rather be an earnest expression of faith, and pleasing to God. Prayer is the closest communion we can have with

[1] "It is not necessary that our prayers should be always audible: the silent supplications of the mind, whispers, even groans and inarticulate exclamations in private prayer, are available" (Milton, *Christian Doctrine*, v. 33).

"Though we know not what to pray as we ought, yet He with sighs unutterable by any words, much less by a stinted liturgy, dwelling in us makes intercession for us" (*Eikonoklastes*, i. 433).

Sighs now breathed
Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer
Inspired and winged for Heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory.

(*Paradise Lost*, xi. 5.)

Here is the Quaker element in Milton's worship plainly displayed in his later life. And *Nova Solyma* shows us that it was there too in his earlier days. Cf. also *Paradise Lost*, xi. 30, 146.

God—we then pour out our soul into His bosom; nor can we suppose anything more likely to move Him than our burning desire to be thus carried into higher union with Him.

"I have not mentioned those sudden aspirations or flashes of the mind when our deepest thoughts seem to fly upwards to God, as arrows shot from a bow; these too have their use, especially in doubtful and pressing matters, where the guidance of God is so eminently needed.

"Allied to prayer, and comprehended by it, is the singing of psalms, which are often the highest form of prayer, and join us in a manner to the heavenly choirs above.[1]

"Music indeed has a subtle influence, yet so elevating and vehement that it seems to throw an enchantment on the mind, nor has God failed to include this natural and suitable instrument amongst the adjuncts of worship. Not that He can be charmed or softened by musical strains as we are, but because they quicken our devotion and give us heavenly transports. But vain is the finest melody, vain the sweetest concord of voices,[2] if there be no understanding of what is done, and no uplifting of the spirit.[3]

"The human voice is the fittest instrument wherewith to praise God: it is easy to use, and it acts in conjunction with the mind. It should be used in a lively and prayerful manner, so as best to express the feelings of a true and heartfelt religion, and if these are not present, ceremonies are in vain, for Christian worship is of a higher grade than the Mosaic cult, with its numerous festivals and ceremonies, which were in their way types of the inner feelings just described.

"The ministry, or preaching of the Word, is either

[1] So says Young (*The Lord's Day*, p. 353): "The custom of rehearsing psalms in church is a kind of deprecating God."

[2] T. Young (*The Lord's Day*, c. xii): "At least the ancients did chiefly regard that their singing might be understood of the people, lest through the sweetness of the voice in singing, without the pious affections of the heart, they should be deceived."

[3] There is a most remarkable coincidence here with Young, who was Milton's tutor. See more fully in the Introduction.

exercised in public meetings or in private colloquy in the family circle. Christ used both. The first has more of authority and solemnity in it, for in a crowded assembly there is a certain enthusiasm lacking in a private household, and more enthusiastic reverence. Teaching in the family circle has this peculiar advantage, that it can be more personal, more familiar, and can strike home better, for a man may avoid a blow in a crowd much more easily than in a hand-to-hand fight. At home each member of the family can be aroused by name, and there can be questioning, objecting, and supplementing, all tending to lessen the tedium and occupy the attention.

"The only authority in all cases is Divine Truth, and the effectual working out of our salvation is due to the co-operation of the Holy Spirit. We are all of us bond-servants of the Truth. She is our mistress, whose slightest word of command is law to us. Liberty of judgment is conceded to us, and recommended; but when once we have heard and acknowledged what we find to be true, we must reverently obey. Nor have I ever heard any sermon so poor that I did not get some benefit from it,[1] or notice something fruitful in it. In fact, I think it is the duty of a lofty and comprehensive intellect to carefully foster a certain simplicity of diction in his expositions, for it is only by what they understand that people receive benefit, and every important truth needs frequent repetition and enforcement.

"The sacred books are prepared for us by God in accordance with our limitations;[2] if anything in them specially strikes us or arrests our attention, we should take it to ourselves as if the Holy Spirit Himself were personally addressing us. But many men of great natural talent have the very foolish and idle custom of only admiring their own writings and commentaries, and dwelling upon their own views, while as for the plain word of God as delivered

[1] Old Herbert had the same feeling as to sermons:

> The worst speak something good: if all want sense
> God takes a text and preacheth patience.

[2] Lat. *pro dimenso nostro.*

from the pulpit by others, they give it scant attention. Surely this is to be seized with an itching for dispute rather than with a true desire for religion.

"We prefer to ruminate upon our spiritual teaching, and change it into the very life-blood of our faith.

"Besides using the ministry of preaching, we give ourselves to reading—its best supplement, and of great service if carefully carried out and commented upon as we proceed, for the words of wise men are not to be carelessly ignored. But above all, the Word of God, the great exemplar of all that is good, is most worthy of our constant attention.

"In all these matters we observe that Divine worship is used in what we may call a natural way, and acts on the same principle which we find so effective in public meetings or in parliament, where the minds of the auditors are swayed hither and thither by the breath of genius and eloquence. So God handles us men after our own nature, and places His Holy Spirit as the inspiring and guiding influence without whom no eloquence, no attention, no learning can avail aught.[1]

"In like manner the outward ceremonies of religion, the details of place,[2] time, manner of speaking, gesture, dress, and whatever else may belong to the visible expression of religious service, are all drawn from the workshop of Nature. The one comprehensive rule for these matters is that all things be done decently and in order, as with servants to the manner born, without any taint of illegitimate[3] or foreign superstition, or wonder-working properties that are unwarrantable.

"There are certain religious rules, instituted by God, beyond the order of Nature. These are used symbolically,

[1] These observations strike me as very characteristic. Do we not here perceive those early opinions and religious views of him who in later life logically developed them into a semi-Quakerism and a devout dependence on the indwelling Spirit?

[2] *Paradise Lost*, xi. 836.

[3] *Adulterinus* is the word used, a rather uncommon one, which Milton uses once certainly, and most likely twice, the copyist of the *De Doctrina Christiana* putting *adulterio* as the more common word. Cf. Bohn's ed., iv. 230, n. 7.

and are pointed out to us by God as a very blessed means of strengthening our faith. Since, however, this great virtue they have altogether depends on their being divinely instituted, all such Sacraments must not be accepted without clear Divine prescription. Christians have two Sacraments which seem even more important than any Mosaic rites, for these latter were only weak and beggarly[1] elements, obscurely pointing to the Messiah that should come; the others announce Him already come, and point to yet a second coming.

"Yea, even in Paradise God instituted two sacraments, as signs of the first covenant, to which those of the second covenant in some respects correspond. For Baptism absolves from the sin consequent on taking food from the forbidden tree, and the Lord's Supper is that sustenance of the saints of which "he that eateth shall live forever."[2]

"From what I have said it follows that to be partakers of the Sacraments requires a well-defined faith of one's own.[3] But we must always carefully examine for ourselves whether any religious practice is expressly and clearly of Divine institution, for sometimes modifications and additional circumstances are adopted which do not seem consonant with the original institution.

"This is the case with our day of sacred rest, which

[1] Lat. *imbecilla et inopia.* Author's own translation of Gal. iv. 9 (Miltonic).

[2] *Coena Domini est sanctorum vitalis alimonia.* A beautiful expression, and by reason of *vitalis* certainly better than the phrase sometimes used in church "O Manna of the Saints!" for, as Milton himself says of the heavenly and spiritual Bread in the Sacrament, it is "heavenly in a higher sense than manna itself" (*De Doctrina Christiana*, iv. 414, Bohn's ed.).

[3] Hence we must infer that our author was an Anti-Paedobaptist. But so was Milton by strong conviction. Cf. *De Doctrina Christiana*, xxviii. 405-9, and also *Paradise Lost*, xii. 441. Surely this is strongly in favour of my hypothesis, for such heretics or sectaries were by no means numerous in England at this period, and were never important for their culture or position. They were bitterly persecuted, the last execution for heresy by burning being that of a Baptist, Edward Wightman, in 1612. The opinion is stated with the usual reserve in the text.

should be separated from mundane business as far as the necessities of life allow it. On the other days of the week there should be no abstention from worldly affairs, but people should live in such a way as easily to pass from secular to sacred, and *vice versâ*. That man is best able to carry this out who puts God first in both divisions, and makes Him the Ruler and Inspector of his whole life.[1]

"Many prudent and sober-minded men, urged on by a natural selfishness, make everything subservient to their own wishes, and, so long as they steer clear of worldly dishonour, do not mind about God's dishonour. But in truth, whatever draws us away from Him is a sin, and an act of dishonour to Him ; nor can we be surprised that such defaulters, caught in the meshes of their own desires, have the greatest difficulty in regaining true communion with Him. Now, that man who looks to God in everything, and depends on Him alone, whatsoever he may be called to do, he obeys with a placid, uncomplaining mind.

"On the other hand, there are some who are too scrupulous, and, to the detriment of true religion, neglect the common duties of life, and ruin their whole estate. But religion is meant for the whole man, body as well as soul, and is always a reasonable service, while such people are generally unreasonable and unserviceable. In their profession of holiness, which is their chief study, they show themselves curious triflers and prone to new-fangled doctrines, preferring the flowers of theology to the fruits. May you, my young friends, avoid both extremes!"

Here Joseph exclaimed: "That is excellent advice, for often youthful converts, in endeavouring to avoid the scandals of their past career, fall into such snares as you describe."

"Yes," said Apollos, "and some who are old converts,

[1] One cannot help thinking here of the fine sonnet Milton composed when twenty-three, and its last line :

> As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

of long standing, getting tired of the good old beaten path, strike out a new one for themselves. Desirous of being wiser than the ordinary Christian, they become puffed up in their own conceits, but, lacking prudence, brotherly love, and the real helps to good Christian feeling, they fall rather than rise. Others, without any religious foundation, start off with showy but foolish theories, and sometimes with the maddest fancies. They gain followers by the novelty of the thing at first, and sometimes by a certain high doctrine[1] suited to excite certain natures. Sects are formed, and such men become their leaders, and their chief raging and ranting is against the grave and serious-minded Christian.

"These men are often most abandoned rogues, whose gross sin God often brings to light, or permits them by their excesses to be sucked down into the seething whirlpool of lust. Some others of them have been in truth sober-minded men of good natural gifts, and by what craft or delusion they have come to adhere to such vain opinions I know not; anyhow, they seem equally mad zealots as the rest, and their reputation helps to make fresh disciples. In their spiritual pride they imagine themselves to be the only perfect ones, and reject all wise advice with contempt; even the holiest of men, if he should depart but one hair's breadth from their foolish practices and teaching, is of no account in their eyes, so one cannot either pity them or cure them. The only cure for such extravagances is to exercise a Christian moderation in our views and habits, not to think of ourselves as wise beyond what we ought to think; and if we think ourselves the special objects of God's favour, let us on that very account show our humility and reverence all the more. But besides being cautious about ourselves, we must be on our guard against supposing any man, since the time of the Apostles, to be free from

[1] Referring most likely to the Ranters of those days. The best account I know of this odious sect is in *The Lost Sheep Found*, by L. Claxton (1660), a very rare book (*penes me*). It is not in the British Museum or Bodleian.

error or infallible. It will not be enough for us simply to defend ourselves against the evil-minded men and the hypocrites we may meet; we must take precautions in the matter of some good and honest-living peoplė as well, especially if we are brought under their influence—I mean such as dazzle the eyes of others by the glare of their superior sanctity, and lead them captive at will, and, which is their worst feature, arrogantly claim for themselves as their due the honours and services which they expect to be offered to their holy persons.[1]

"Lastly, as to the oracles of God which we call the Bible. Let us not be ever trying to soar to their heights or probe into their depths; they are both beyond our ken. Let us rather dwell upon the obvious and well-worn truths it contains, for that will do us more real good, though it may not be so pleasing to our self-conceit nor so conducive to our worldly fame. This is a very common mistake nowadays. Men who cannot keep to the path of sound doctrine and the analogy of faith rashly take up some strange, high-sounding tenet, dwell deeply upon it as something that God wills, and then bring into practice some new form of worship, which they proceed to defend by their own selected texts; and as for their adversaries' texts, they will have none of them. Every syllable and letter of God's Word which they can turn in their favour they hunt out with the zeal of a critic, especially those passages where texts taken separately without their context can be shown to be on their side, although the whole tenour of the passage is against them; this last, of course, they craftily conceal.

"God in His Word utters many things after the manner of men, even sometimes of uninformed men, and many things are expressed with a rhetorical fulness. As for the jots and tittles of the text, and the obscure conjectures indulged in by many, it would be far preferable to affirm nothing except on most sure grounds. It is not for us to lay down the law about God's will, nor yet

[1] Milton and the bishops! A very reserved reference, as usual.

in sloth and fear to cease to search for it. Our part is with sober reasonableness to gather together a genuine collection of all those texts and passages of Scripture which wholly and directly apply to the doctrine of Christian truth and the practice of the Christian virtues.[1] If we hold to such a sacred and golden clue, we shall not miss our way; but if once we lose hold of that Divine guide, we shall wander about hither and thither in the devious labyrinth of our own opinions.

"Minds of a perfervid and vehement cast of thought are apt to fall into that show of sanctity mentioned above. They do not first consider with themselves whether it is right or expedient, nor do they perceive how corrupt and hurtful a crime is committed against humanity by their claiming the right of civil power to condemn in spiritual matters.[2] God allows the tares and the wheat to grow together, and not without lofty disdain leaves them to the final judgment; but these men know not how to tolerate others, or even to pass them over in disdain; nay (and this is their worst crime), they often seek by hellish devices to render aid (as they think) to Heaven. They allow violence and fraud and lying calumnies to be most righteous acts if only they be done for the sake of religion.[3] Such procedure must ruin the best of causes, and all the while they forget that obedience is what God most of all requires. Some of them are incessantly engaged in religious services, which is more than our nature was intended to bear, and encroaches on the work which is our portion here below. These forget that most indulgent command, 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.'[4] Others allied to them, by a perverted belief, go beyond the commands of God, just as the Stoics overstepped the laws of Nature, and are obstinately pre-

[1] This is exactly what Milton did, and he was occupied with this work more or less throughout his whole later life. The result was his posthumous *De Doctrina Christiana*, and he makes the same two-fold division in it.

[2] Laud and the bishops again.

[3] The Jesuits are, I think, aimed at here, and their casuistry.

[4] Matt. ix. 13; Hosea vi. 6.

pared to suffer any injustice rather than resist; for they think it the mark of a good Christian to look to God above for righteous vengeance, and will not use the means God has endowed them with for that purpose.

"Many, too, do not rightly distinguish in the ceremonials of worship those which have been introduced on emergencies, or rose from the needs of time and place long ago, from custom, from the rule of decent order. They consider them all of equal and the highest authority; they will not accept the view that they are merely aids to devotion, but go so far as to hold them of equal authority with the Mosaic rites, which were expressly given by God. This is to fall back into superstition.

"Not only this, but they undertake to perform miracles, in imitation of those special graces and gifts[1] which were bestowed on the faithful in the primitive times. If these deceptions are not a success, they have recourse to prophetical ecstasies and such-like practices, in which they often deceive themselves, being unable to distinguish between the work of the Holy Spirit on the minds of the faithful, guiding them into true obedience, and the mad impieties of their ecstatic visionaries. Thus they often fall into disgusting wickedness, and more often still into foolish errors.

"The last and worst of all are they who annul, or at least make void, the law of God, and, professing to have received the grace of Christ, they so extend it as to cover and excuse their own wicked excesses. They are men of lustful nature, as a rule, troubled with a pricking conscience to begin with, and to keep this easy and quiet they have evolved for themselves this most outrageous opinion, and hold themselves free to enjoy every fruit of wickedness and to enjoy God's favour at the same time.[2] The whitewashed sanctity of such persons draws many to their side who lack penitence; but nothing

[1] Lat. *Virtutes coelitus dispensatae.* He means the *χαρίσματα*.

[2] The Antinomians, the Ranters, and similar sectaries. Some of these were influential in the army, such as Colonel Rainsborough and others.

disgusts sensible people more than when these pillars of Divine truth break down under the wicked folly they try to sustain. Some are so cunning that, were it possible, they would deceive the very elect, whence it can be seen how doubtful and difficult a thing it is to hold a straight and even course in religion, where there are so many rocks and stumbling-blocks designedly placed in our way by malignant sophists, and so many quicksands to swallow us up if we do not take care. In fact, no one can with safety attain unto the end except under the governing impulse of the Spirit of God."

The discourse being ended, Joseph first, and then the others, tendered their thanks for it, saying how much more was due to those who brought salvation to the soul than to those who helped their health or their prospects in life by advice which was paid for, and that he possessed the most abundant treasure who could dispense these insuperable benefits and lose nothing himself; and they hinted pretty plainly that his good things had not been wasted upon them.

CHAPTER VIII

LOVE AND MARRIAGE—CHOICE, PROPOSAL, AND ACCEPTANCE

IN the mean time, Angelus was settling the affair he came about, which was, in brief, to arrange suitable laws to hold good for the merchants of both countries. Jacob proposed the desired measures, and they were passed readily, as being for mutual advantage.

His business over, he was talking one day, just before he was leaving, to his sons about their travels, and about Jacob's family, and the story of their love came out almost by chance.

"Yes," said Politian, "and it was just this grievous mistake that brought us, by God's better direction, to a saving knowledge of the truth. We have obtained pardon for ourselves, and now we ask for your forgiveness as well."

Their father, who was vexed to hear what had happened, rebuked them gravely thus:

"You know I have always inveighed against the clandestine amours of youth. They are wont to cause great disturbances in families, and have been the occasion of secret marriages, rapes, and even murder. Now, since marriage is, in a way, the granting of freedom to one's children, and the sending them forth into a new colony or home, it not only requires the consent of the parents, but, before that, it requires that they should be consulted. For they are interested in it as much almost as any one—sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, grandsons, are all matters for their consideration; then there is the dowry, the

patrimony, and the settlements. Certainly it can scarcely be expected that God will approve of that marriage of which the parents disapprove; or can we hope for a happy family life with such an unnatural and perverse beginning?

"I am not one of those stern, unbending fathers who maintain their personal views as to money and good connections in preference to the wishes and convenience of their children; but even suppose I had been most difficult to reckon with, it would have been better for you to have consulted your other friends, or the public officials who are appointed for the purpose, and in this way you would have had some vicarious authority to defend the hot follies of youth."

Here Eugenius interposed with the remark that he had once thought of doing so, but that now, with his late experience, he had different views.

Angelus, when they had gone, began to turn over the marriages in his mind, for the lads' candour had favourably impressed him. The young girls were excellent in all points, their family and fortune both good, and, on the whole, he was more inclined to think they would be too well off, if anything.

The next time he met Jacob he delicately brought up the subject with his very old friend, excusing somewhat the lads' presumptuous ardour, but questioning whether Providence might not turn matters to their mutual benefit. Jacob received his remarks very pleasantly, saying he had noticed something of the kind before, and asked time for a little consideration. So he took counsel with Apollos and Joseph, and as one spoke favourably of their means, and the other of their good qualities, he willingly accepted the young men as suitors, and not long after he went to see Angelus in order to make final arrangements. They settled the dowry and patrimony between themselves, and left the other matters to their children.

"Now," said Jacob, "we will hallow the memory of Adrian in Politian, and our own friendship in Eugenius."

Angelus, pleased at the happy result, sent for the

young men, and told them all. The spark of love had been all the while smouldering in their breasts, and now the thought of a free and lawful union raised it into flame, and their father's words seemed like rays of heavenly light breaking through their former gloom. They stood confused, as not able to realise such an answer to their aspirations, until the question came, "Are you willing?"

"Yes," said they; "we have given up all our former unbecoming feelings, but there still remains a sense of true love, and we would satisfy it in lawful wedlock."

"Now, therefore," replied Angelus, "you have the best possible chance, and, what is more, I should like to show you what an important matter matrimony is, much more so than the common, everyday incidents of life; for the greatest part of a man's life depends upon it, and many future generations. In this weighty business, if you make a mistake, you must abide by it,[1] and it brings with it a new life, new cares, and new counsels. And here is another special feature in matrimony on the man's side—viz. that while his own personality is born with him, and cannot be much improved by his own attempts, nor has he the right of choosing or refusing it, in courtship it is his alone to choose his other half, his second self, and to graft upon it at his own sweet will. Oh, what judgment, what consideration is needed here! Some of both sexes are of such even and simple temperaments that they fit each other as well and closely as two straight-cut planks. Others, again, are very uneven, through excess or defect of certain qualities; these are best mated with their opposites, and fit most easily in that way, as convex does with concave. Those to whom marriage brings the most happiness are the faithful, sober-minded, unbigoted couples. Those who are remarkably handsome or quick-witted, or especially able in any line of life, are not likely

[1] Angelus is speaking as an ordinary Englishman accepting the common view of indissoluble marriage. The Miltonic view of divorce is nowhere brought forward in *Nova Solyma*—it would have revealed the author at once; and, besides this, the book was written in Milton's bachelor days.

to have such pleasant experiences, and even less likely are the effeminate and uxorious.

"Civil discords are bitter enough, family ones are still worse; but the most bitter of all are the quarrels of man and wife. However, if they come about, they can be made less by care and patience, for he would be a fool or a madman to let simple disagreement of temper separate him from her who in all else is associated with him as a helpmate.

"Family life differs from celibacy just as much as public life differs from private life. The origin of kingly power is to be sought for in the patriarchal family life; and even nowadays single families are like so many provinces of an empire, each governed by its own *paterfamilias*, who rules in accordance with imperial policy. It is strictly a monarchy: one presides over the many, one is the ruling counsellor, and one provides the means—surely a noble and admirable arrangement.[1]

"Nor do I think a magnanimous man would hunt for an heiress rather than look for a suitably portioned bride, nor, if he captured an heiress, is he therefore to be considered so fortunate, for it is a husband's privilege to protect, cherish, and support his wife."

With this advice, he left the matter for their consideration.

Having thus obtained their father's consent, and arranged between themselves which sister they should each choose, they went to Jacob and told their love. Politian

[1] This was Milton's strong opinion. "What an injury is it after wedlock . . . to be contended with in point of house rule who shall be head! 'I suffer not,' saith St. Paul, 'the women to usurp authority over the man.' If the Apostle would not suffer it, unto what mould is he mortified that can?" (*Doctrine of Divorce*, iii. 247). Cf. *Tetrachordon*, iii. 324, 325, *Paradise Lost*, x. 46, etc., and especially:

> Therefore God's universal law
> Gave to the man despotic power
> Over his female in due awe,
> Nor from that right to part an hour,
> Smile she or lour.
>
> (*Samson Agonistes*, 1,054, etc.)

asked for Anna, and Eugenius for Joanna, as their respective brides.

The sisters were all this time quite unaware of what was being arranged;[1] but what with their father's advice and their brother's persuasion, and the delicate and loving attention of the two really very good-looking young men, they were not long in yielding consent. They soon began to feel Love's ardent passion themselves, and burned with mutual fires.

[1] This is indeed extremely Oriental and Hebraic; we should hardly expect such an arrangement in an ideal city from any Englishman besides Milton, who was in many things a Hebrew of the Hebrews. Whether this odd way of making love prevails in our large Jewish colonies in London and our commercial towns, I know not: I should be inclined to doubt it; but it is a firm tradition of their race. As a great authority says: "It is the habit of all Jewish maidens, even if they be as much as twenty years old, to leave the arrangement of their marriage in the hands of their fathers; nor are they indelicate or impudent enough to express their own fancies, and to say, 'I would like to wed such and such a one'" (Israel Abrahams: *Jewish Life in the Middle Ages*, 1891, p. 166.).

CHAPTER IX

JOSEPH'S DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

BUT a new and unexpected calamity now occurred which tended to unsettle very much their great general happiness. Joseph had appeared very restless and sick at heart, and for some days would pace up and down as if burdened by troublous thoughts, and sought solitude and silence in a way very unusual with him. One day he quite broke down, and Apollos, who happened to be near at the time, went up to him and anxiously asked him the cause of his evident trouble. It was a long time before he would reply; but at last, in an access of grief, he cried out: "God, even my God, has forsaken me! Oh! why ask my sorrow?" and then again he fell to weeping and groaning. Apollos stood speechless with wonder, trying to realise what this strange affection could be, while Joseph thus continued his mournful lament:

"Oh, woe is me! I seemed but now to live the envied life of communion with God and fellowship with His abiding Spirit. What heavenly pleasures I enjoyed, what lifting up of mind and heart, when the light of God's presence shone upon me, and He gave me to drink of the cup of His glory! Alas! like dreams have they vanished all, and oh, the loss of them! None can tell that save he who once has know their fulness. Oh! Apollos, there can be no sorrow like this sorrow; there is nought I would not gladly endure, if only I could be again as once I was. But now God's wrath unveils itself deep to me, and His avenging arm doth threaten me, and His sword doth pierce through my inmost parts.[1]

[1] Heb. iv. 12.

My doom of toil is fixed for ever, nor can I see anywhere either salvation or a Saviour. Where is the fulfilment of the exceeding great and precious promises? where is His promised mercy? where is that redemption so special and so glorious? and where the vanished hope of the heavenly kingdom? All is to me now only as a tale that has been told, and when I go to it for needful help, I find no true power in it."[1]

"Stay," said Apollos, checking him. "It is you who are the one to be blamed, in that you blot out and destroy by one fell stroke the work of so many prayers and labours and tears, and are trying to bring down in common ruin with you the universal graces and hopes of all the saints of God. Nay, you spare not to charge God Himself and His Christ. You ought rather to make inquisition of yourself whether it may not be the more your failing of faith than any change of purpose in God. God may hide Himself for a little time, but He is of a surety not far off from that man who earnestly seeks Him. And so, I say, renew your faith, and take it up again as a sevenfold shield against every foe. Especially in the hour of darkness and conflict throw it not away, but fight securely beneath its protection, and by it you shall conquer triumphantly. Now we must endure the fight gladly,

[1] Oliver Cromwell seems to have gone through a similar internal conflict, and to have been haunted and tormented by such-like "obstinate questionings," in that period of his life between the years 1628 and 1636. And Bunyan tells us that for a long time he was "in a forlorn and sad condition," afflicted and disquieted by doubts. "How can you tell if you are elected? How if the day of grace be past and gone?" said the inner voices. "My thoughts," he says, "were like masterless hell-hounds; my soul like a broken vessel, driven as with the winds, and tossed sometimes headlong into despair" (Quoted by Firth in his *Oliver Cromwell*, London, 1900, pp. 38, 39). I think most earnest Puritans felt that they *ought* to have an experience of this kind at some time or other of their life; it was considered almost a necessary part of the great scheme of their salvation under God's grace. The feeling seems still to exist, if we may judge from the kind of "experiences" that young ministers so often give before their ordaining elders and brethren.

hoping for the glorious issue in God's own time. For this great virtue of faith hath in it somewhat of the infinite and the unconquerable, by which it is able to cut the Gordian knots of intellectual difficulties, and to hold itself above all the calumnies of its enemies. Add to your faith constant prayer; wrestle with God, if He seem angry, with the most humble outpouring of your heart and voice; wrestle, and you shall prevail."

With a further outburst of grief Joseph replied: "I remember well when these were all in all; but now the power and will have left, my wretched self, bereft of God, can neither lift up itself to Him nor seek Him, and when I try I am more inert than a stone. My misdeeds rise up and live again, and my foul passions, which I long despised and thought to be dead and buried, now attack me with renewed vigour, and oppress me in my weary, helpless state with irresistible force. What can I avail without a remedy or a helper against such legions of devils? I seem to feel that repentance and faith are alike in vain."[1]

"But remember," replied Apollos, "that you are still in the land of the living, and that many precious hours, golden opportunities, are still left to you; why waste them in idle grief? The shipwrecked sailor fears not to put to sea again, and keeps a stricter watch; so do thou commit thyself once more to the fathomless depths of God's counsel. Heed not that which doth beset thee now, and give ear to the words of a friend and counsellor.

"This is no time for querulous delay, for a Fabian policy of sitting still. First ask yourself scrupulously the cause of such a change in you, whether it be any sin or fault, a weariness in your communing with God, a false security, a neglect of worship, or some other mark of a wanton nature."

[1] Here is vividly depicted that strange religious experience in which the soul passes at times from the height of ecstasy to an abyss of gloom. This state of mind is known to mystical writers as "the dark night of the soul." St. John of the Cross has a great deal to say about it.

"Your advice is most excellent; indeed," said Joseph, "I have already followed it myself in one respect, and my conscience has answered me, accusing me of a craving for excessive personal holiness, and for a due recognition of it among my fellow-men, and for being secretly displeased with God, because He had not brought it to pass."[1]

"Well," said Apollos, pleasantly surprised, "that is a good fault, and in part most praiseworthy. What can be better than our earnest desire for righteousness? What can be more lawful than to ask God for it through the merits of Christ, and to hold to His promises? But of course it is a sin if you seek it more for your own glorification than for the glory of God."

"I know," returned Joseph, "we ought to seek and strive after the most excellent gifts of the Spirit, but it must be done with humility and patience, as beggars and suppliants. Christ Himself only gives by measure even to His elect members, and so He refused those who sought to sit at the right and left of His throne of glory. We must not of ourselves faint or fail in the search—that were indeed a self-condemnation; and if God seems to withhold Himself from working with us, we must still acknowledge His just will and gracious pleasure. To yield to sin is of course the worst that can happen, but still it is permissible even then to confess our human frailty as well as our shame, and they who with a right humility do so confess are not altogether without goodness towards God; nay, more, this sober submission is much more akin to true repentance than is a proud and furious onslaught on all evil. But I have learnt this view only now, and meanwhile I am deservedly shut out from that grace of God on which I laid such sacrilegious hands."

"In that case," said Apollos, "since you know your sin, bewail it and guard against it. When the barrier is removed, grace will flow in a richer and more kindly stream."

[1] Possibly Milton's own case in early youth, and the very way in which Young, his tutor (Apollos), met his pupil's confession.

There was some further discourse, and at times Apollos prayed with him; but it was of no avail: it did not seem that God would yet graciously visit him, or dispel the darkness of his soul by the pleasant light of His abiding favour.

Politian and Eugenius were often allowed to visit him, and were much disturbed at such an unforeseen event. They could not understand it. Was this the result of such a blameless life? Could this be he who had been a spiritual comfort and help to so many in their troubles? Why are his own specifics so useless for his own case?

Apollos, noticing their dismay, took them out of Joseph's hearing, and thus explained:

"My sons, this is God's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes; but He often acts by opposites, and things are not what they seem. God here wishes to put before our eyes the vanity of all things in themselves, yea, even of faith, in order to show us that its virtue altogether depends on Him who gave it, not on any intrinsic quality of its own. It is the trusting in the Author and Finisher of our faith alone which will give us sure hope, and victory too, amid the greatest dangers. Wherefore God puts His most valiant soldiers to this great test, to subdue their spiritual pride, and to fill them, as vessels newly cleansed, with a fuller grace and a deeper love. I have no doubt about the issue of this trial, and do you await it with patience. Meanwhile, let us neither prejudge nor blame."

When they separated, Eugenius, feeling troubled in his thoughts as to the uncertainty of all things in this world, began to fix his mind on that awful day which shall show the certain final condition of all, and shall exhibit among the damned many whom we now call saints, and shall number with the blessed some whom now we all condemn; for then to each and every shall be apportioned their true place and order for ever.

Filled with these thoughts, he rapidly threw off some lines in which he introduces the Archangel calling forth

from their tombs the dead bodies of all mankind, and raising them to life by the trumpet-blast of God.[1]

[1] An unusual Latin metre is used here, for which see the Latin poems. The lines may be paraphrased thus:

Arise from your dark resting-places in Earth's wide bosom, and wheresoever else your ashes have been scattered, arise and come forth, one and all.

From the funeral pyre, from the mortuary urn, from the depths of the sea, and from the bowels of its fishes, yea, from the bodies of cannibals, come.

And let bone be joined to bone and flesh to flesh, as God did once fashion them.

Come, too, and join the universal throng, ye blessed spirits which through the courts of Heaven do fly;

And ye also come who are in exile far within the barriers of the infernal dungeon shut.

O ye mortals, who shall henceforth die no more, hear now in your tombs the trumpet's dreadful blast,

And hear the voice of God that calls you from the dead;

Come forth and stand, both small and great, before the judgment-seat of Christ.

All must appear,
From that primeval father of the race,
Who dared to pluck of the forbidden tree,
To his last offspring, doomed liked him to die.
All must appear;
All shall according to their needs be judged.

Shall a man have mocked God? Then shall the Lord have him in derision on this day.

Shall a poor sinner have wept bitter tears and cried for mercy in that his day? Now shall he joyfully see how good God is in His day to those who have called upon Him.

The tyrant shall not be able now to wield his sceptre, nor to oppress the poor and helpless; each shall have his due rendered to him, and where he is placed, there shall he remain.

And One shall reign over all, even He whom the world knew not; and He shall reign till time shall be no more.

CHAPTER X

JOSEPH'S ECSTATIC VISIONS

NOT many days after they happened to call upon Joseph when he was lying in bed, and so intently occupied in prayer that their entrance did not disturb him at all, nor did he even move his upcast eyes to notice them. Then did they hear him thus wrestle with God:

"O my God, before Thou dost execute Thy judgment, and condemn me to death, let me put in my plea before Thee. What is it that Thou, I ask, canst so much desire in respect of me? Is it victory, or praise, or advantage that Thou canst want? Behold me at Thy feet, an abject, conquered suppliant, and if it be to Thy liking I offer my throat to Thy avenging sword. Thou hast the power and the right; I do not dispute Thy just will—I rather admire and praise; and shouldst Thou plunge me into the nethermost Hell, even there I should have this solace at least, that my utter misery would be for Thy glory.[1] But consider, I pray Thee, whether it is as much in accordance with Thy state and dignity to strike down a puny mortal already in abject submission at Thy feet, and to slay a wretch almost at his last gasp, when Thy infinite vengeance can in no way be satisfied with such punishments, even if supplemented by the undying pains of Hell. Does this, I ask, as much become Thee as a free pardon, and the loving-kindness in which Thou takest pleasure, accepting the ransom paid for me by Thy dear Son? And if this offence be a pardonable one, and still under Thy averted

[1] Here, in its most pleasing aspect, is that terrible dogma of Puritanism which is fortunately now nearly a dead letter.

countenance there is the unruffled love of a heavenly Father, why dost Thou keep me in this sterile and dead state? What can it profit Thee? What pleasure or fruit can arise from it to Thee? I speak not of my own solace, and the joys whereof I might partake with Thee—joys I would not change for all the kingdoms of the world."

Here his voice somewhat failed, as if choked by the rapid, burning thoughts and wild strivings of a rising faith, and he lay a-thinking for a time in deep silence. Presently, scarce master of himself for joy, he cried out:

"He comes! He draws near! He is present with me! even He whom I have so long craved for; and He has brought into my poor, dark soul the clear light and glory of Heaven. Now do I see Thee and feel Thee, O my Saviour; now does my soul fly to Thy embrace.

"Oh, the wonder of it, that I, so nearly lost, should be overwhelmed with this flood of joy! Oh, the amazing power of Divine love! who could have believed it? How vain and foolish are the praises that men sing of earthly love!—*that* is but the union of mortal bodies; this is the utter absorption of the soul and spirit. My Brother, my Spouse, my Lord, and my God, the light of the Infinite Glory shines in Thy face, and every grace is present there.[1] Who, for Love's sake, ever went through labours

[1] One interesting and new fact that I think we may learn from this and several other passages of *Nova Solyma* is this. Milton was occasionally caught up to Heaven—the Heaven of spiritual ecstasy, I mean. Be it remembered I speak here only τοῖς συνετοῖσι; others will misunderstand the allusions. Milton seems to be one of those few favoured mortals to whom has been on some occasions vouchsafed the "Vision of Adonai." Milton was a born poet and a born Platonist, and so a good subject for the manifestations which seem to lift us out of the body.

Plotinus and Porphyry, and possibly others of the Neo-Platonic school, enjoyed the great manifestation, but have left no detailed account; and there are but allusions in *Nova Solyma*, but they are sufficiently clear, and bear the stamp of undesigned genuineness.

The great prophets of Israel—Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel—and the Apostles of the later Israel of the New Covenant—Peter and Paul and John the Divine—were favoured mortals to whom it had been given to pierce through the obscuring veil of our grosser material nature,

and sorrows like Thine? O inestimable and infinite gift of God, Thou bringest with Thee all things, earth and Heaven and immortality, and the great God who made them all. Oh for that happy festal day when this dull, earthly clod shall wake from its long sleep of death and rest in Thee, O God! Then shall I be clothed upon with a form and power that is of Heaven, when no longer,

and to see—not God indeed, for none could see Him and live—but the glory of God and the brightness of His light. Many of the ecstatic saints, men and women alike, were partakers of these favours, and Socrates, Pascal, and Swedenborg must be numbered with them also. I am no member of the New Jerusalem Church of Emmanuel Swedenborg, but I do wholly agree with one saying of that learned and high-minded seer when speaking of such experiences. "The world is not worthy of them," he said; or rather, for his lips were not attuned to English speech, what he really said was, "De vurld ist nod vurdy of dem"; but Truth is sacred under the most grotesque mask, and we admire both the man and his communication.

The names given to the great manifestation are various—"the Vision of Illumination," "the Vision of the Ocean of Light," "the Vision of Adonai," and other names such as men's failing and unequal tongues have chanced to use when speaking of it.

In very recent times three "adepts" have given to the world fuller details of this "Vision of Adonai"—two in prose and one in daring verse. As the literature on this subject is not much known or read, I may be pardoned if I give some short extracts and point out where the accounts may be found by those who care to know ("Respiro": *The Brotherhood of the New Life*, V. ii. 62, 63, 70, etc.).

What happens to the favoured "subject" is somewhat as follows

"Under the impulsion of the mighty enthusiasm engendered in him of the Spirit, the constituent molecules of his system become more and more completely polarised towards their Divine centre, . . . and soon he passes the cherubim, the guardians from without of the celestial, and enters within the veil of the Holy of Holies. Here he finds himself amid a company innumerable of beings, each manifestly Divine, for they are the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the hierarchy of the 'heavens.' Pressing on through these towards the centre he next finds himself in presence of a light so intolerable in its lustre, as wellnigh to beat him back from farther quest. And of those who reach thus far, many venture no farther, but, appalled, retire. . . .

"Enshrined in this light is a Form radiant and glorious beyond all power of expression. For it is 'made of the substance of Light. This is the Lord Adonai."

There is much more revealed, not directly to the present purpose,

as now, shall it weigh down the soul with its gross impurities, but, being equally cleansed and redeemed, it shall be a helpmeet for the soul, free from earthly bonds and sensual longings. In such a fit and glorious vesture shall the mind of man, pure and unshackled, be able to flit as a bird at its own sweet will through all the spacious courts of Heaven, and each glorified saint shall give forth,

by this modern seer, who was an educated lady, and has only lately died.

Another favoured modern seer, a man this time, thus describes his vision:

"I found myself confronted with a glory of unspeakable whiteness and brightness, and of a lustre so intense as wellnigh to beat me back. . . . I knew it to be the 'Great White Throne' of the seer of the Apocalypse," etc.

The third and last seer, a poet, and still alive, had the vision several times, and it is variously described in prose and verse by him in different voluminous works. I will give a short specimen in verse:

> Up, like an eagle to the sun,
> My spirit rises to God's throne.
> I think of God! My thought becomes a zone
> Of sevenfold light. All-glorious, throned therein,
> Shine pictures of immortal Seraphim.
> . . . .
> My spirit rises to a spirit-sphere
> Whose crystal floor is interfused with fire;
> Immortal harpers gloriously appear,
> Each calling music from a heart-shaped lyre,
> All circling round a shrine
> Filled with ineffable light from One Divine.
> Out from the shrine come thunderings and voices,
> Whereat the angel-host as one rejoices.
> . . . .
> A sevenfold shaft of elemental light
> Flows downward from the face of Deity;
> Earth feels the spirit of the Infinite,
> I view the darkness fade from land and sea.

Of these three modern ecstatical seers, the first (the lady) saw the Vision of Adonai twice, the second once, and the third (the living poet-seer) absolutely beheld it nine times in thirteen years. I know I am treading on delicate ground. I know that "inextinguishable laughter" is the frequent accompaniment of such occult recitals; but I would submit that such psychical effects, though most rare, "do happen"—that possibly Milton had his hidden experiences; and I would further submit that although the evidence is not ripe enough for a verdict, yet that doctors and scientists are the most likely men to arrive at some solution of the mystery—*not* the theologians.

as doth a lantern, his own inner light. For all shall be illumined from the Fountain of Light, even as the eye is by the sun, and all shall enter into the very joy of their Lord, for His joy shall be theirs.

"Oh, joy that knows no ending, so perfect, pure, and clear!—yes, pure and clear then, for all sediments and dregs of earthly pleasures will have been drained away. And oh, the heavenly banquet, what, too, must that be like—begun at so great a cost, even the pulling down of the whole realm of Nature![1] What good things must God have in store for such guests!

"Ah! now I seem to see that last great day, and all the pomp of majesty. Accompanied by myriads of angels, my Friend, who is also my Spouse, goes forth from His palace, both in mien and vesture a King of kings. Before the throne are assembled all the tribes of the earth of every age and race. On one side there is the far greater number, and among them tyrants and great men cowering in their fear; on the other side there are the saints shouting for joy, and yet wondering that their simple faith has exalted them to such a great reward. I see the damned hurled, together with their tormentors, into the flames of the burning world, and then the whole great army of angels and saints pass in triumph through the gate of Heaven. And in their midst they have with them their Leader and their King, and as they bring Him back in joy, thus do they shout and sing: 'Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise in the congregation of saints. Let Israel rejoice in Him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King,'" etc.[2] (Psalm cxlix. to end).

[1] The palace made for man, as before stated more than once.

[2] It was one of the ancient songs of Zion that Joseph seemed to hear in his ecstasy. It was Psalm cxlix., and according to the historical conscience he should have heard it in Hebrew. However, our text, of course, gives it in Latin, and a very fine and singular Latin lyric it is, consisting of a glyconic, an asclepiad, and an hexameter in the order named. This metre seems to have been an invention of our author, for I cannot find any other examples. But of this there can be no doubt—the metre and the psalm are most effectively chosen.

eſt illud apparari convivium, quod inchoabitur tot rerum diſpendio & univerſæ naturæ exitio? Videre viſus ſum cœleſtem pompam, & ſupremi judicii diem, cum ille amicus & ſponſus meus prodibit e cœli palatio, regiâ fronte, regio cultu conſpicuus, ac mille millibus Angelorum ſtipatus: tum univerſa mortalium ſecula, & omnium populorum greges coram ſolio conſiſtentium: iſtinc multo maximam multitudinem; & in iis, tyrannos ac principes viros, ſtupentes ac pavitantes metu: hinc exultantes pios, & humilitatem ſuæ fidei mirantes tam ingentibus præmiis in immenſum attolli. Video judicatas, & damnatas gentes ſimul in ſui orbis incendium, cum infernis tortoribus, præcipitari; dum interea omnis ſanctorum militia, ſummi ætheris oſtium ingreſſa, triumphantem in medio Ducem cum ingenti plauſu & concentu reducat.

Laudemus Dominum Deum:
Laudemus Dominum cœtibus in ſacris;
Cantibus inſolitis, & multâ laude ſonandum.

Dilecti domus Iſaci
Autoris patrio numine gaudeat:
Plaudat ob æternum gens tota Sionia regem.

Hunc cantu celebrent chori,
Et clarum meritâ nomen adoreâ
Concordes citharæ, pulſataq; tympana tollant.

Illis nam pater optimus
Indulget, placidis pronus amoribus:
Atque humiles pulchris attollit in æthera donis.

Exultent

[*To face p.* 220.

While Joseph was pouring forth this flow of words, with a strange, ecstatic ardour of countenance and voice and with unwonted gestures, his visitors were standing by in silent wonder for a time. But soon the flame spread, and their spirits too were kindled and burned within them, and they were as men in a dream, hearing and seeing along with Joseph all that was being done at that last great tribunal of God.[1]

Soothed by this heavenly vision, and thoroughly worn out in body and mind by past excitement, Joseph now fell into a deep sleep, so deep, indeed, that they began to fear that it might be the sleep of death. However, he soon showed signs of life, and gradually revived and got better, till at length he was restored to more perfect health and vigour than even he had enjoyed before.

Who could sing *that* psalm with greater fervour on "that Great Day" than the children of Nova Solyma? "For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" Such a fine and singular metrical composition is one more addition to the cumulative proof of Miltonic authorship. It will compare favourably with the renderings by Buchanan and Johnston, which is no small praise. They indeed are past masters by general consent in their skill in clothing the rugged Hebrew with the softer garb of Latin elegiacs and lyrics; but Milton's ear for harmony is unrivalled even by these. This will be able to be further exemplified in parallel passages in the Appendix of the Latin poems of *Nova Solyma* (*Excursus* K).

This psalm was a great favourite with the warrior puritans, and is introduced here as a grand triumphal Paean when Joseph seems to hear in an ecstatic dream the song of the redeemed army of saints as they accompany their great Leader and Captain "through the gates into the city." It is a psalm, too, of great historical interest, for it was by its means that Caspar Scioppius, in his *Clarion of the Sacred War* (*Classicum Belli Sacri*), a work written, it has been said, not with ink, but with blood, roused and inflamed the Roman Catholic princes of Europe to the Thirty Years' War. It was by this also that Thomas Münzer fanned the flames of the War of the Peasants. It has the unalloyed Old Testament smiting vigour, such as possessed Judas Maccabaeus the Hammer, and the more modern Cromwell.

[1] Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
(*Il Penseroso*, 165.)

CHAPTER XI

ANNUAL ELECTION AT NOVA SOLYMA—NATIONAL HOLIDAY AND GRAND PAGEANT

NOT long afterwards the day drew near for the annual election of the magistrates for Zion. A general assembly was convened, and the result was that Jacob, by a very large majority of all ranks, was chosen to be the Father, or Chief, of the Senate, which is the highest honour in the city. Joseph was elected Leader, or Chief, of the young men,[1] and Joanna was chosen to be Daughter of Zion. Moreover, since the day fixed for the weddings was not far distant, and seeing the result of the elections, it was agreed to have the weddings on the same day as the great national holiday, this being a convenient day in every respect.

The annual celebration day was at the beginning of the third month, which they called Sivan. This year it was a glorious sunny day; all the elements were favourable—there were no troublesome, blustering winds, no unpleasant showers of rain; in fact, not a cloud dimmed the lustre of the sun or disturbed the liquid blue of the ethereal sky.[2]

[1] 1 Kings xii. 6-15.

[2] Lat. *liquidissimi aetheris faciem turbavit.*

> There I suck the liquid air.
>
> (*Comus*, 980.)

> And God made
> The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure
> Transparent elemental air.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, vii. 263.)

"The ethereal sky" also is a favourite expression with Milton in *Paradise Lost*. *Liquidum aether* is of course classical; cf. Virgil, *Aeneid*, vii. 65, etc.

By early morning all due preparations for the annual ceremonies had been made inside the great central temple, where the extensive courts had been suitably utilised and decorated. It was here that Jacob was instituted in his high office with all the accustomed formalities.

In the city, along the route of the procession, the walls were covered with tapestry hangings, and the doorposts with wreaths of flowers. Each doorstep and window and every roof was crowded with people who had come to enjoy the great sight.

When all was ready, there were sent forth from the temple twelve trumpeters, followed by as many heralds, all on horseback, riding two and two. The trumpeters were arrayed in blue jackets with silver stripes, and a cloak of similar pattern and texture; the heralds had long robes reaching to their feet, and military cloaks, severally embroidered with the ensigns of the twelve tribes. They took their position in the nearest roadway, and when the trumpeters had sounded a triple blast, the leader of the twelve heralds, whose cloak was ornamented both in front and on the back with the device of a gold lion on a scarlet ground, read in a loud voice this proclamation: "Blessed are the people who are as we are; blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God. Come ye all and behold. Rejoice with gladness and with prayer, that these blessings may be yours and your children's for ever."

To this message, gravely delivered, there was returned by the huge crowd a mighty shout of approval, and so the horsemen passed on along the streets, while there spread on all sides a deep silence of expectation until the procession should come in sight.[1]

[1] This pageant, which is so admirably described in clear and nervous Latin, is an episode of *Nova Solyma* far more Miltonic than would appear to the ordinary reader, and the reason is this. Nearly all the biographers of Milton have overlooked or disregarded an excellent suggestion which he offered to the authorities of the State at the beginning of his second book on Church Government. He submitted that they should refine "our high tides and solemn festivals," so as

First came a knight clad in armour, having on a breastplate of silver scales and a drawn sword in his hand. He was careering here and there on a spirited, pirouetting horse to clear the roadway for the procession, and to keep the people behind the erected barriers. It was our friend Alcimus, who had been elected Praefect of the Civic Guard, and behind him, drawn up in lines so as to cover the whole width of roadway, marched a hundred tall, well-built men with short, dark blue capes on their shoulders, stamped for distinction with the devices of silver angels. They had spears in their hands, tipped with the same metal, and from these ribbons of a gold-red colour streamed in the wind. Next followed the city militia marching in order, a good long line, and then Augentius, at the head of two hundred young boys of the best families, mounted on white ponies. The dress of the boys was of green

to render them instrumental to purposes of general improvement, and a way of conveying instruction to the public. This refinement was to have for its model the *panegyrics*, or festal conventions, of the famous days of Greece, which, Milton rightly argued, would cause much more healthy social good than the carrying out of the Book of Sports, or the allowance of unrestrained vulgar amusements among the lower classes.

Milton's words are as follows: "Because the Spirit of Man cannot demean itself lively in this body without some recreating intermission of labour and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth, if our Magistrates, as in those famous Governments of old, would take into their care . . . the managing of our public sports, and festival pastimes, that they might be, not such as were authorized a while since, the provocations of Drunkenness and Lust, but such as may inure and harden our bodies by martial exercises to all warlike skill and performance; and may civilize, adorn, and make discreet our minds by the learned and affable meeting of frequent Academies and the procurement of wise and artful recitations . . . that the call of Wisdom and Virtue may be heard everywhere, as Solomon saith, 'She crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, in the top of high places, in the chief concourse, and in the openings of the gates.' Whether this may be not only in Pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn Panegyrics, in theatres, porches, or what other place or way may win most upon the People to receive at once both Recreation and Instruction, let them in Authority consult."

Is it not pretty clear that the describer and inventor of the pageant

byssus, tunics with long sleeves all elaborately adorned with leaves and flowers in fine needlework, and in their right hands they carried a light javelin bedecked towards the point with fresh flowers. Accompanying these was a huge, lofty machine shaped like a globe, which seemed to move along with them of its own accord, but there were concealed beneath it men who carried it. It was of some transparent material like crystal, and seemed to hang freely in the air; and the interior, except the very centre, was perfectly visible to the eye, and the various heavens of the Ptolemaic system, with all the orbits of the planets, and the winds and clouds, and the surface of the small central globe representing the earth, could all be taken in at a glance.

Next came two hundred freeborn youths, all under the age of seventeen, wearing the purple-bordered toga, mounted on ambling genets, and led by Auximus. Their

in *Nova Solyma* had the same idea of the value of authorised public festivals that Milton expressed above, even to the call of Wisdom and Virtue uttering their cry *in the streets*: "Blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God. Rejoice with gladness and with prayer, that these blessings may be yours and your children's for ever"?

In poetry, too, as well as prose, does Milton show his interest in such sights:

And pomp and feast and revelry
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On Summer eves by haunted stream.
(*L'Allegro*, 127-30.)

And then his well-known Roman pageant:

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye and see
What conflux issuing forth or entering in.
(*Paradise Regained*, iv. 61, etc.)

It was this latter that Mr. Morley alluded to in his speech just after the Duke and Duchess of York had arrived home from their voyage in the *Ophir*, and entered London, November 2nd, 1901. The decorated streets and the surging crowds near Victoria Station recalled this fine passage of our great poet to Mr. Morley's mind, and he drew the attention of his audience to it. The allusion was scholarly, apt, imperial, and it went home; but, strictly speaking, it wouldhave suited the late Queen's Jubilee more closely: every detail of the passage would have had its parallel there.

white-and-purple dress, also of byssus, was admirably set off by interwoven threads of gold, and each one held before him a simple, plain shield. Each had two attendants of the artisan class on foot, and they too had on a gay parti-coloured apparel in wavy stripes of red and yellow patchwork.[1]

Farther on came Alphaeus and the public lecturers and professors, including Apollos, who had been recently received into their number, each in his separate state chariot.

Close behind followed a huge construction, a model of the Deluge. On the flat surface, representing the surface of the waters, there were to be seen dead bodies of men and beasts, and some birds still struggling in their last gasp; there seemed to be no hope for life or safety except in the ark, which was riding on the waves without oars, without sails, and without a rudder.

The next company was a troop of two hundred noble youths, in martial array, at whose head was Joseph, riding a white horse with spots of black all over, himself fully armed from head to foot. His helmet was open, and instead of the ordinary crest had a golden crown with twelve rays starting from its circle; and as the sun shone on his polished armour, it seemed as if a second sun was mirrored on his breast. His uplifted right hand was grasping a golden staff, which he gracefully supported against his side; his left hand managed the reins with most admirable skill. He had an erect and manly bearing, combined with such beauty and majesty of countenance, that one could well believe he was not raised to this dignity so much by the people's choice as by that of Nature herself.

The third mechanical trophy, or third course of the pageant, was a magnificent model of a temple of wonderful workmanship, for from within it were heard, as it passed along the streets, most varied and harmonious music, and the most delicious aromatic odours were diffused among the crowd from its open windows. After this the senators

[1] "Rutilo vestitu flaventibus undulis segmentato nitebant."

and public magistrates appeared, all distinguished by their gold chains and purple robes, and sitting in the greatest dignity upon richly caparisoned mules. These mules were indeed almost concealed by harness and trappings, and the long state robes of their riders spread out in splendour behind them.

Jacob, as President of the Senate, occupied in solitary state a four-horse chariot, which slowly[1] passed between the throngs of spectators. His long robe was of imperial purple, and the chain of office which he wore glittered with priceless jewels; in his right hand was his gold pastoral staff, and before him were borne many other insignia of his dignity. A body of lictors accompanied the chariot, bearing emblems of punishments and honours.

Next came in view the Sacred Vine. It was Joanna that people saw this time, in the same dress and same surroundings as her sister the year before; but the Vine now had a huge elm placed near, to which it seemed to cling for support,[2] and beside Joanna sat Eugenius, and nobly did these two fill up the large gold chair. Then, in a two-horse chariot, followed Politian and Anna, much gazed at by the crowd, not so much for any rich attire, for they were dressed in a simple manner, but for the novelty of the sight. A body of one hundred horsemen brought up the rear and ended the procession.

At different points throughout the whole route there were stationed bands of music of all kinds, greatly adding to the pleasure and enthusiasm of the spectators. At the central point overhanging balconies had been erected, and in these were seated the ambassadors from other nations. Here a seat was found for Angelus, who was an object of great interest to the eyes of all in the procession as they passed by, and when his sons came in sight, so highly honoured and cheered, it took all his

[1] *Tractim.*

[2] . . . or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she spous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms.

(*Paradise Lost*, v. 215.)

great natural gravity of demeanour to keep him from raising a cheer himself.

When the procession had made a circuit of the city, it returned to the temple whence it started. This lay towards the east, and in it were the statues of all the previous Fathers of the State, as if assembled to join in the proceedings.

The public temple was large enough to hold all the company, and the two happy couples were there united in the nuptial bond, Apollos presiding over the ceremony.[1]

The next event was the wedding banquet, an elaborate feast, but enjoyed with all sobriety and quietness. After this a general move was made to the military camping-ground, where was a review and some martial sports. The new Consul and the rest of the senators presided in one of the stands erected round the course, and also examined the gifts of the skilled workmen.

This concluded the public ceremonies. Later on the wedding festivities were continued in Jacob's house, and there Joseph distributed to the guests copies of a sacred Wedding Song he had recently composed.

[1] This is very Miltonic. Not many scholars of our universities, whether Prelatist or Puritan in their proclivities, would have made this grand and gorgeous marriage a civil contract—for Apollos was a layman. "Not many contemporary scholars," did I say? Not *one*, except Milton, would be nearer the mark. See what he says: "Any believer is competent to act as an ordinary minister, according as convenience may require, supposing him to be endowed with the necessary gifts, these gifts constituting his mission" (iv. 232, Bohn).

CHAPTER XII

THE BRIDAL SONG OF HEAVENLY LOVE

A Divine Pastoral Drama

The Bridegroom to His Bride.

"Oh, come to Me, my loved one—come! I wait
And watch in sorrow, standing at thy door.
My locks are dank with all the dews of night,
Beneath the pale cold moon my cheeks are wan.
Too long the shades of night have held thine eyes,
And far too long thy limbs rest unrefreshed.
Oh, come at once from thy inglorious bed,
Thy slothful ease! The wakeful bird of dawn
Hath twice already hailed the eastern light,
And with defiant throat called forth the morn.
"What dreams hold thee so long? What sleep is this
That doth so grossly weigh thee down, and add
An inner sadness to night's shadowy gloom?
The star of morn is in the sky, and soon
Earth's dusky vapours will be all aflame,[1]

---

[1] The Latin is:

Jam venit et fuscas accendit Lucifer auras;

which we may compare with three lines in that beautiful psalm-prayer of Adam and Eve in *Paradise Lost*, v. 152-200:

Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold.

We have a similar idea or word-picture in each, and surely both are fine and natural. But oh these critics! Landor says of the third line above: "Such a verse might be well ejected from any poem whatever; but here its prettiness is quite insufferable. Adam never knew anything either of paint or gold"! (*Imaginary Conversations*, Southey and Landor, iv. 27, ed. 1883). I would, however, venture to say that Milton, who was habitually an early riser, and often walked forth "under the opening eyelids of the morn," knew much more about sunrise than did Landor.

And soon the circling choir of stars be gone
From Heaven's high pole. Oh! toy not now with sleep,
For in thy tomb thou shalt have sleep enough.
"My love, I come! Before the earliest ray
Of morn shall fall upon thy bed or bring
Thy shame to light, I will burst through to thee.
The last faint glimmerings of the fading moon
Shall lead Me to thine eyes, and My right hand
Shall softly part their lids.
"'Tis done; and now
The kisses that I snatch shall banish sleep,
Nor shalt thou fear with Me the sleep of death."[1]

The Bride awakes.

"Ah, woe is me! what visions of the night
Do break upon me and disturb my rest?
Who was it, even now, that pressed His lips
To mine, and breathed so sweet an influence there,
That wholly set my tender heart on fire?
And when He turned to go, His fair eyes cast
A glance of deepest love back into mine.

Psalm xlv. 2.

Oh! fairer far art Thou than earth-born men,
And with a glory all Divine hast come
To my poor soul. O Brighter than the Sun,
That glorious opener of the flaming morn,
How I do wish Thee back! When first Thy gaze
Met mine, although I knew Thee not, my soul
Did melt within me, and is melting still;
Thus faint, I follow, for Thou bad'st me come.

Psalm xlv. 8.

Thy garments smell of cassia and of myrrh,
While from Thy feet doth odorous ointment drop;
Therefore do virgins follow in Thy steps.
How shall I charm Thee? Oh! what gifts of mine
May draw Thee in the mutual bonds of love?
"To Thee I'll come, washed white in Tiber's[2] stream,

---

[1] We may here note that the Bridegroom, before He implants the Divine kiss that is the presage of eternal peace, is careful to open the eyes of His chosen one, so that she may see the things that belong unto peace. "Open Thou mine eyes, O Lord," said the Psalmist. "Ephphatha," said the Heavenly Bridegroom, when He came to be the Light of the World, and to illumine the darkness and blindness of men.

[2] One would have expected Jordan here, and not Tiber, but a little reflection will show that the Bride, until she knows the free grace of the Bridegroom, thinks to satisfy Him and draw Him to her by the gifts and adornments of the natural woman. "Are not Abana and Pharpar, are not Tiber and Baiae," she would say, "better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean?"

Or fresh from Baiae's baths. My native taint
Shall be purged out with Colchian herbs. My skin,
Though fair, my art shall make yet fairer still,
And paint with blushes from the Baetic shore.[1]
"I'll weave for me a robe of texture fine
To veil the naked contour of my limbs.
Psalm lxxii. 10. Barbaric gold shall glitter on my breast
With all the gems of Ind, while fragrant winds
Shall breathe Panchaean odours[2] round my bed."

The Bridegroom to the Bride. He rebuketh her proud flesh.

"Unhappy one! what dost thou blindly scheme?
And whence these high-flown thoughts, that are but dreams?
What wealth or beauty can be thine? Of dust
Was thy first father formed, and miry clay,
Thy mother Eve with him to exile doomed—
A luckless pair; nor better canst thou be
Than they. Behold thy face in crystal seen
Reflecting all the ulcerous taints which clothe
With vesture foul thy outward form. No balm
Can heal, nor will they yield to herbs or charms;
Yea, sooner could the leopard cleanse his spots,
Or sunburnt Ethiopian change his skin.
Thy members have no form nor comeliness,
Par. Lost, iv. 305. Thy golden tresses have been rooted out,

---

[1] Hispania Baetica, where the Guadalquiver flows. It supplied to the *mundus muliebris* of the Roman lady such cosmetics and pigments as are now derived in highest perfection from the elegant *boutiques* of Paris.

[2] This uncommon adjective is used by Milton's favourite author Du Bartas in giving one reason why God made the waters of Noah's Flood to cease from off the earth:

> Afin qu'il vist encore la Panchaique odeur,
> Fumer sur les autels sacrez à sa grandeur;

which Sylvester renders thus:

> That He again Panchaean fumes might see
> Sacred on altars to His Majesty.

Claudian uses this adjective three times, and the word has the classical authority of Lucretius:

> Araque Panchaeos exhalat propter odores.

Panchaean = Arabian; cf Milton in *Paradise Regained*, ii. 363:

> And winds
> Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
> From their soft wings.

And thy blear eyes run down with bloodstained tears,
Thy poisoned lungs a filthy stench emit,
A crass and fetid odour fouls thy breath,
Thy body drags along all out of joint
With bones awry; as some fell snake, with tract
Oblique would sidelong work his way,[1] and drop
The deadly venom from his hissing jaws."

The Bride sees her true state, and, almost in despair, craves for His love.

"Tis so in truth—my ruin is complete.
A doomed, misshapen monster, who will care
To love me? who my presence will endure?
Ah, wretched soul, give up thy cherished faith!
Such hopes are vain; another fate is thine,
And as thy merit, so thy doom shall be.
Beneath my feet the depths of Hell do yawn,
Where Night eternal reigns and cruel Grief;
Where tortures fail not through unending years,
And Horror round me beats his iron wings.[2]

---

[1] The Latin is:

> Ut dirus anguis volvit obliquos gradus
> Lethale virus ore spargeus sibilo.

Here we have a rather close parallel to Milton's famous description of the Enemy of Mankind approaching Eve:

> With tract oblique
> At first, as one who sought access, but feared
> To interrupt, sidelong he works his way, etc.

As will be seen, I have utilised this passage for my translation.

[2] The Latin is:

> Alasque circum ferreas Horror quatit.

All this is extremely Miltonic, for Horror is one of the most vague and terrible personifications of *Paradise Lost*, where the poet seems to see Horror sitting on the crest of Satan's helmet:

> On his crest sat Horror plumed.
> (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 998.)

Spenser, a great favourite with Milton, had personified Horror thus (*Faërie Queene*, II. vii. 23):

> And over them sad Horrour with grim hew
> Did alwaies soar beating his iron wings.

And now in *Nova Solyma* we find this same personification in exact detail:

> And Horror round me beats his iron wings.

Surely there is but one inference; and the inference can be made

Above I see a righteous God who weighs
My sins in balance just. His eyes flash fire,
And threats in serried line stand on His brow.
"O Blessed One, Redeemer of our race,
How can I, thus unworthy, gain Thy love?
Oh! bid me die; yea, kill me in my guilt.
I bow my head, for I deserve my fate."

The Bridegroom's free and gracious offer of His love and dowry.

"But that free love which you can ne'er deserve
Is proffered now! Oh! why with feigned reproach
And stubborn pride can you repel Me still?
If so, I'll snatch thee quickly home with Me,
And show thee all thy dower. Behold this rock
(Exod. xvii. 6.) In Horeb cleft for thee, that living fount
(1 Cor. x. 4.) Is running still to cleanse and save. See here
(Jer. viii. 22.) Is balm of Gilead, and a robe so white
That purest snow will not compare with it;
(Isa. lxi. 10.) And here thy bridal necklace, set with gems
Of varied hue. And I, as King of kings,
(Rev. xix. 12.) Have golden crowns and sceptres numberless,
And garlands green to tell of victories won;
Of gold and silver and of all good gifts
My stores are full; and I've a garden fair
(Cant. vii. 13.) With pleasant fruits, where spring perennial reigns.
All these are freely thine, and so am I,
If thou wilt come with Me and be my love."

The Bride's Reply.

"O Thou, my God and King, who fairer far
(Psalm xlv. 2.) Than all creation art, dost thou once more
Come back to plead with one so vile as I,
And bring a rebel home? Dost thou on me
Pour all Thy richest gifts?—on me alone,
While others lie in darkest depths of night?
Am I Thy chosen bride? It cannot be;

---

yet stronger by a line from Milton's Latin poem *In Quintum Novembris*, where the cave of Murder and Treason is finely described, and here we have Horror again personified:

Exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;

while in *Nova Solyma* a second time we have, in the Armada epic, Horror personified in the Cave of Terror:

Atque ingens incubat Horror.

Who can this concealed Apelles of *Nova Solyma* be, who thus puts on his canvas such powerful and terrible images of caves and their grisly inmates, and such nightmare visions of brooding, fluttering Horror? What youth of that age had such beginnings of the unearthly sublime within his fertile brain? I know but one.

It is my longed-for joy, but past belief,
For in my folly I did cast Thee off.
Canst Thou forgive me such a slight as this?
I well may doubt; but if I yield me now,
Wash out my sinful spots, if water can;
Anoint my sores with balm, and if they heal,
Isa. lxi. 10. Put on those robes Thou hast. If then I please,
Lead on, my Spouse, and I will follow thee,
And Thou shalt quench the burning torch of Love."[1]

Chorus of country maidens.

"Earth's flowers are fair, and lilies best to twine
For bridal wreath. Fair are the stars that shine
In Heaven's high vault; the phoenix too is fair,
Whom birds, adoring, follow through the air;[2]

---

[1] Here there seems to be a reference to the manner in which God entered into a covenant with the Jewish Church and nation, as described in Ezekiel xvi., especially in verses 8–11. The beautiful crown placed on the head of the covenanted bride (verse 12) is given later on in this Bridal Song. So we have the Scriptural order of the washing, the anointing, the robes, and finally the crown.

[2] These "adoring birds" led me to a little proof or coincidence which I might otherwise have failed to notice. When translating the passage, it struck me at once that these birds were an addition to the myth that I did not remember from my school days. So I looked up "Phoenix" in my Smith's *Dictionary of Mythology*, but found nothing there about these birds, and the classical references from Herodotus, Pliny, Statius, and Ovid, yielded nothing new. After some further search I found an allusion which pointed to Lactantius as the authority; but when I took up that author I found nothing to the point, except a remark in the prefixed life that it was really Claudian, not Lactantius, as some supposed, who wrote a poem on the phoenix. I easily found the "adoring birds" in Claudian, and thus discovered that the author of *Nova Solyma* had obtained his addition to the usual phoenix myth from Claudian, and had reproduced it in his verse, the only one who had done so, as far as I knew then. And that was all I could say about it. However, a few days after, I was reading *Paradise Lost*, and (v. 272) I found my phoenix and Claudian's eagles and the admiring, "gazing" birds—in fact, the very special incident that the older phoenix authorities and early poets leave out. Milton, then, and the anonymous contemporary author of *Nova Solyma* had been impressed with this marvellous worship of birds, and seemed to know their Claudian better than our text-books do.

Milton also mentions the phoenix in *Epitaphium Damonis*, verse 188. It was part of the ornamental device on one of the two cups that Manso gave to Milton when the latter was leaving Italy to come home. There are several further pieces of evidence connected with the phoenix, which I have transferred to a separate *Excursus* (Phoenix).

And there is yet another beauteous sight—
The wingèd angels bathed in rosy light:
But tell us, Heaven, and do thou, Earth, declare
If aught can with our Virgin Bride compare."

Chorus of young shepherds.

"Our flocks are snowy white when their pure fleece
Has first received the shepherd's cleansing care;
But shouldst Thou, Fairest of Ten Thousand, come
Amidst our sheep, how foul would they appear!
Yet take it not, O flocks, as your disgrace,
For He surpasses far our mortal race."

Chorus of young men and maidens.

"Like two fair mated swans who calmly rest
Upon the surface of a still, deep lake,
May holy, equal love burn in each breast,
And each be constant for each other's sake.
And ever let our sister this news bring,
That she as Queen doth reign where Thou art King."

The Bride to the united chorus.

"O shepherd lads, and you, ye maidens fair,
My equal playmates, fare ye well. No more
Shall I with you enjoy the lute and dance,
No more go forth to see the joys of sport,
Or lay the wide-meshed net for wary game.
Ah me! How vain do all things seem! for now
I burn with Love's resistless fire; and He
By night and day is all the world to me."

The Bridegroom addresses and crowns His Bride.

"My sister and my spouse, 'thy single eye'
My heart doth ravish; yea, my soul is drawn
To thy sweet honied lips. How dear to me
That jewelled circlet round thy snowy neck!
That robe of white upon thy bosom fair!
Take one gift more: this royal crown I place,
And gems, like stars, thy head shall ever grace."

The Bride's reply. She yields her love in ecstasy.

"Ah me! Beneath Thy gaze mine eyes do fail,
For Thine are brighter than the Lamp of Day.
Ah! when I think what depths of love are there,
Struck faint with great desire, I swoon away.
Oh! take my melting soul, my gift of love!
I pour it in Thine arms with Thee to stay."

The Bridegroom gives his last address to the Bride, before espousal, making his appeal here and there from God's Word.

"Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away. For lo! the winter is past, and the flowers appear again on the earth.

"Mild spring is here, and the soft Zephyr's breath[1] smells sweet. The downy cygnet floats along the stream, and the time of the singing of birds is come.

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[1] Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes.
(*Paradise Lost*, v. 16.)

"With plumage gay they flit the leafy woods among, making them ring with song. And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

"Now doth the tender year begin to teem with never-failing firstlings of the flock, while sportive kids do play and push with budding horns.

"From rivers, now of genial warmth, leaps out full many a vaulting fish.

"The sky is brightly clear; the broad, still deep has on its restful face a pleasant smile. My fair one, come! It is the hour of love."

The country maidens sing in chorus before the Bride's chamber, seeking to bring her home with them again.

"Come, thou blest one, stay no longer, rise and leave thy Husband's side,
Come renewed with gifts and graces, come in glory as a bride.
No companion nymph or virgin now with thee can dare to vie,
For thy gems and tinselled vesture glitter as the stars on high.
Why conceal such gifts and beauties from thy friends' admiring gaze?
Come and see your home and kindred, where you spent such happy days.
See, your sisters cull the clusters from the old paternal vine;
Why should not the festive vintage and its joys again be thine?
See, the purpling grapes invite thee, swelling eager to be pressed;
Why should not such pleasant memories fill once more thy youthful breast?

"So come, let us go
In a happy row
To our dear fields once more.
And the flowers we find,
Oh! let us bind
In garlands as of yore.
And the sea shall give us treasures,
When we walk along its shore—
Shells to deck your arms with bracelets,
As we decked them oft before.

"Let us sport and let us play
While we have the light of day,
And, when darkness 'gins to spread,
We will hie us home to bed.
Drowsy made by meads and sea,

Soon in slumber we shall be,
Dozing off to hum of bees,
Or to softly whispering trees,
Or lulled by dreamy, distant moan of many murmuring seas."[1]

The Bride, having yielded to the joys of her past life, is thus addressed by the Bridegroom.

"How canst thou put aside a love Divine,
And yield at once when first temptation comes?
How can these flowers and these few paltry shells
Compare with gifts and graces such as Mine?
Oh! how can earthly perishable things
Be pledges of eternal love? Is this
Thy promised faith? Alas! once more, too soon,
Thine eyes have yielded to a deathlike swoon.

The Bride's searchings of heart, and final passionate appeal.

"O God, my God! oh! why forsake me thus?
What anger changes so Thy placid brow?
What hope is left me now this second time?
"Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes Jer. ix. 1.
A fount of briny tears to trickle down, Lam. iii. 49.
And fall in ceaseless showers upon my breast
"These empty shells, oh! throw them all away,
These garlands scatter with avenging hand.
Prov. xxi. No more shall mocking wine a tempter be,
Jer. xxxi. 30. No more sour grapes shall set my teeth on edge.
"Alas! how soon have clouds shut out my heaven!
The sun no longer with his rosy rays
Sets day aflame. No moon with silver horn
Or tremulous stars illumine now my path,
Which I must seek in blind and darksome night;
Psalm lxix. 2. Through miry bog, through quicksands, must I go,
My weary feet shall find no solid ground;

---

[1] This chorus of the country maidens is perhaps the most musical Latin poem in the whole book. It is written in the metre of the famous *Pervigilium Veneris*—*i.e.* a trochaic tetrameter catalectic. In English we call this the eight-accent truncated verse. But the Latin metres must be left for our Latin Appendix.

Here, in the last three English lines, I have allowed myself the liberty of expanding the poet's fancy; and I take refuge under the protecting shield of Sir John Denham of Cooper's Hill fame. He says: "I consider it a vulgar error in translating poets to affect being *fidus interpres*." He means the attempt at a word-for-word translation such as Milton himself made in respect of some of the Psalms, and failed miserably therein, although he put all the really extra words in italics to show what a clever piece of patchwork he had formed. Denham goes on: "Where my expressions are not so full as his, either our language or my art were defective (but I rather suspect myself); but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often

Jer. ix. 15. Of wormwood and of gall my drink shall be,
And mingled tears and myrrh my winecup fill.
"In vain Thy clinging kisses I recall,
Thy fond embrace. Those kisses wingèd winds[1]
Did snatch with envy as they fluttered by.
Isa. xxxviii. 14. "Like widowed dove that on her rock doth mourn,
Micah i. 8. Like desert owl with querulous complaint,
I nightly moan, chiding the lingering stars,
And long for dawn. If sleep should come, it brings
No peace, but phantoms dire. Thou show'st Thyself
In wondrous ways. I see Thy gleaming eyes
And threatening glance. Thy yoke is on my neck,
And like a lion greedy of his prey,
Isa. xxxviii. 13; Thou shakest all my bones. Thou fillest up
Job x. 16. In me the measure of Thy furious wrath.
Thine arrows stick within me fast, and cleave
Job xvi. 13. My reins asunder; yea, their poison drinks
Lam. iii. 13; My strength away, and all my bones do melt;
Job vi. 4. For Thou hast poured Thy fury out like fire,
Lam. i. 13; ii. 4. My joints dissolving like a bruisèd reed.
I'm counted as a citizen of Hell,
Psalm lxxxviii. 4. And Death, my foe, hath claimed me as his own.
. . . . . .

---

reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; so that if they are not his own conceptions, they are at least the results of them."

The last line of this song in Latin is one of those musical and alliterative lines in which the sound suggests the sense, or imitates it. They are quite beyond a *fidus interpres*, or even a paraphraser. The line in question is a drowsy and dreamy call to sleep, represented by the three expanded lines above. There is one other such Latin line in the *Ode to the Sabbath*, where the church bells are imitated. The typical example is well known—viz. Virgil's horse:

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

But in the whole range of Latin literature, ancient and modern, the number of such lines is very small. Milton has two in his published Latin poems, and there are two in *Nova Solyma*, which are much more likely to belong to Milton than to any contemporary, even if they stood alone, and were without the collateral evidence of their setting. This will be found discussed at greater length in *Excursus* K. There are in English some well-known Tennysonian examples.

[1] The Latin is *volucres noti*. Cf. "And west-winds with musky wing," from *Comus*, line 989; also *Paradise Regained*, ii. 363:

And winds . . . from their soft wings.

"But who shall give Thee thanks within the grave,
Or praises in eternal silence sing?

. . . . . .

Job xiv. 13. "Lo, though Thou slay me, I will trust in Thee.
Thou hast embraced me; to Thine arms I cling.

. . . . . .

"Make haste, my loved one; be Thou fleeter far
Cant. viii. 14. Than hart and roe upon the mountains are.
My waiting soul is sick with love's delay;
Psalm xlii. 2. For Thee it longs and dreams.
As oft, when hounds pursue, the panting hart
Longs for the cooling streams;
As gapes the thirsty earth for rain and dew
In summer's fiery drouth,
Cant. i. 2. So gape my parchèd lips for kisses true,
The kisses of Thy mouth."

. . . . . .

The Bridegroom comforteth His Bride.

"O wretched one, why fret thyself as though
I leave thee comfortless? Dost thou not see
Mine everlasting arms beneath thee still
To bear thee up, and calm thy panting soul?
Isa. xxx. 21. I, close behind thee, know thy prayers and tears,
Have proved thee that thou hast a love unfeigned,
And have inclined Mine ear to thy complaint.
Prov. ix. 5. "Come, take and eat this blessed heavenly food,
Come, drink this wine with all My love inflamed,
And your sick, weary soul shall be refreshed.
"For you there is a long and toilsome path
Which must be trodden. Fear it not, for I
Isa. lxiii. 3. Did tread it first to make a way for thee,
And will be with thee as a loving guide.
Thou first must pass the wilderness, wherein
Rom. ix. 2. Are stones of stumbling, rocks of great offence:
Hos. ii. 6. The way is steep, and hedgèd up with thorns,
Isa. xiii. 21. While round thee wanton satyrs pipe and dance.
Eftsoons you pass through gardens fair to see,
And flowery meads; but fruit and flowers alike
Are transient—Dead Sea apples at the core.
Then through the hidden gloom of thickets dense,
The vasty realms of dark abysmal Night,
I'll lead thee on; My whispered call shall guide
Thy faltering steps. And when thou passest through
Isa. xliii. 2. The fire and water, raging wind and storm,
Psalm lxvi. 12. I will be with thee, e'en to the jaws of Hell.

. . . . . .

"Lift up thine eyes, my bride, and cheer thy heart,
Cant. ii. 7. Until the day shall break, and shadows flee,
Rev. vii. 17. And tears be dried in finished victory."

The final chorus of the Bridal Virgins in a cento from Scripture, chiefly from Psalm xlv.

"My King, Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into Thy lips, for God, who begat Thee, hath endowed Thee with this blessing for ever.

"Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Thou mighty one, let glory and majesty cover Thy head, and do Thou ride on high prosperously.

"Thou hast Thy companions with Thee: white-robed Grace, and Righteousness, her sister, and Truth with enlightened brow.

"The right hand of Thy power shall scatter Thy enemies; Thou shalt pierce them through with Thine arrows, and break in pieces the nations.

"True Offspring of the Highest, the glory of Thy throne is for ever and ever. A sceptre of equity is the sceptre of Thy kingdom; Thou givest laws to all the earth.

"Thou lovest righteousness and hatest iniquity, therefore God, even Thy Father, hath for Thy merits anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows.

"Thy garments when drawn from their chests of ivory are fresh with the smell of aloes and cassia, and Thy purple robe droppeth with myrrh.

"The daughters of a hundred kings surround Thee to do Thee service; at Thy right hand doth stand the Queen, pre-eminent among them all, in vesture wrought about with gold of Ophir.

"Hearken, O spouse, and consider, incline thine ear, forget also thine own people and thy father's house; so shall the King have pleasure in thy love, for He is thy Lord and God, so look thou unto Him.[1]

---

[1] Here is a variation very Miltonic. The ordinary Biblical version is, as we know, "worship thou Him." This was too strong for Milton as applied to the Bridegroom, even though he were symbolical of Christ, so he puts it thus in his Latin: "Quin hunc tu Dominum suspicis et Deum." Milton hated idolatry with the bitterness of a Hebrew prophet, and I now add this last stone to the mound of evidence I have tried to construct pointing to him. Perhaps I have built with untempered mortar and unsound materials. In that case the critics will soon dislodge the stones and break up the mound. Then will I be ready, humbly, and I hope good-temperedly, to gather up the fragments that remain, and if there be left any sound, well-finished stones among them, I will try to rebuild the damaged pile, so that

The final chorus.

"Tyre shall seek thee with a gift, and leaders of the people shall entreat thy favour.
"So the Queen shall be clothed in raiment of needlework, veiling with barbaric gold the hidden glory of her figure.

---

it may accompany and introduce the fine Latin verse of *Nova Solyma* to the world of scholars. Perhaps the illustrious name of Milton may then be erased from the edifice by the sponges or files or biting teeth of Zoilus and his critical crew. But no sponge, file, or any other process can destroy the beauties of diction and thought which abound in the original Latin of this unique Romance.

To worship any thing, or any being, inferior to God, is idolatry. The Son of God is Godlike and Divine, but, as to Divine honours, inferior to the Father. This was Milton's established opinion towards the end of his life, as the world discovered for certain, to its great astonishment, in his posthumous and late-discovered work, *De Doctrina Christiana*. He there says (among many pages of argument to the same effect): "For as the Son uniformly pays worship and reverence to the Father alone, so He teaches us to follow the same practice" (Bohn's ed., iv. 103). And in another place farther on (iv. 111) he refers to the very passage here in question: "The words of Jehovah put into the mouth of the bridal virgins (Psalm xlv.) might have been more properly quoted by this writer [an orthodox commentator he is criticising] for any other purpose than to prove that the Son is co-equal with the Father, since they are originally applied to Solomon, to whom, as appropriately as to Christ, the title of God might have been given on account of his kingly power, conformably to the language of Scripture." In fact, as has been noticed before in comments on several passages of *Nova Solyma*, Milton thought that the orthodox inference drawn from the Scriptural use of *Deus*, or God, when applied to Christ, was of little value to prove His Divinity, or to show that He should be worshipped as the Supreme.

Now, this present refusal in *Nova Solyma* to use the word "worship," which was the orthodox Biblical expression in this particular Psalm xlv., surely goes a long way to suggest the connection between the author of this beautiful Divine Pastoral and our great poet. For what man of genius, learning, and sublime poetic fire was there in those days who held this unusual view, except Milton?

This opinion is not a mere academical one, or founded on words and phrases only; it was radical and far-reaching. Satirists and humorists have frequently indulged in jeers and facetious remarks on the bitter discussions between the Homoousians and the Homoiousians. How *could* people fight about a letter, a mere jot or tittle? They did so because the difference extended to the very groundwork of the Christian faith. The Divine services of the Church, her ceremonies,

The final chorus of the Bridal Virgins.

"Thy festal throng of virgins shall attend thee and go up into the King's palace; even in the bride-chamber shall they sing to thee their auspicious song, and shall say:

"Though thou art become an alien to thy father's house, yet shalt thou be a joyful mother of children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands."

"And I, thy bard, will ever sing
Thy noble praise,
Till it doth through all nations ring
To endless days."[1]

---

ritual, and mysteries, all depended on it, and Milton, with his logical skill, felt this as keenly as a man could. Though he upheld the Trinity, he also contended that the Son was a creature, Scripturally speaking, "the first-born of every creature," and the beginning of the creation of God. Therefore He was not to be worshipped as God. No doubt, among the many sectaries and fanatics of those days of religious excitement and licence, some might be found to favour this view; but who among them all could reach to the scholarship and poetic fancy of *Nova Solyma*? There was but one—call him a fanatic or sectary if you will—there was but one man in England then who could have produced the many-sided and remarkable anonymous work of which I here conclude the inadequate translation. That man was, as I contend, the God-loving, righteous-minded, and lofty-thinking genius known to the world as John Milton.

[1] This change to the first person "I, thy bard," is very Miltonic. The same unusual change occurs in *Paradise Lost*, iii. 412, where at the end of the angels' "charming symphony" and "sacred song" as uttered in Heaven, there next follows:

Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men, thy Name
Shall be the copious matter of *my* song
Henceforth, and never shall *my* harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Dr. Bentley thought it so strange that he amended to "*our* song," but all critics allow that it was Milton's change to his own person.

The same occurs here exactly, and our author ends with a similar promise of future praise and future verse. This too was Milton's manner, as at the end of *Lycidas*. See farther on at end of *Autocriticon*. Homer's hymns often end thus.

[Here the Romance Ends]

PRINTER'S ADDENDUM

THE original *Nova Solyma* has on its last page a short notice entitled

TYPOGRAPHVS LECTORI

which is to the following effect:

THE PRINTER TO THE READER

Whatever mistakes have been made in prosody punctuation, diphthongs, or such like literary slips, you will easily find out from the general sense of the passage; therefore kindly correct these. The manuscript copy we printed from was very obscure and dubious,[1] but we have noted below such errata as came under our notice.

[Here follows a list of twenty-seven such mistakes.]

[1] If the MS. had been lying for eighteen years or more among Milton's college exercises, and retouched from time to time as the author tells us, we can well imagine that it was somewhat difficult for the compositors to decipher. Moreover, Milton's early hand was not so neat as it became in after-life (cf. his MS. poems, Trinity College), and his punctuation was always very careless, and often omitted altogether for several lines; but his indentation of lines to show the various metres was always carefully done.

Now, both these characteristics of Milton (bad punctuation and good indentation) appear in *Nova Solyma* as it was printed. Moreover, Todd, in his Life of Milton, tells us the MS. which Milton left behind him of the *Christian Doctrine* contained, "interlineations, corrections, and pasted slips of writing." *Nova Solyma*, which was no doubt often revised, would contain more still, and thus would be, as the printer says, *anceps et obscurum*.

THE FINAL AUTOCRITICON

THE copy at St. John's College, Cambridge, which is the original of 1648 issued with a new title-page and date 1649, has also an extra leaf at the end, on which is the following—

AVTOCRITICON

OR

AUTHOR'S REMARK

In addition to the errata which the printer has corrected, and others similar which he has omitted to notice, there are many of a more important description, and indeed the author for some time hesitated whether he ought to publish the work in such a rough and unrevised state. For it was written in the heat of youthful ardour, and never received the finishing touches, which were from time to time deferred. And when, after a long interval, during which the author had much to occupy his mind and much to disturb his thoughts as well,[1] he at last began to take in hand the final revision, he soon discovered that his literary bantling was not only an abortive one, but also so maimed and misshapen in form and structure as to require a very great deal of extra labour to make it presentable. He also felt that he could not possibly have leisure time to take it to pieces again, and rewrite it in a more perfect form. While in this changeful and hesitating frame of mind, which lasted for some time, he at length determined to publish, strengthened by the

[1] This interval was doubtless the nine years since 1639, when he was called by his conscience to come home from his travels, and, to use his own words, "embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes."

precedent of Apelles,[1] whose habit it was to submit his pictures to the view of the passers-by in such a way that he could listen furtively to their critical remarks, and afterwards amend any faults they might discover.

Moreover, the author had a special desire, seeing that his work was such a novel and daring institute,[2] to hear the judgments that others passed on his attempts before he bestowed further pains on them himself; for he is by no means unconscious how adverse the spirit or fate of this age[3] is to any strict repression of the carnal

[1] Strange to say, Du Bartas, in his *Advertisement au Lecteur* at the beginning of his great work on the Creation of the World, which was such a favourite book of the youthful Milton, makes the very same allusion to Apelles that the author of our Romance makes at the end. There seems something more than mere coincidence here. My suggestion is that Milton unconsciously here reproduced what was lying latent in his mind from his early reading of Du Bartas—not an unusual thing at all with our great poet, as Dunster clearly shows.

The exact words of Du Bartas are: "Je promets d'écouter, caché comme un Appelle derrière mon tableau, l'avis de tous, et me conformer à celui des plus doctes."

[2] This is the very word (and a most unusual one) which Milton himself uses in his acknowledged tractate on Education. He had been somewhat digressive, and therefore he says, near the end of his book: "But to return to our own institute," etc., by which he means the argument and purport of the treatise.

The Latin here in the *Autocriticon* is *institutum*, a thoroughly Ciceronian word with many shades of meaning, one being the sense it is used here—viz. argument of a book. Cf. Cicero, *Top.* 6: "Sed ad hujus libri institutum illa nihil pertinent"; *i.e.* "Those matters do not belong at all to the institute of this book" (in other words, to its argument or purport).

Here, then, we have certainly a suggestive fact, for our anonymous author makes in Latin the same peculiar use of the same shade of meaning of a most dubious and unusual word as Milton made in his English treatise on a similar subject.

"Institute" is quite obsolete now in the Miltonic sense, and soon fell out of use—if, indeed, any one besides Milton ever *did* so use it.

[3] This fate of the age, this *genius saeculi*, or *Zeitgeist*, was quite a Miltonic expression. We find a close parallel passage in Milton's *Reason of Church Government* (*Works*, ii. 479), when Milton is speaking of the epic he had been proposing to his mind for many years, and goes on to say: "As Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his

life, or to any endeavour to bring into favour the higher spiritual faculties, as is here essayed. If it should turn out thoroughly distasteful to the public, he will not proceed further with a superfluous book. If it should meet with approbation, he will be encouraged to go on, and, paying due attention to what the critics may say of the present work, will proceed to bring this first imperfect sketch into a more finished picture.[1]

choice whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemain against the Lombards; if . . . there be nothing adverse in our climate, or *the fate of this age*, it haply would be no rashness . . . to present the like offer in our own ancient stories." Here too we observe that some *warlike* British epic is hinted at.

[1] An anonymous book of 1667 has a notice to the reader on a page by itself, strongly recalling the above *Autocriticon* in its Apelles conceit. Thus:

"THE STATIONER TO THE READER

"That the author of these poems sends them forth without his Name or Face, or Commendatory Verses of his friends, is not because he knows any cause to be ashamed of them; but because he is of a Profession to which Poetry is commonly thought no accumulative or honorifick accession: and upon that account indeed he is willing (with the known Painter) rather to bear the world's censures behind the Curtain."

The book was entitled "Londini quod reliquum; or, London's Remains." The author was Simon Ford, who acknowledged the work some years few afterwards.

The last words of the *Autocriticon* remind us of the last words of *Lycidas*:

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

Milton was very ready with his promises of future work, but he never returned to the "woods and pastures," of which he took a final leave in English when he had written his pathetic monody on Edward King. Nor did he ever return to finish a more perfect picture of the New Jerusalem.

THE END OF *NOVA SOLYMA*

EXCURSUS G

BACON AND MILTON: *NOVA ATLANTIS* AND *NOVA SOLYMA*

THERE are some interesting parallels between Bacon and Milton which I have not seen noticed anywhere. Both left Cambridge with the conviction that the education given at this great seminary of learning was not only unprofitable and based on wrong principles, but was really opposed to the advancement of learning, and was a dangerous failure in regard to the proper preparing of statesmen for their country's good.

"Let it be remembered," says Bacon, "that there is not any collegiate education of statesmen, and that this . . . is prejudicial to states and governments, and is the reason why princes find a solitude in regard of able men to serve them in causes of state." And, again, he hints that the Universities prepared young men to steer the ship of the state not by a knowledge of the principles of human nature, but by the knowledge of dead languages and by verbal criticisms upon them. After they had left Cambridge, both Bacon and Milton published these views, one in the *Advancement of Learning* and in the *New Atlantis*, and the other in his Tract on Education, and our present larger anonymous work. They both also had a plan of a great central college in their minds—one the college of Solomon's House and the other the college of Nova Solyma. And, above all, they both most firmly believed that they were born for the service of mankind, and especially of their own country.

Bacon says, in one of his autobiographical passages (for he resembled Milton here, too): "Whereas I believed

myself born for the service of mankind, and reckoned the care of the common weal to be among those duties, that are of public right, . . . I therefore asked myself what could most advantage mankind, and for the performance of what tasks I seemed to be shaped by nature." [1]

As for Milton, it is well known how he cut short his first and only visit to Italy that he might return and help his country in the hour of her need and danger. He put aside his "singing robes" for many years to stand up in uncongenial debate with the hoarse, contending voices of those he thought the foes of England and of Liberty. And whatever he wrote, whether prose or verse, his earnest aim was always this, to make it "doctrinal and exemplary to a nation."

All these special and somewhat exceptional characteristics also are found in *Nova Solyma*. Especially does our author dwell on the point of public benefit: "Tum etram publicae utilitate consulit qui has metas vitae perfectionis proponit" (*Nova Solyma*, p. 163); *i.e.* he declares that the aim of his present exposition of a more excellent manner of life is primarily the common good. His hero, Joseph, also lives with his father till he should be called to some public office where he can aid the good of the state.

Again, Bacon says: "I take Goodness in this sense, the affecting of the weal of men. . . . This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity." On this Dr. Abbott justly remarks: "No one will understand Bacon's character who does not bear in mind that *throughout his life* he regarded himself as the benefactor of mankind, inspired by this 'character of the Deity.'"

Dr. Abbott and Mr. James Spedding are the two greatest authorities on Bacon, and they both agree in stating that Bacon put into his *New Atlantis* more of his own self, his tastes, his preferences, and his ideals, than is to be found in any other of his writings. Mr. Spedding also adds this high praise:

"Among the few works of fiction which Bacon

[1] Proem to *The Interpretation of Nature*, written about 1603.

attempted, the *New Atlantis* is much the most considerable, which gives an additional interest to it, and makes one the more regret that it was not finished according to the original design. Had it proceeded to an end in a manner worthy of the beginning, it would have stood as a work of art among the most perfect compositions of its kind. . . .

"The description of Solomon's House is the description of the vision in which he [Bacon] lived—not of an ideal world released from the natural conditions to which ours is subject, but of our own world as it might be made if we did our duty by it; of a state of things which he believed would one day be actually seen upon this earth such as it is by men such as we are; and the coming of which he believed that his own labours were sensibly hastening."

In a word, *Nova Atlantis* is Bacon's ideal of what humanity should arrive at according to his own tastes, and *Nova Solyma* is Milton's similar ideal according to his tastes; and there is this to be said in favour of Milton's book, that it was not unfinished, but brought to happy completion, was much fuller in incident and interest, and abounded in poetry of a high order. But one came before the public in the name of the great Lord Chancellor and introduced by his learned chaplain, and the other came doubly veiled, being in Latin and anonymous, and with no introduction whatever. So one was often reprinted, and always remembered; the other fell flat from the press and was utterly forgotten, even apparently from the day of its birth.

The *New Atlantis* may claim this credit for its prophetic scheme, that it was to some extent fulfilled and realised in the College of Philosophy, or Invisible College, which eventually (1662) was extended into the "Royal Society"; and it may also claim an influence in establishing similar scientific societies abroad, especially one at Bologna in 1714.[1] But it had no practical result at the time, the chief reason seeming to be that Solomon's House

[1] Adam, *Philosophie de F. Bacon* (Paris, 1890), p. 343.

was a suggestion that could not be acted upon on solid ground away from cloud-land. At least, so Abraham Cowley hints in his much more practical and serious account of a "Philosophical Colledge" which he advocated in 1661. But there were two drawbacks to this college—its great expense, and the immense strain on the professors—and it was never adopted.

Now, the wonderful fact I wish to emphasise in this connection is, that between these two notable University Utopias, *Nova Atlantis* (1627) and the Philosophical College (1661), and between those two singularly gifted men Bacon and Cowley, there appeared another Utopia (1648) of a much more interesting, elaborate, and comprehensive character, the work, too, of a greater *genius*, strictly speaking, than either the philosophic Bacon or the precocious Cowley. And what was the astounding result? No one took the least notice of it for 250 years. I think this will be hard to match in the annals of literature.

It is a singular fact that just as the great Francis Bacon never once mentions his yet greater contemporary William Shakespeare, so the illustrious John Milton never mentions the great philosopher Francis Bacon, although Bacon was alive when Milton went to college. Throughout the whole of our book there is no direct allusion to the experimental philosophy which the great Francis Bacon had been so recently doing his best to bring before the world. It had evidently no attraction for our author. Nor, on the other hand, had he any sympathy with the old scholastic philosophy founded on the great authority of Aristotle. Our author belonged to an intermediate school of philosophers who preferred to rest on Moses. So did Milton. So did the old Puritans almost to a man. It was in favour of this sacred philosophy that Dr. Cotton Mather used his great influence so successfully on the rising generation of ministers in New England. The ancestors of many of my American readers (and for Milton's sake I look forward to having some) were brought up and fed on this philosophy almost exclusively. Dr. Cotton Mather says in his *Manuductio ad Ministerium*

(Boston, 1726): "Have done with your Magirus, and your Eustachius, and your Heerebrod, and the rest of the Jargon writers." His praise is reserved for "the Mosaic Philosophy of Comenius," the "*Philosophia vetus et nova* of the rare Dickinson," and the "*Philosophia generalis* of Gale." I am afraid that the present generation, by the help of the Higher Criticism and Darwin, "have done" with this philosophy too; but I hope that the long and dry exposition of it which we find in various pages of *Nova Solyma* will not be quite wanting in interest, when we remember that it represents the firm convictions of a Milton—convictions which were also shared by the most distinguished and worthy Puritans of England, Old and New. There are also some curious original theories put forth in our book which, besides being noticeable *per se*, point clearly to a daring and independent thinker."

Neither Milton nor Bacon seemed to take any thought about the education of the lowest class in the state, those living, as we say, from hand to mouth. Bacon, with all his professed philanthropy, or good feeling and pity towards mankind, seems to have an aristocratic aloofness with regard to the rank-scented vulgar. He was not anxious for such to come between the wind and his nobility, and his lower servants were not allowed to come into his presence if shod with rough, ill-smelling leather. We hear nothing from him about their need of youthful education. Milton alludes not to the training of this class in his acknowledged work *The Tractate on Education*, for that is concerned with youths of good family only; but the author of *Nova Solyma* is decidedly against over-educating the poor, as it leads to discontent with their position. He is more of an advocate for technical and kindergarten schools. These views respecting the unnecessary over-education of the lower working classes are coming into favour with some authorities at this beginning of the twentieth century. They are far commoner than many people suppose. Honest, useful Hodge is being educated out of existence—that is the cry. The new generations that should succeed, in the old order of rural matters, to their father's work and

position in life "are unfitted for farm work and unsettled by a restless, misplaced ambition." The good, faithful, lifelong servants, who had been educated to use their hands and their common sense rather than to fill their heads with useless knowledge, have disappeared almost entirely under the new educational methods. In a book just published (1901), entitled *The Curse of Education*, Mr. H. E. Gorst shows himself a strong reactionist in the Miltonic direction and even beyond it, for he says: "Dairy-maids need neither history nor geography. They can even do without grammar."

EXCURSUS H

JOSEPH'S HYMN TO GOD

THIS fine poem having been *composed at night in bed* by Joseph points strongly to Milton, who was known to be much addicted to this mode of enticing the Muse. He was more apt for inspiration at this time and place, and mentions this again and again in his works—*e.g. Paradise Lost*, ix. 20, etc:

> If answerable skill I can obtain
> From my celestial patroness who deigns
> Her *nightly* visitations unimplored,
> And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
> Easy my unpremeditated verse.

He tells his friend Charles Diodati that he composed the *Ode on the Nativity* just before the first dawn (see *Elegy*, vi. 87, of Milton's Latin poems). He writes to Alexander Gil saying that he had translated Psalm cxiv. into fresh heroics, seized by a sudden unknown impulse, before the morning light had risen (see *Paradise Lost*, vii. 28, iii. 32, and elsewhere). Newton tells us that Milton's widow being asked if he did not often read Homer and Virgil, she understood it as an imputation on him for stealing from those authors, and answered with eagerness that "he stole from nobody but the Muse who inspired him"; and being asked by a lady present who the Muse was, replied: "It was God's grace and the Holy Spirit that visited him nightly." I venture to throw out here a suggestion which will possibly be considered "new and audacious"; but may not the many remarkable apparent plagiarisms in Milton have resulted from his "subconscious self"? Members of the Psychical Research Society will know what I mean.

Here, too, in this poem of *Nova Solyma*, this nightly rapture of the poet to the courts of Heaven, and the nightly power to pour forth sublime description thereof in "easy, unpremeditated verse," in good, strong Virgilian hexameters, can be the product of no one's brain but Milton's. The whole poem is uniformly fine, and will, I think, be no slur on Milton's reputation as the best Latinist in his University and his country.

Nor can we help remembering, when we read these early nightly visions, these dream-visits of the youthful bard to the courts of Heaven, how that, later on in life, when he sat in darkness and was indeed near to the shadow of death, he still was wont to lift his eyes, now sightless, and his thoughts, more purged now from earthly strife, to that great Source of light from which he ever felt his inspiration really came.

He tells us of this himself in pathetic lines which all lovers of Milton know well (*Paradise Lost*, iii. 21-32):

Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit.

And one more point. The Latin line which ends this fine ode is:

Et regni memorem solabor honore futuri,

which I have turned or paraphrased:

And I
Shall solace find from thought of joys now nigh,
And Thy millennial kingdom's majesty.

But I am afraid it quite fails to convey to the English reader the musical dying fall of the last three Latin words

which end the ode—"solabor honore futuri." This musical fall of the Latin strikes one as a Miltonic turn, for, strange to say, some of the finest and most impassioned examples of *English* verse that Milton bequeathed to posterity have also a noticeable dying fall in their last lines. Take, for instance, the last two lines of *Paradise Lost*:

> They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way.

These last two lines have been frequently objected to as a falling off from what had gone before. Addison wanted to omit them altogether as supernumerary and useless. Bentley, as usual, tried to amend them, and proposed the dreadful alternative:

> These, hand in hand, with social steps their way
> Through Eden took, with heavenly comfort cheered.

Another critic suggested that the last four verses should be transposed. But as Professor Masson justly observes: "This is our last sight of them [Adam and Eve]; and instead of wishing the final lines away, we prolong the sight to ourselves at a distance growing greater and greater by fondly repeating them:

> They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way."

Again, take the last lines of *Paradise Regained.* How quiet is the ending! Warton thought it feeble:

> He, unobserved,
> Home to his mother's house private returned

But it is characteristic of Milton, and Masson thinks it is "particularly fine."

And we notice something similar in *Samson Agonistes.*

In all three passages, after intense emotion and action, there is a kind of lull, a soothing quiet, a dying fall, as of music about to cease. I seem to recognise the same in the last three words of this Latin ode. May it not owe its origin to the fine musical ear of our great poet?

And now, while we are on the subject of endings, is the time to notice another strong proof of Milton's hand in *Nova Solyma*. Professor Masson, who is the highest authority on Milton's poems, whether Latin or English, has remarked (iii. 352) on "the frequency with which Milton ends a poem with this dream of Heaven and its joys." Some examples he gives are the *Epitaphium Damonis* (a remarkably ecstatic one), the *Mansus*, the third *Elegy*, and *Lycidas*. Now, the very same feature occurs in even a more striking manner in *Nova Solyma*, for in the original lyrics that are freely dispersed here and there in the body of the Romance, far more than half end with the assertion and iteration (sometimes remarkably ecstatic) of heavenly future joys. The percentage of such endings is unusually large, and there is, in their original Latin, a strong Miltonic flavour which cannot be judged by a translation.

EXCURSUS J

THE BRIDAL SONG

PERSONALLY I have a strong feeling that this fine lyrical composition is one of the most conclusive pieces of Miltonic evidence in the whole Romance. The author calls it a *Sacrum Canticum*, a Divine Song. I have ventured to entitle it *The Bridal Song of Heavenly Love, a Divine Pastoral Drama*, and the reason I have so named it is that I firmly believe we have here what Milton was referring to in his *Reason of Church Government* in 1641, when he was confiding to the world his literary projects, in the epic, dramatic, and lyric branches of poetry, what his musing mind had proposed to attempt. I have given the whole passage in the Introduction, and will, therefore, only repeat now his remarks about a pastoral drama he had in his mind. He says (after referring to possible epic attempts): "The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral *drama* in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus."

Now, this exactly describes the *Sacrum Canticum* of Joseph at the end of our Romance. It is certainly a "pastoral drama" and it is "divine"—*i.e.* on a sacred subject. It is mainly drawn from materials "in the Song of Solomon," and we find it "consisting of two persons [the bride and bridegroom] and a double chorus [of shepherd lads and maidens]."

What can be plainer or more straightforward than this? It is palpable enough even to the general reader; but to the Latin scholar the proof appeals still more strongly, for this Latin drama is unique in its way even as Milton was unique. This pastoral drama "dwells apart"; I know

no Latin drama like it. It is so full of varied lyrical harmonies and metrical music, that it is more like a lyrical opera in Latin than a drama. I have looked in vain among the many Neo-Latin poets on my shelves, and among their dramas I can find no parallel. I took down the *Palaestra Eloquentiae Ligatae* of the Reverend Father Jacobus Masenius, S.J., Coloniae Agrippinae 1682, a rare encyclopedia of most things connected with writing Latin verse, and in all its 1,475 pages I could find no lyrical composition like it. In the original it requires looking into more than once to be able to see the drift of it, for there are no notes of any kind at foot or side and no references. It runs on from beginning to end without any signs of dialogue or chorus, except a short break here and there in the verse. It is only when the descriptive side-notes and the references are added that one can see plainly the *sacred lyric opera.*

And this reminded me that a great critic had once suggested that Milton would have succeeded much better with a lyric opera than with a severe epic such as *Paradise Lost*. The critic was Taine, and students of English literature will remember how dissatisfied he was with our great English epic. To begin with, he did not like the form in which it was cast. "Would he could have written it as he tried, in the shape of a drama, or, better, as the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus, as a lyric opera." Taine's opinion was that Milton's genius was transformed in passing from the lyric beauty of his youthful poetry to the epic sublimity of his latest years, and that there was loss rather than gain in the change. The poet, so he thought, no more sings, but relates or harangues in grave verse, and his characters are speeches. He takes Adam and Eve as instances. "I listen," he says, "and I hear an English household, two reasoners of the period—Colonel Hutchinson and his wife. Heavens! dress them at once. Folk so cultivated should have invented before all a pair of trousers and modesty." This is trenchant enough without doubt; but, after all, I think Taine is on the track of a sane criticism, and simply

means that Milton, when a young man and breathing the freshening air of the Elizabethan Renaissance, did produce odes and lyrics that were wellnigh perfect, that he had then his singing robes on, and gloried in the metrical variety and harmony of the lyrical opera, but that towards the latter part of his life he put on the more sober and stately robes of epic and tragic declamation, and lost that wonderful lyric sweetness and harmony all his own. His great epic *Paradise Lost* would have been better for a little mixture of the quality of Goethe's *Faust* here and there. That seems all that Taine means, and I do not think that lovers of Milton need trouble to deny it. One point the great critic laboured to make clear seems certainly true, viz. this, that the distinguishing feature of Milton's youth was his superb *lyrical* genius. Whether he lost it partially in later life is open to question; but I hold it to be a great help to my present contention, that the author of *Nova Solyma* was *a young man who undoubtedly had a superb lyrical genius*, and who scattered here and there throughout his first great work in the Latin tongue many most remarkable and unique proofs of it, of which by no means the least is this *Canticum Sacrum*, this *Bridal Song of Divine Love*. Of course, the appeal in all these cases is to Latin scholars, and the verdict will to a great extent depend on the harmonious numbers, the melodious symphony, and the general pleasing effect of the complex Latin verses handed down to us. This question of youthful lyrical genius of an exceptional kind of course stands or falls by itself: if Latin experts will not admit it, it does not damage the many other strong Miltonic proofs which I hope I have fairly set out; if the experts do admit it, in whole or even in part, it is a great *additional* argument for Milton.

APPENDIX

A SELECTION OF EXTRACTS FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN

I HAD intended originally to publish all the Latin poems of *Nova Solyma* in a separate volume, with the English versions facing them on the opposite page, and to add also a few chapters of the original Latin prose and some notes thereto.

My publisher, however, was of the opinion that the general public, and scholars especially, would prefer to have the chance of seeing the original Latin, or at least some portions of it, at the same time that the Romance was presented to them in its English form ; one reason being that the original book is so rare as to be practically unattainable. I therefore determined to make a selection of the poems, including the Armada epic in full, with a few specimens of the prose style, and to throw them into an Appendix, where they need not interfere with the continuous reading of the Romance.

There was this further advantage, that in this way an *Excursus* or two and some of the more critical notes could be also transferred to the Appendix in their proper places, and thus make the reading less of a strain to the non-classical reader. The uninviting subject of the strange Latin metres could also be thus gone into and disposed of, so to speak, behind the scenes—the best place for it, no doubt, in the opinion of many readers—as I could not absolutely disregard this subject, for upon the metres is founded a very strong Miltonic proof, as I have hinted before.

In *Nova Solyma* there are some fine lyrical attempts that are perfectly original as to metre, and after much

research I have failed to discover any others like them. We have to remember first, that it is not every modern Latin poet who is equal to writing lyrics well or even moderately well.

"The middle or low sort of versificators," says Thomas Ruddiman, the learned printer, "seldom venture upon them, as judging them (as they really are) much more difficult and probably above their reach." So, as a rule, they confine themselves to hexameters and elegiacs, and they who try new and original metres are indeed few in number, and not many venture even on choriambics or trochaics. There are just a few in post-classical and modern times who have tried their hand, as Martianus Capella, Boethius, Melissus, J. E. Du Monin, Geo. Fabricius and the great Buchanan, for instance. Each of these was a *multimeter* (to use the expression of Sidonius Apollinaris), that is, a man of varied rhythms; but not one of these expert Latinists ever varied his rhythms beyond the species called a tricolon tetrastichon—*i.e.* a stanza of four lines in three different metres, of which Alcaics are a good example. Nor did the whole body of classical Latinity ever go beyond a tricolon.

There was, indeed, one multimeter almost unknown to fame, Petrus Burrus (1430–1506), who was *facile princeps* in this particular line of metrical variety. He managed to write in all the metres of Horace, Boethius, and Martianus Capella, and to add some of his own as well; but even he did not, except in two instances, get beyond a tricolon, and then only to the next step—viz. a tetracolon tetrastichon.

But—and now comes the point—the author of *Nova Solyma*, as we shall see, went as far as a pentacolon hexastichon, and a tetracolon heptastichon as well. Who could this anonymous author be? "Why, here is a man," the Latinists of the seventeenth century might well say, "who cuts us all out and the ancients as well." To me the curious thing is that no one *did* say so, or, indeed, make the slightest remark, for more than two hundred and fifty years, concerning the book or its author. But the book

and its metres are still extant, and the twentieth century may decide.

Its author clearly hailed from England and its publisher from London. Who among our fellow-countrymen could have sent forth such new and audacious metres? who could have thus dared to present "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme"? who, I say, but Milton, the one who of all contemporary Englishmen delighted most in metrical experiment?

It was he who, when a mere lad, invented the beautiful lyric metre of the *Hymn on the Nativity*; who later on, in 1646, composed the Latin lyric ode to Rouse, a "metrical whim," as Masson says, "outraging all traditions of Latin prosody," but yet, I may add, based on the choral odes of Pindar.

It was Milton, too, who later on still, in 1653, dictated (being then blind) some extraordinary metrical versions of the first eight Psalms, all different metres, and some never heard of before. Yes, surely here we have found the man we seek. Here is the author and the only Englishman likely to insert pentacola or tetracola in the midst of the other melodious rhythms, both in prose and verse, of this very original Romance.

And to prove my argument still more effectively, I am able to show that Milton in 1641, in his *Reason of Church Government*, plainly tells his readers that he had been trying or intended to try this very kind of metrical exercise we are referring to. After mentioning what his musing mind had "liberty to propose to herself" in Christian epic and divine pastoral drama (the Armada and the *Sacrum Canticum* of Divine Love?) he goes on, "or if occasion should lead, to imitate those magnific odes and hymns wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy." Ah! here is the key that fits, and we can see clearly enough now that these unusual metres are the attempts of a fine Latin poet to imitate in the Latin tongue the varied and intricate rhythmical essays of the best of all the Greek lyric poets—the very thing that Milton had in his mind!

And the hymns of Callimachus, who, contrary to usual custom, wrote his hymns in hexameters, they too are in *Nova Solyma* imitated in a manner that no one of Milton's contemporaries could attain unto. We find them in Joseph's beautiful hymns to the Supreme Deity, also written in hexameters, beginning:

> O Deus aeterni sator aetheris, o pater, o rex

and

> O coeli supreme parens, qui foedera rerum,

or as they appear in the English rendering:

> (1) O God, who as a sower spread on high
> The countless stars o'er all the eternal sky, etc.
> (2) O Father, Lord of all the heavenly host, etc.,

I submit to scholars that this Pindar and Callimachus proof, though somewhat abstruse and indirect, is a fairly strong one, and I am glad therefore to find a place for it in the Appendix. Moreover, we have Milton's own words for it, that he often had Greek epics, dramas, and lyrics in his musing mind. He mentions by name his Greek models: Homer for epic, Sophocles and Euripides for drama, and Pindar and Callimachus for lyric odes and hymns. And he was as careful as the Greeks themselves about suitable metres. As scholars know, certain metres are suited to certain moods. The elegiac has always been supposed fittest for a mournful theme—indeed Ovid calls it *flebile carmen*; the hexameter for a lofty strain; the longer iambic trimeter for the tragic drama; the lyric for hymns and songs to be sung to the lute, harp, or flute.

Now, the Muse of *Nova Solyma*, in the various poetical interludes that are sown here and there through the Romance, tries her skilful hand in all the above metres.

We have the hexameter or lofty strain in the Armada epic modelled on Homer and Virgil, also in the sublime hymns to the Deity modelled on Callimachus, and in God's contention with Job (xl. 6—xli. 12). We have the elegiac or mournful strain in the epitaph on the sad death of Philippina, and in Job's complaint (iii. 2–26).

And we have in our antique romance nearly all the varieties of the Lyric Muse, not excepting even the Lydian —soft, sweet, almost luscious as it was, compared with the sensuous Sapphic and the graver Doric. As Milton says:

> Lap me in soft Lydian airs . . .
> In notes with many a winding bout
> Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out.
>
> (*L'Allegro.*)

The Lydian would find its representative in the chorus of the village maidens at the door of the bridal chamber, and a very good representative too, full of sweetness, linked and long:

> Nunc eamus et legamus capita florum mollia
> Nexa sertis et corollis induamus tempora;

and not only Lydian but

> various measured verse,
> Aeolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes

are here, and songs that move

> to the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders.

The "Aeolian charms" (charms = *carmina*) of *Nova Solyma* are the Sapphics of the *Song of the Wanton Damsels* and the Alcaics from the Book of Wisdom, chaps. ii., iii., etc. (pp. 285-91 of *Nova Solyma*).

The "Dorian lyric odes" we find in those remarkable metrical attempts already referred to, the many-limbed lyrics that point back to the intricate measures of Pindar. They are that song of Auximus in which he was accompanied by Joseph on his *cithara*, and the ecstatic song of Joseph to the Angelic Host, which is even somewhat Phrygian in its religious fervour.

The original models (as I take it) in Pindar were not his choral odes, but such odes as Nemea IX., which is a pentacolon, in the Dorian rhythm, and accompanied by the lyre and flute, and Pythia XII., which is also Dorian

and a pentacolon. These differ from the choral odes in being monostrophic, and therefore could be sung suitably as solos.

Nemea IV. is another Pindaric ode of a similar kind; and when Milton was twenty-three he wrote his famous sonnet *How soon hath Time*, etc., and at lines 9 and 10 there is a most clear reminiscence of Nemea IV. 67. I claim such coincidences as a powerful help to my suggestion. Nor is the metre of the Greek tragic drama omitted. We have fragments of *Cain*, forty-two lines of iambic trimeters, and also sixty-eight lines of *Abraham at Morea*, in the same metre—the one metre usual in dramas, whether Greek or Latin; and we know that this latter subject of Abraham was on Milton's MS. list.

And besides several other original lyric metres we have an Anacreontic in the *O sistitote furem*, which is doubly interesting to all students of Milton, as one of the very few remains of that most brief period of Milton's youth, when he, the Lady of Christ's, allows us to see him lightly turning his chastened fancy to thoughts of love.

So I hope that these original metres here given, besides helping my case, will not fail to be of considerable interest to all who have obtained the inestimable gift of appreciating our illustrious poet. And that such a gift *is* inestimable we have the unreserved assertions of such excellent critics as Mark Pattison and Mr. Archer.

I am also able here to help my contention and arguments by discoursing more freely on such proofs and undesigned coincidences as *Belgia* and *The Phoenix*, feeling that they will not now interfere much with the perusal of the Romance, as they are banished beyond the boundaries.

This Appendix will begin with *The Approach of Spring*, which is the poetical heading of the first chapter, and consequently the commencement of the Romance. This will be followed by a selection from the Latin lyrics. The whole Armada fragment is given, and a considerable portion of the *Canticum Sacrum*.

Then follow the first four pages of the book in Latin prose, and a few more prose selections.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING

GRANDINIS hybernos Boreas exolverat imbres,
Brumaque Judaei jam parte recesserat anni
Et caput abdiderat lapsum tellure sub altâ.
Cum petit obliqui coeli fastigia[1] cursu
Sol pater, et lentis crudam coquit ignibus auram.
Parturit omnis ager; sylvaeque herbaeque recentes;

---

[1] The beginning of this "ode on Spring" seems to be based on the following passages of Columella:

(1) Post ubi Riphaae torpentia frigora brumàe
Candidus aprica Zephyrus regelaverit aura
Sidereoque polo cedet Lyra mersa profundo
Veris et adventum nidis cantarit hirundo.
(Columella, *De Cult Hortor.*, 77–80.)

(2) Referring to same time of year. The *Fidis* of this extract is equivalent to the *Lyra* of the other.

Cal. Feb. Fidis incipit occidere, ventus Eurinus, et interdum Auster cum grandine est. III Nonas Feb. Fidis tota . . . . occidit. Corus aut Septentrio, nonnunquam Favonius.

This last explains too the introduction of Boreas into a description of the ethereal mildness of spring; and certainly the presenee of so chill a personage required explanation.

According to Columella, when the wintry sign of the Lyra was beginning to set, there were cold winds with showers of hail, but later on in February, when that constellation had wholly disappeared below the horizon, there came gusty winds from a more northern quarter, varied occasionally by the soft breath of the Zephyr. These gusty winds Septentrio, Aquilo, Boreas brought with them showers of rain, which the tender buds of spring did not fear, as they did the earlier hail-showers. They too were true signs of advancing spring; but the classic poets as a rule all mainly dwelt on the mild influence of the Zephyr, that *genitalis mundi spiritus*—as Pliny poetically calls it.

This made it all the more singular that our author should dwell on Boreas instead of Zephyr, and it was a puzzle to me until I hit upon this passage of Columella. I now saw that our anonymous author was well versed in the proper sequence of the weather in earliest spring, and that he most likely owed his allusion, in its literary form, to these passages of an out-of-the-way author whom no Englishman then, *except Milton*, seemed to study or recommend in any degree. This little discovery seems, therefore, to help my contention.

The Ode proceeds in good classical diction, and scholars will notice

Et viridem pictis intexunt floribus oram
Vocibus et blandis coeli jucunda salutat
Lumina progenies pecudum, pubesque volantum
Per nemus omne canit, nidis emissa relictis.
In se mersa fluit glacies, rivisque serenis
Apparent nitidi pisces; et laeta propago
Ludit ubique vadis; nullisque offensa procellis
Aequora marmorei rident immania ponti.

(Vol. I., p. 77.)

THE SONG OF AUXIMUS

PRIMI veris honos
Laetum parturit annum;
Auroram roseis diem
Spargentem[1] digitis poscit arator:
Cum terris humili Sol adit osculo,
Et montes liquido lumine purpurat.

---

what may be reminiscences of the author's favourite school classics Virgil and Ovid:

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos
(Virg., *Eclog.* iii, 56);
Parturit almus ager
(*Georg.* ii. 330);
Candidus Oceano nitidum caput abdiderat Sol
(Ovid., *Met*, xv. 30).

As *Boreas*, *Aquilo*, etc. are often used by the classical writers *per synecdochen* for any strong gusty wind, I may perhaps be allowed to present to the English reader the rather misleading word *Boreas* in the more appropriate form of "Spring's eager breath," as the meaning seems to be.

The first few lines of the introductory poem seem to tell us that the winter solstice of the Jews and their shortest day (Lat. Bruma = *brevissima*), together with the accompanying constellations, in the sky, had passed away, and that now the Sun was coming back to them, as it were, with new life, mounting obliquely through the stars towards his culminating point.

This treatment of the advance of Spring is thoroughly classical, and this connection between the seasons and the constellations is a well-worn theme with Latin poets, both ancient and modern. I possess a very rare little book, a *Calendarium Poeticum* of the date 1580, which contains 280 pages of extracts from various poets from Ovid to Dinckelius (the compiler of the collection); and every extract is in the same curious astronomical fashion which is here presented to us in Columella and by our concealed author.

[1] "Spreads the day," where *spargere* is finely poetical and truly

Aevi chare puer
Uti flore memento,
Fructus addere flosculis:
Est praecox potior vitè racemus;
Nunc et vere novo quae tibi conseris
Autumnus rapiens, brumaque distrahet.

Pleno quale solent
Pullis ore columbae,
Egestum dare pabulum;
Sic te nunc inopem cura parentum,
Multa lactat alens ubere copiae
Mox versâ repetent quam vice liberi.

Instat summa dies,
Et mors aequat adultis,
Crescentum tumulos breves;
Serâ primitias labe carentes
Gratas redde Deo, qui sua parvulis
Indulget patriae munera gratiae.

(Vol. I., p. 102.)

Miltonic; early Miltonic, too, for in an undoubted MS. school or college exercise of our poet, discovered with his *Commonplace Book* some thirty years ago, we have the following parallel:

Flamiger Eois Titan caput exerit undis
Et *spargit* nitidum laeta per arva jubar.

Indeed, this song is noticeable for many reasons. See the way it is carefully spaced in the printing. This was a device Milton was particularly careful to observe, as may be seen in his famous Trinity College MS. at Cambridge. He was a careless speller, but most strict in setting out his lines according to the variation of the metre. Again, what a remarkable attempt is this song as to metre! The first line is made up of the last two feet of a hexameter with a syllable over; the second line is a Pherecratic; the third line is in a metre unknown to classical Latinity—it is some mediaeval metre which Caramuel in his *Metametrica*, p. 39, calls *carmen virgineum;* and the last two lines are asclepiads.

Here is a mixture indeed! The author's own clearly, just as the *Hymn on the Nativity* was young Milton's own. Technically this metre is pentacolon hexastrophon. I have not found one like it.

But besides their unusual metres, the songs and lyrics of *Nova Solyma* are separated and distinguished from all contemporary Latin verse by an unbigoted austerity of moral sentiment which is nowhere else found in connection with such elegant and cultured Latinity.

THE SONG OF THE WANTON DAMSELS IN PHILOMELA'S KINGDOM

VIVIT in saxis onager remotis;
Vivit in sylvis numerosus ales;
Uberes illis inarata tellus,
Parturit escas.

Ludit Arctois satiatus undis
Cetus: expertos refugit labores,
Liber in campis equus et soluti
Colla juvenci.

Totius princeps dominusque mundi
Indiget cunctis; gravibusque curis,
Caecus argenti nitido metallo,
Quaerit et auri.

Pallidus secli studio futuri
Ditat ignotos opibus nepotes;
Seque neglecto fugientis aevi,
Munera perdit.

Laeta poscenti genio [1] repugnat:
Objicit saevis animum periclis
Clarus ut vani referat tumentem
Nominis auram.

Quisque naturam meliùs parentem
Optimum numen colit, et supremum;
Omne quod laedat, fugit; et deorum
Secula regnat.

(Vol. I., pp. 110-12.)

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[1] This is the classical use of the word *genius*, and the thought expressed in the line is often met with in the old poets—*e.g.*,

Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia.
(*Pers.*, v. 151.)

Suum defraudans genium, comparsit miser.
(Ter., *Phorm.*, i. 1, 9.)

Isti qui cum geniis suis belligerant, parcipromi.
(Ter., *Truc.*, i. 2, 81.)

The metre is the well-known Sapphic, a suitable one for the wanton damsels to use.

THE INSCRIPTION HANGING FROM THE RIGHT HAND OF THE COLOSSUS GUARDING THE RIVER OF DEATH

Faelicissimus omnium
Rectam qui tenero puer
Ingressus pede semitam,
Cursu perpetuo premit
Metam mortis ad ultimam.
Faelix, qui refugo gradu,
Orci præcipitem viam
Pertaesus, superos petit.
Quisquis tramite devio
Captus se redimi cupit
Me non horreat indicem,
Vultu terribilem truci
Sed pronus facilem piâ
Exoret prece transitum;
Cassis lumine praescio
Hoc solum superest iter.[1]

(Vol. I., p. 118.)

JOSEPH'S REPLY TO THE SONG OF THE WANTON DAMSELS

Horrescit nocuis sentibus, et malos
Certat terra ferax tollere carduos:
Et vix fida colenti,
Messem reddit adulteram.

It formica frequens colle sub arido
Et junctis Cererem viribus integram,
Parco dente peremptam,
Caecis condit in horreis.

Hybleae volucres dulcibus otium
Postponunt studiis, et liquidum novi
Libant floris odorem;
Saevam mel hyemem levat

Anni perpetuam sol terit orbitam:
Exhaustis toties reddere cornibus
Rores non piget almos
Nocturni dominam chori

---

[1] This metre is unusual; it consists wholly of Glyconics. Boethius (ii. 12) has the same metre once, and from certain similarities, and from the subject Orpheus and Eurydice, it is possible that Boethius suggested this peculiar production.

Discat gens hominum cui vigor igneus[1]
Et mens aetherei conscia Numinis,
Laetos ferre labores;
Curas ut fugiat graves.

Vitam caelicolûm transigat aemulam,
Aeternique serens praemia seculi,
Gazâ sit magis omni
Parcens temporis aurei.

(Vol. I., p. 130.)

JOSEPH'S SONG OF JOY ON HIS RETURN TO HIS FATHERLAND

O Sacrum Solymae jugum!
Urbs ô nobilium regia civium
Te faelix pietas, et bona caelitum
Cantu gaudia recreant perenni.

Sanctorum pater optimus
Praesenti facie lucidus incolit
Et proles miseris addita gentibus
Exornat gemino nitore templum.

O coeli jubar aureum!
Mortales superas corpore regio
Et divos volucres[2] numine patrio:
Nil aequum tibi surgit aut secundum.

---

[1] See *Excursus* (Igneus Vigor). This Virgilian and, originally, Platonic fancy seems to have forcibly struck our author, for he recurs to it in the Armada epic:

> Igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo
> Spiritibus.

Now, Milton was struck with this fancy, and repeats it several times. At college, in his academical oration; in his youthful poem *Upon the Circumcision*, line 7; and later in life of Samson Agonistes he writes (l. 1690):

> His fiery virtue roused
> From under ashes into sudden flame.

The metre of this lyric is a tricolon tetrastrophon, consisting of two Asclepiads, a Pherecratic and a glyconic—the metre of Horace, Book I., *Odes* 5, 14, 21.

[2] I have rendered *divos volucres* as "winged angels," and I think correctly; but what a remarkable expression, and how Miltonic!

Vultus profer amabiles:
Et te da proprio lumine conspici:
Ut surgens roseo sydere Phosphorus,
Aut flamma vigor aureus Diurnae.

Tu nostri generis memor,
Et terras oculis desuper intuens,
Fraternis humilem tollis amoribus,
Et dulci rapis impetu furentem

Ergo nos patriâ domo
Vivemus superûm seda potentium.
Prae portis potiùs janitor excubem,
Quam regnare velim beatus exul.[1]

(Vol. I., p. 175.)

PSALM CXXXIX., vv. 14, 15, 16

O QUAM mirifico atque horrendo more creatum
Me recolo! Magnis pollet tua dextera factis,
O Pater! atque in se mens conscia percipit ipsâ
Non mea te latuit tenebris circumsita moles;
Nempe uteri quamvis infernâ sede repostum
Finxisti, clarâ veluti sub luce pateret,
Corpus, ei egregiae decus admirabile formae.
Utque rudi tabulâ, justis mea membra figuris
Dimensus, certo crescentem tempore faetum,
Denique vitales fudisti in luminis oras.[2]

(Vol. I., p. 183.)

JOSEPH'S ODE (IN ECSTASY) TO THE BLESSED ANGELS

O PUBES superûm beata divûm!
Quos nunquam maculat scelesta labes,
Nec caeli patrio limine dejicit,
Aut sacris animos dotibus exuit;
Vos ô sydereum genus!
Laetis pergite cantibus
Summo plaudere regi.

---

[1] Another unusual metre. This is a tricolon tetrastrophon, consisting of a glyconic and a Phalencian with two Asclepiads in the middle.

[2] This is a thoroughly independent version founded on the original Hebrew. Notice the fifth line especially, and compare the ordinary versions. The inference, of course, is that the author of the above version was a critical Hebrew scholar, well versed in the commentaries.

At nos heu scelerum pudore victi
Et tot molibus obruti malorum
Nunc tandem gemitus fundere possumus,
Et desiderio carpimur aemulo,
Dum nos caelicolûm choris
Regni municipes sui
Victor praevius addat.

Quin et vos domini jubente nutu,
Arcem linquitis aetheris supremi,
Et terras humiles spontè revisitis;
Aut cum Tartareis praelia Manibus,
Nulla pace, lacessitis;
Nec nobis vigiles piget
Deservire ministros.

Ergo nos alacres, suprema quando
Hoc mandat ducis optimi voluntas;
Duremus positi pulvere in arido
Belli ferre moras, et juvet hostibus
Forti pectore congredi,
Dum mox emeritum caput
Cingat laurea victrix.[1]

(Vol. I., p. 199.)

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[1] Here is another of those peculiar metres which are such distinguishing marks of the author's Latin verse. Barring Petrus Burrus there is only one Neo-Latin poet, as far as I know, that at all approaches him in the variety of his metres, and he is Geo. Fabricius of Chemnitz, who published three books of sacred odes in 1552 at Basle. In his preface he gives a reason for the great variety thus: "Divinis autem laudibus, ut omnium mortalium voces ac lingua, ita omnis numerorum varietas convenit." Perhaps Milton and Apelles-Milton had a similar reason.

The metre here consists of two Phaleucians, two Asclepiads or Choriambic tetrameters, a glyconic and, lastly, a pherecratic. It answers to the name of tetracolon heptastrophon. I know of no other Latin example.

But yet more, besides being unique, it is a sevenfold metre (heptastrophon). How appropriate is all this! Our great poet tells us (*Reason of Church Government*, Introd. to Book II.), how he was often debating with himself how well a great Christian poet could treat the Apocalypse in the manner of a stately tragedy "with a *sevenfold* chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies." Few knew better than Milton what the Rabbis and Clemens Alexandrinus said about the seven first-born Chiefs of the Angels (*ἑπτὰ πρωτόγονοι ἀγγέλων ἄρχοντες*), and also what Scripture said: "I saw the seven

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

I.

Cedite jam tantis victoribus undique gentes,
  Naturam subigunt qui dare terga fugae

II.

Si vitare virum vates vis optime morsus
  Ad quae confugias, antra leonis habes

III.

Stulte fide salvâ poteras servasse Joannem
  Scilicet imperio plus erat ille tuo.

---

angels which stood before God" (Rev. viii. 2); also, "I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels who offer up the prayers of the saints, and go in and out before the Presence and the Glory of the Holy One (Tobit xii. 15).

That Milton accepted the seven archangels as scriptural is clear from *Paradise Lost*, iii. 654:

> Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand
> In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright.

The peculiar metre seems framed on the Greek lyrics, especially the Dorian rhythms of Pindar, and this, too, points to Milton as noticed before.

With the new evidence we have here and elsewhere in *Nova Solyma* as to this ecstatic ode and to Joseph's ecstatic state generally, I venture to suggest that our illustrious poet was a "visited character," as the Southcottians used to phrase it, or subject to an "influx" from "spirit guides," as the later expression is. I suggest that Milton was quite conscious of his peculiar privilege and thankful for it. With him, as with Emmanuel Swedenborg, Thomas Lake Harris, Joanna Southcott, John Wroe, Apollonius of Tyana, Plotinus, Laurence Oliphant, and a whole crowd of genuine inspirational poets and speakers (not counting impostors), there occurred striking mental phenomena, very abnormal to say the least; but undoubted facts or occurrences, as I suggest, to the parties concerned.

Our Apelles-Milton speaks of the jerk of the head when entering or leaving what he terms an "ecstatic" state. This shows, I think, that he was acquainted with the manifestations which occur at the psychological moment. But though these "visitations" are referred to both in *Paradise Lost* and *Nova Solyma*, no explanation beyond the ordinary Scriptural one is suggested. How could we expect more? Charcot and the Nancy School, hypnotism and clairvoyance, inspirationists and automatic writing, were not yet even in embryo.

IV.

Ecce lavat membris nigrantem et mente Philippus
Aethiopem frustrà nec tamen ille lavat.[1]

(Vol. I., p. 262.)

It was the confirmed opinion of the mediaeval Church that every Jew smelt abominably, and that the only way to get rid of this *Foetor Judaicus* was by the water of Baptism. It would have been interesting to hear Joseph dilate on this theme. The subject is not particularly enticing, but if any readers wish to pursue it I can offer the references that follow from my own casual reading:

Emanuele de Valle de Moura, *De Ensalmis* (1620, fol.), p. 372.

I. Benedicti, *La Somme des Pechez* (ed. 1584), p. 777, quoting I. Eckius, Hom. 3. *de B.V.M.*

Isaac Cardoso's *Defence of the Jews*, written in Spanish in the seventeenth century, strongly denies the *foetor*.

The Stage, a poem, by John Brown (Lond. 1819), p. 22.

A. Leroy Beaulieu, *Israel among the Nations* (Lond. 1895): at p. 117 he says (but contrary to nearly all authorities) that Baptism left the *foetor Judaicus unchanged*, and that it was thus sometimes discovered that this or that dignitary of the Church was of Jewish extraction. In a note he adds: "This *foetor*, this tale of the *Judaeorum foetentium* of Marcus Aurelius (*Ammian Marcell.*, xxii. 5) seems to date back to an error or malicious trick of some early copyist, who instead of *Judaeorum petentium* wrote *Judaeorum fetentium*." See on this Isidore Loeb, *Le Juif et l'Histoire de la Legende*, etc. (Paris, 1890).

When, later in life (*c.* 1653), Milton was Latin Secretary, there was a case in real life of a blackamoor (Mr. Morus)

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[1] (1) The Passage of the Red Sea. (2) Daniel in the Den of Lions. (3) The Beheading of John Baptist. (4) Philip and the Ethiopian Eunuch. As to this last Crashaw, the young Cambridge Latinist, almost contemporary with Milton, has an epigram somewhat similar:

AETHIOPS LOTUS (ACTS VIII. 38)

Ille niger sacris exit quam lautus ab undis
Nec frustra Aethiopem nempe lavare fuit.

With these two epigrams on Baptism we may compare what is said of the Jews baptised by Avitus in A.D. 579:

Abluitur Judaeus odor baptismate divo
Et nova progenies reddita surgit aquis,
Vincens ambrosios suavi spiramine rores
Vertice perfuso chrysmatis efflat odor.

being washed white, in which our great poet took special interest. Morus (between whom and Milton there was no love lost) had brought a lawsuit against Madame Salmasius and her pretty maid Bontia. He won this. But from the scandalous nature of the case, he had to pass through the ordeal of an enquiry by his clerical Synod at Utrecht. From this, too, he came out successfully, and the Reverend Moderator of the Synod congratulated him with pleasant facetiousness. "Never," said he, "was Moor whitewashed as you have been to-day."

At Doncaster some years ago there was a curious sign for one of the public-houses there, representing "Labour in Vain," and exhibiting two herculean women, with a negro in a tub, whom they were trying to wash white. This is mentioned in the *Daily Chronicle*, June 8th, 1900, and it is suggested that the picture has probably been bought by a firm of soapmakers. No doubt it is a very ancient popular adage, and one that took Milton's fancy, for in his *Defensio pro se* he chaffs Morus about it unmercifully and calls him an *Aethiops dealbatus*.

Our next extract is:

PHILIPPICA

(The Armada Epic)

I.

Exordium

Hesperii tumidos fastus, irasque tyranni,
Bellorumque minas: hinc altae cornua classis;
Inde rates parvas, et virginis arma Britannae,
Virtutemque canam. Tu sacris annue coeptis
Summe Deus! tantis etenim tua dextra periclis
Eripit; et quisquam metuat jam fidere coelo!

Fragment I.

Haec ubi decrevit, solio se erexit ab alto,
Et vacuo in terras latè dimisit Olympo:
Illi omnes, Jovis imperiis immanibus acti
Undique diffugiunt, Mars munere laetus iniquo,
Ingentem abjectâ dextram primùm expedit hastâ,
Et laevum mucrone latus; simul aurea solvit

Cingula; tum galeam ferrataque membra reponit,
Loricamque gravem, nec se tamen exuit ipsum.
Nempe alias artes saevâ sub mente revolvens,
Stellantes Superum pennas,[1] et lucida membra
Induit; et sanctus coeli fit nuncius alti
Tum calice aurato praefert crudele venenum.
Permistum furiis atque ambitione tumenti.
(Nectareum falso dicunt cognomine potum)
Taliter instructus, mox arripit ipse jugales,
Lassatos requie; dum magni ad maenia templi
Permissum[2] servant defixi in culmine currum;
Ore reluctantes, spumamque in fraena furentes
Dentibus exercent: oculis vigor igneus altis
Emicat, et patulis exufflant naribus auras.[3]
Iamque revertentem, seseque ad terga locantem
Attollunt laetis hinnitibus; inde soluti,
Aera per tenuem, pennis pedibusque volantes,
Praecipites abiere: manu dat lora secundâ,
Ocyùs insistens, et recto proxima cursu
Transmittit spatia: intereà juga Thessala linquens,
Se super Adriacas non segnius avehit undas,
Romuleasque arces, Tiberinaque despicit arva.
Tum mare per medium properans, hinc praeterit imos
Gallorum fines, atque hinc Balearica saxa:
Nec prius effusos uno premit impete fraenos,
Quam simul Hispanam veniat transvectus in oram,

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[1] Sannazar, *De partu Virginis, lib. III.*, thus describes the Heavenly Messenger to the shepherds at our Saviour's birth—at least as far as her wings were concerned:

> Mobilibus pictas humeris accommodat alas.

What a falling off from the simple yet striking description:

> Stellantes Superum pennas, et lucida membra
> Induit.

One was an elegant verse-maker—the other had a genius for the ethereal and the sublime, whether Milton or another.

[2] A strange epithet for a chariot, quite unknown to Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the rest of the classic authors usually read. However, *permissum currum* is strictly a classic phrase, for Gratius Faliscus (a contemporary of Ovid), in his *Cynegeticon*, 227, speaks of *permissa quadriga* in the same sense of "free to start" as above. The inference is that the author of *Nova Solyma* had read the *Cynegeticon* of Gratius, and made a note of the unusual sense of the word there. Who more likely to do such a thing than Milton?

[3] Cf. *Georgics*, i. 376.

Matritæque astans auratas occupet arces,
Impia[1] nox altum tenebris foedaverat orbem,
Et jam extrema polo pronas agitaverat horas.
Ille leves atrâ sistens in nube quadrigas,
Apparat aethereos cultus potumque nocentem:
Tum penetrat; magnique torum petit inde Philippi,
Regali structum thalamo; postesque superbi
Auro intercisi, gemmisque nitentibus ardent.
Aurea barbarici lectum velamina texti
Strata tegunt: sed non placidum haec dat pompa soporem,
Namque vigil studiis, curisque ingentibus aeger
Volvitur: amissos Belgas, tot damna, tot uno
Exhaustas bello vires: nihil omnibus actum
Insidiis armisque gemit; mentemque remordet
Indignans: et jam primo fulgentis ephebi
Territus aspectu, vidit, exauditque vocantem,
Nunciaque aethereis tradentem talia verbis
O dilecte Deo! et superis data cura Philippe!
Qui regis Hesperiam sceptris utramque superbis,
Germanaeque aliquam partem telluris, et omnem
Sicaniam[2] et Sardos,[3] Solymamque ascribis honori:
Ac super imperiis tantis novus aureus orbis
Accidit; una tuos excussit Belgia[4] fraenos
Impunis victrixque: quid heu bella irrita tentas?
Nec tandem ut socias inimica Britannia vires
Substruat aeternùm, sentis, foveatque rebelles?
Quin petis hanc, Martemque domos agis ultor ad ipsas
Saxonidum: et Belgas ictu consternis eodem
Imbelles. En nunc summis Deus autor ab astris
Me tibi ferre dedit magnis haec nuncia jussis:
Romanusque armis pater execrabile regnum
Devovet ipse tuis: nos et tibi protinus omnes
Europae populos, mox totum adjungimus orbem.
Sic ait; et calicem in fauces cunctantis apertas

---

[1] No modern Latin poet would be so likely to give to *Nox* the epithet *impia* as Milton. He connects night with foulness and primeval darkness and chaos. He ascribes to it an origin from below: "Meritò igitur Poetae noctem Inferis exurgere scriptitarunt, cum impossibile plane sit aliunde tot tantaque mala nisi ab eo loco mortalibus invehi."—*Opera*, ed. 1698, iii. 342.

[2] Sicania was Sicily. We have in Milton's Fourth Elegy:

> Ipse ego Sicanio fraenantem carcere ventos
> Aeolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos.

[3] The Sardi were the inhabitants of Sardinia.

[4] For this word see *Excursus* on Belgia.

Ingerit, ac pleno ferventia subluit haustu
Pectora: dilapsumque[1] atras se reddit in umbras
Ille tremens; O Sancte! Dei seu nuncius alti,
Seu (reor) ipse Deus, tibi fidimus, et tua nullâ
Jussa morâ sequimur: medios ne deinde paratus
Desere, structa tuo victis de nomine terris
Templa, sacerdotumque choros, festumque sacrabo,
Sis armis dux ipse meis: tu maximus autor,
Tu rege, successuque pari promissa secunda.
Talibus averso fugientem in nubila vultu
Prosequitur precibus, votoque lacessit inani:
Et jam jamque magis sacro praecordia potu
Incaluere; truces oculos, altumque cerebrum,
Corripuit magici rabies decocta veneni,
Sanguineam expirans animam, flatusque tumentes.
Exilit ille furens thalamis, fremit arma per arcem,
Arma, novosque ultro spirat jam victor honores:
Magnanimosque duces, pronamque in tanta juventam
Bella ciet dictis; oculisque ardentibus auras
Inficit, ac dirum ferri transfundit amorem.
Qualis in effaetam[2] vicino vertice quercum
Flamma polo jaculata cadit, deprensaque pascit
Brachia ramorum, sylvamque amplectitnr omnem;
Tum facilemque vorat segetem, regnatque per agros
Purpureis diffusa comis, pecudesque ferasque
Horror agit, collesque immani[3] luce refulgent.

---

[1] Cf. Virgil, *Aeneid*, iv. 410, de Proteo.

. . . aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit

[2] These epithets are worth noting as being the author's independent choice—*i.e.*, they are not mere repetition of classical phrases and thoughts, as are so many of the fine Latin verses of the Renaissance Poets: there is nothing of the Virgilian Cento in the Armada epic. This I claim as Miltonic.

[3] Among the rules which the great critic Longinus laid down for obtaining success in the "Sublime Style" of composition was this special one, that an author should imitate the most celebrated authors who had gone before him, and had been engaged in works of a similar character. If, for instance, a poetical subject is taken, then it should be considered how Homer would have spoken on such an occasion, or Virgil. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit without servilely copying him.

This was Milton's plan, and he carried it out more closely, perhaps, than any great poet of modern times. Hence he has been improperly termed a plagiarist, and enemies such as Lauder and others have done

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Fragment II.

Ecce operum merces tantorum, et meta furorum
Occurrit Britonum[1] tellus, quae littore flexo
Excipit abruptas hinc atque hinc aequoris undas
Heu mediis secura malis! nam Christus ab alto
Aethere prospiciens saevae molimina gentis,

---

their best and worst to depreciate him. But as a rule Milton touched nothing among the conceptions of the poets who preceded him without adorning, raising, and ennobling his original. This is evident again and again when we compare his conceptions in *Paradise Lost* and elsewhere with the original patterns which he had mentally absorbed by his extensive reading. And this remark holds good for many fine passages of *Nova Solyma*, an excellent example being that awful peal of laughter which Terror sent forth, and the effects ensuing as described in the third extract from the Armada epic. This lofty passage is clearly derived from the horrifying shout of the blinded Polpyhemus, when he found that he could not reach his escaping foes. The effects of this awful cry of the Cyclops, as described in *Æneid* iii. 672, are undoubtedly finely conceived by Virgil, and critics have generally praised the sublimity of imagination therein expressed. But I submit with some degree of confidence that the author of *Nova Solyma* has, when dealing with his similar conception, made it even more sublime than that of his great original. 'Tis Ercles' vein at his best, such as Milton was wont to use, and it is in such passages that our Apelles lets us discover him behind the curtain.

Terror's "awful laugh" is dealt with more fully at its proper place in the notes (Latin Armada Epic, Part III.).

The influence of Virgil as seen in Milton and *Nova Solyma* is shown in detail in *Excursus* (Virgil, Milton, *Nova Solyma*).

Lastly, I would draw the attention of the scholar to the fine simile (as it appears to me) with which our author concludes his first fragment of the Armada epic, as above. Here seems in embryo that grand imaginative faculty which was later on to venture upon still higher themes. Sannazar, to whom the palm is given by many critics for modern Latin verse, in his most famous poem tries to depict a similar conception:

> ardere putares
> Arva procul, totamque incendi lumine montem.

Compare this with the simile above. How bald in comparison!

[1] For the Miltonic proof of this, which is to a great extent an academical word, see more in the *Excursus* (Britonum).

Sic patitur propriusque sinens instare periclum,
Supremam fert ipse manum, sopitque paratum
Mortalem, et tantos in se convertit honores.
Ilicet aetheriis divûm qui praesidet armis
Architheum ad sese nutu vocat, atque ita fatur:
Maxime coelicolum, queis credita cura meorum est.
Nonne vides Erebi motus? Non arma Philippi,
Arma[1] minasque graves, et ni mea cura resistat,[2]
Anglorum extincto deletam nomine gentem?
I, celer, i, castris caelestibus eripe turmas!
Infernasque averte manus, vinclisque sacratis
Indue: tum Mauri non aequo Marte repulsi,
Sed strepitu et vanis dirae formidinis umbris,
Diffugiant: ventisqne nihil miserantibus acti,
In vada praecipitent Gallorum, et Hibernica saxa,
Perque Caledonium pelagus, fluctusque Batavos,
Omnibus inde satis spoliorum gentibus errent.
Hac mercede ruant, qui me et mea regna lacessunt.
Hæc breviter: nec plura loqui matura sinit res:
Nec sinit Architheum cunctantia reddere dicta.

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[1] The repetition of *arma* in succeeding lines is very Miltonic. We have an exact parallel in *Elegy*, iii. 47, 48:

> Serpit odoriferas per opes levis *aura* Favoni,
> *Aura* sub innumeris humida nata rosis;

also those well-known lines:

> More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
> To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
> On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues
> (*Paradise Lost*, vii. 24-26),

and other examples; it is a favourite device with Milton. It occurs, too, again in *Nova Solyma* in the Bridal Song of Divine Love:

> Frustra recordor *oscula* et amplexus tuos
> *Oscula* quae volucres diripuere notae.

We know whence Milton obtained these beautiful repetitions and turns. It was from his beloved masters Homer and Virgil. See *Iliad*, xii. 127, xx. 371, etc., and Virgil, *Aeneid*, vii. 586:

> Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota resistit;
> Ut pelagi rupes. . . .

[2] Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii. 599. A Virgilian hemistich, and the only one in the whole epic. The author has elsewhere expressed himself against Virgilian centos, and is consistent with his own views throughout his poems.

Evolat, et toto coeli ciet undique regno
Ductoresque pios, conjuratasque cohortes.
Sedibns illi omnes ardent exire beatis,
Et servire Deo. Fert dextrâ Syntheus hastam
Arduus ingentem, pharetrataque turba sequuntur,
Proximus attollit flammantem Zatheus ensem,
Sydereo sublimis equo, ferroque furentem
Extimulat, sed fraena manu simul aurea tendit:
Ardentesque equitum pulchro rapit ordine turmas.
Ipse autem bijugo vehitur super aethera curru
Architheus, viridi praecinctus tempora lauro,
Ferratumque manu sceptrum vibrante coruscat.
Illum humiles servare pios, flentesque receptos,
Sub pedibusque juvat fastas calcare superbos.
Turba simul sacris coeli subit aurea campis,
Luce coronati fratres, currusque volantes:
Quam multas serae nigrâ in caligine noctis
Undique scintillas medio disseminat antro
Ferrum, immane, rubens, formandum incude gementi
Cum Chalybes, primos alternant ocyùs ictus.
Interea portis coeli considit in ipsis
Christus et aeternâ se majestate refulgens
Attollit solio; regali incincta coronâ
Frons humana nitet; dextrâ venerabile sceptrum[1]
Exerit, et lævâ servatum sustinet orbem.
Circumstant sacri proceres, fidique ministri.
Concilio bonus Ergotheus: face dextra coruscâ,
Et radiis incensus apex; laenamque fluentem
Aurea sub geminis succingit zona papillis.

---

[1] The last *e* of *venerabile* is accounted by grammarians long before the *sc* of *sceptrum*, so here is a mistake in prosody, and we have several of the same kind in *Nova Solyma*. Now Milton has been castigated by the great scholars of the Continent for this very fault; for he has allowed vowels to remain short before sp, sc, st, etc., more than twenty times in his collected Latin Poems. Scholars do not admit this kind of scansion nowadays, although there are many instances in the classic writers, for Ovid sins nineteen times, Lucretius twelve, Horace nine, and Virgil seven; and the great Buchanan in his *Baptistes*, Act I. i. 14 admits "Crudelĕ scēptrum saevus Herodes gerit" as an Iambic trimeter. Coming nearer to our own days, one of the best of the Oxford prize poems is the *Vis Electrica* of Lord Grenville, a fine Eton scholar, and in this poem we have "Ergŏnĕ spreta," etc. So it is not a hanging matter after all; but these supposed blots in Milton's verse appearing also in *Nova Solyma* seem to hint at the true author.

Talis erat: tales socii velamine picto
Ornati insistunt; sed cunctis altior extat
Mystotheus vates, purâque in nube refulget.
Tum sacer Opsitheus divini nuncius oris
Cultibus aethereis fulgentes induit artus [1]
Ipse latens radiis et spissi fulguris aura: [2]
Ut jubar accensum fontani luminis igni
Attollit thalamis surgens Sol laetus Eois;
Diffunditque diem; populisque optantibus orbem
Detegit, exuperans flammis, mergitque comantes
Luce premens vultus, et multo sydere condit.[3]
Inde satellitio sequitur delecta juventus,
Nuda sinus, humerisque leves tantùm induit alas;
Et regem flammis cinctum caelestibus ambit
Laetaque perpetuo tollit praeconia cantu.[4]
Ceu totidem pasti fugiunt ad nubila cygni,
Ordine surgentes longo, coeloque volantes
Solvunt ora modis, perque humida colla canoros
Effingunt numeros, et sydera voce lacessunt.
Tempora Dorotheus sertis florentia tollit,
Frugiferasque manus: donis nec talibus aequat
Charithei sublime decus; cui virginis ora,
Impubesque genae, crinisque in colla revolvit
Aureus, et roseo resplendet lumine vultus.
Ipse nec Autotheum tanto contingit honore,
Supremum, similemque Deo: quem nulla tueri
Aut acies hominum, tremefactave Tartara possunt.
Igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo

---

[1] So in *Paradise Lost*, vi. 351:

and as they please
They (the angels) limb themselves.

[2] This is a fine and daring Latin expression, such as we might expect from the scholarly imagination of Milton, but hardly from any one else. *Aura* has a special meaning here, the same that it has occasionally in good classical writers, where commentators tell us that *interdum aura significat tenue quiddam et varium ex aere et lumine resultans—e.g.* Virgil (*Æneid*, vi. 204) speaks of *aura auri discolor*. But examples are few, and the one in our text is both original and striking. It is Milton's, surely.

[3] This is a fine original simile, worthy of Milton, who was an early riser, and could certainly describe the sunrise well; but the one that succeeds is still finer. For *fontani luminis*, cf. *Lucret.* v. 282.

[4] A melodious line, repeated in another poem farther on. Milton, *Ad Patrem*, 33, has one equally fine:

Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro.

Spiritibus: lapsosque premunt victricibus armis
Tartareos hostes: magnique aeterna Parentis
Viribus extremis alacres mandata perimplent.

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Fragment III.

Iamque catenatae naves nexaque coibant
Et trabibus densis latera ardua circumtectae,
Curvatae in faciem Lunae, cum menstrua septem
Pubescit noctes, mediave a parte senescit.
Constant: amplexusque avidos, et hiantia laxant
Cornua: ceu vastâ spumans vertigine vortex,
Aequoris in medio, piscesque, puppesque propinquas
Haurit agens; ruptique intorquet faucibus Orci.
Angligenae tanto firmatas robore classes
Incassum circumsiliunt, sylvosaque telis
Oppugnant castella procul, cautique minantur:
Haud secus oppugnat vaccas impastus Hibernas,
Huc illuc agili lupus obsidione, coactas
Unanimem in circum, medioque imbellia vallo
Pignora tuta tremunt, mollesque ad terga remittunt
Mugitus: surgunt insuetae matribus irae
Ille furit, nescitque fames frustrata reverti,
Quaesitamque dapem septam tot cornibus horret.[1]
Christus at hoc cernens, rebus succurrere fessis
Destinat: his mentem immittit farcire carinas
Ignibus armatas piceis, ac sulphure nigro.
Ac simul ordinibus divûm e stipantibus unum
Dositheum aethereis habilem sic increpat alis.
Vade puer celeremque seca per nubila cursum,
Terroremque voca: connexas perdere classes,
Maurigenasque jube. Sic imperat. Ille per altum,
Ocyor aspectu, mentisque simillimus ictui
Evolat et caeco Terrorem accersit ab antro.
Antrum immane, minax lapsuris undique saxis,
Finibus Arctois positum sub nocte perenni;
Haud loca nota viris: habitant in littore phocae,
Ursique informes, et corpora dira ferarum,
Infaustaeque stryges; totoque in limine circum
Stant lemures, umbraeque et spectra nocentia visu;
Tum mala Prodigia, et dubiae Discrimina vitae,

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[1] This simile is expanded from *Aeneid*, ix. 59-64, and cows are substituted for Virgil's sheep.

Captivique Metus: atque ingens incubat Horror.[1]
Inde ruit; magnaque tremens vi concitus astat,
Corpus inane volans,[2] cinctum omnibus undique monstris.
Iussaque tanta capit divini ex ore ministri.
Terrorum rex dire! cavam nunc desere sedem;
Christi jussa vocant: Hispanam disjice classem,
Quaeque parant fessi flammantia tela Britanni,
Tu rege rapta manu. Tali sermone ciebat
Laetantem nimium tantos miscere tumultus:
Ille fremens, quantum displosa tonitrua[3] reddunt,
Et quantum freta quà sese gemina aequora rumpunt,
Horrendum attollit risum: tremit Arctica tellus,
Diffissaeque jugis rupes, aeternaque ponti
Fracta sono glacies, moto caelum axe tremiscit.[4]
At non mortali turbatum voce ministrum,
Pone premens, vasti sequitur super avia ponti;
Monstratasque rates pernicibus occupat alis.
Ipse gubernator rectis incursibus actas
Hesperiam rapit in classem, ceu tela tot arcu,
Aut dextrâ contorta volant: simul arma facesque
Sulphureos furens mediis in navibus ignes
Spargit utràque manu: simul horridus ingruit ipse;
Ferratasque alas[5] quatit importunus ad ova;
Exhauritque animos: illi statione solutâ,
Diripiuntque ruuntque: neque hinc victoria curae,
Nec quaesitus honos, praedaeque insana cupido:
Terror agit, mentesque truci formidine solvit.
Noctigenam tantis intenti casibus Angli
Viribus instructis imà post terga sequuntur;
Turbatósque super medio in discriminis aestu

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[1] Cf. Milton's poem *In Quintum Novembris*, lines 139-54, where we have several similar conceptions:

> Antrum horrens scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris

and—

> Exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror.

These cave descriptions are Spenserian in style. We shall meet Horror again in the Bridal Song.

[2] *Paradise Lost*, xi. 561.

[3] *Ibid.*, vi. 605.

[4] See *Excursus* (Terror's Laugh).

[5] But though the "iron wings" of the text may be a reminiscence of Spenser, I am able to bring a much more striking parallel passage from another favourite author of Milton's, the *Christiad* of Marcus Hieronymus Vida. It occurs in Book V., where Fear is called forth

Cominus insultant: et fulmina sulphuris atri
(Heu populis ignota diu melioribus annis)
Expediunt; versantque latus: miserabilis intro
Caesorum auditur gemitus: cruor impius undas
Polluit: ingeminant ictus, et ferrea tela
Trajiciunt per utrumque latus, malasque praealtas
Deturbant pelago, et flammis aplustria perdunt:
Aequora pulsa tonant, nox ignibus atra coruscat.
(Vol. I., pp. 270-95.)

Note to the Latin Armada Epic

Here, if my contention be true, we have something that should be of considerable interest to all poets and scholars. It is nothing less than Milton's first attempt at an epic. Milton's chief fame is derived from his grand epics of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained.* They were the products of his blind age, and no one has supposed that he had ever courted the Epic Muse before. His early loves in college and Horton days were the Lyrical Muse and the Lyrical Drama: *L'Allegro*, *Comus*, *The Arcades*, the *Hymn on the Nativity*.

At Cambridge, and later on in his father's house, he began to try his wings, and his first flight from earth was into the realms of romantic and lyrical poetry. Then in 1638 there was a pause, and he went into Italy on his travels, and was pluming himself, as he says, for a longer and loftier flight. He was meditating a great epic flight from Parnassus' Mount.

But news came to him on his travels of danger to liberty by

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by Satan from her horrid abode, and sent to frighten Pilate from completing his purpose of releasing Jesus:

Protinus horriferum latebrosa ab sede Timorem
Evocat, atrum, ingens, et ineluctabile monstrum
. . . .
Fertque refertque volans circum importuna sonansque
Nunc pectus, nunc ora nigris everberat alis,
Immisitque gelu, et praecordia frigore vinxit,

which may be expanded thus:

Forthwith he summoned from his secret haunts
That grisly phantom Fear, a monster huge
Of swarthy mien, whom none can shirk or shun.
He volant here and there with clattering swoop
And horrid cries, wheeled round importunate,
Flapping his sooty pinions o'er the face
And at the breast of him he seeks, and strikes
An icy chillness in his heart and reins.

Besides the general similarity, I think the fact of the unusual word *importunus*, occurring in each passage, points clearly to a reminiscence; and there is *volans* as well.

prelates and King at home, and so his love of freedom and justice brought him back, a true republican patriot, to engage in many a battle of words and many noble prose perorations on behalf of the cause and party he had at heart. But to fight such a battle and such enemies the poet must needs come down from the larger ethereal air he had been wont to breathe, and dwell for a time amid the mists and storms of politics and controversy. So that early epic flight of his muse was laid aside and almost forgotten for nearly thirty years!

No great poet had ever come down from the Mount in mid-life for so long as that and then ascended to the very highest peaks—even those seldom-trodden ones which look down, bathed in celestial light, upon the obscurer clouds beneath. Of that great second ascent in blind old age all the world knows—the memory of it will never die while our language lasts—but what of those earlier epic flights of which our great poet drops certain mysterious hints in his controversial works? Are there any records of such soaring endeavours? I am rejoiced to think there are, and it is to me a keen pleasure to be able, or at least to think I am able, to present them without the loss of a single word or a beauty after having escaped the notice of the literary world for more than two hundred and fifty years. They are reproduced in this Appendix; and here we have, if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, displayed to us for the first time that precious seed of Miltonic genius, which, after a long and barren rest of more than thirty years on the best of soils, was to take root downwards and bear fruit upwards in those glorious other-world epics, *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*; and when that seed became a tree the whole world of culture and poetic fancy did rest with delight under the branches and shadow of it.

The epic theme then chosen in seed-time was a British one—the Armada. Our great poet desired to hand down to posterity, apart from any personal blame or praise that might fall to him, the glorious deeds of his native country fighting for her liberty against a foreign superstition and a foreign foe—"doing valiantly through faith" against the enemies of all Christian people.

He had, even so early as that, chosen his supernatural accessories—his armed angels—his heavenly overseers and interveners in the contest. And then, more than thirty years after, his armed angels were to fight again—under other names, it is true, but still names chiefly from the poet's brain, and formed in both epics in exactly the same fashion.

The grandly sounding Latin hexameters were to be exchanged for the finest and loftiest, the most varied and melodious English blank verse that has ever fallen to the power of man to build. Let us not regret this wonderful and most unusual pause and silence of song in the poet's life. It is true Mark Pattison regrets the years lost in political disputes and anti-prelatical rancour, but he is almost the only great critic on Milton who so expresses himself. The last epic would never have been so grand if it had been written, as first intended,

soon after his Horton days. The years rolled on, and his eyes, by degrees weaker and weaker, at length were shut out from all view of the outer world; and then, as we may believe, the eyes of the inner man were the more undimmed, having no passing mists of earthly objects to obscure their uplifted vision. Then was the great poet brought eye to eye with the glorious majesty of the courts of heaven, the "thund'rous throne," and that great company of angels and of saints who, like himself, did "stand and wait." We see in *Nova Solyma* what visions of the night fell on him to inspire and to comfort: how much more would that be so when night and day to him were both alike!

THE PRAISES OF THE HIGHER LOVE

Ite leves animae, summi quas oris imago
Ducit, et attonito stringit praecordia sensu:
Quid juvat instabilem tantis ornare puellam
Laudibus, et vanum spectri fugientis amorem?
Nec pudet heu sacro ceu divam attollere cultu.
Ah magis aethereas coelo convertite mentes,
Et formas spectate pares: Regèmque decorum,
Quem rerum supremus honos, et numinis alti
Sacra coronatam suffundit gloria frontem.
O Deus! ô generis nostri pulcherrime princeps!
Te pater, immenso totum qui lumine mundum,
Ceu fictum, nullumque videt, complexibus aequis
Concipit, et simili satiatus imagine gaudet.
Omnia te dominum sceptro subjecta verentur,
Terrarum innumerae gentes, regesque superbi;
Te domiti telis manes victricibus horrent,
Infernique lacus; totus tibi consonet aether,
Laetaque perpetuo tollit praeconia cantu.
Tu lapsos homines, nudaeque informia gentis
Ora, reluctanti frustrà pugnantia collo,
Erigis et blandum prior internectis amorem;
Indulgesque tuis; raptosque e faucibus Orci
Aeterno fers ipse sinu; coeloque receptas
Consortes animas sacrati numinis imples
Coelicolae decus insuetum mirantur hiantes:
Atque ipsi thalamis cupiunt servire beatis;
Muneris et tanti sortem captare secundam.
O hominum, divûmque salus! te pectore prono
Insequor, et pulchrae lustro vestigia plantae:
Quando erit ut sacros oculis agnoscere vultus;
Nos ut perpetuo liceat tibi jungere nexu,
Et miscere animas, totumque absolvere Christum.

(Vol. II., p. 40.)

THE SONG OF EUGENIUS

LAMENTING THE ABSENCE OF HIS OWN TRUE LOVE

O SISTITOTE furem!
O sistitote quaeso!
Cor abstulit misellum,
Et nunc abire caepit,
Virique faeminaeque
O sistitote quaeso!
O sistitote furem!
Est alba vestis illi,
Et taeniae rubentes,
Auroque zona fulgens:
Sed frons nitore puro,
Vestemque liliumque,
Nivemque vincit ipsam:
Est luminumque fulgor
Par syderi gemello:
Est aureusque crinis
Par Cynthii capillis:[1]
Pedes sed heu venustos
Natura non adaequat:
Quin alteri necesse est
Ut conferatur alter.
Vos ô cavete vobis
Virique faeminaeque!
Nec blandulos notate
Ocellulos[2] ocellis:
Eburneamque frontem,
Et aureos capillos,
Pedesque pervenustos:
Ne tam decora virgo
Unicuique[3] vestrûm

---

[1] Compare Milton's "unshorn Apollo," *At a Vacation Exercise*, line 37. The original, I suppose, is Hor. *Carm.* i. 21. 2.

[2] See remarks on diminutives in *Excursus* on Prose Style of *Nova Solyma*.

[3] This word is Miltonic, for the prosody is faulty, and Milton makes exactly the same mistake in his Epigram to Leonora singing at Rome—viz. "Angelus ūnĭcŭīqŭe suus (sic credite, gentes)" is the first hexameter—but Virgil makes *cui* a long monosyllable always. It is only some very minor poets who make it a dissyllable, *e.g.*:

Īllĕ cŭĭ cernis Capitolia celsa Triumphis
(Albinus *Hist. Rom.*, 1),

Cor auferat misellum,
Et sic abire pergat.[1]

(Vol. II., p. 99.)

THE BOOK OF THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

TURNED INTO ALCAICS

Chap. II. and Chap. V.

Cap. II.

Sic nempe vanis dedita sensibus,
Gens impiorum, sed malè, disserit
Heu vita velox, et laborum
Perpetuis agitata poenis;
Mors saeva nulli dat veniam fugae,
Raptum aut sepulchro solvit ab infero:
Nam fortè nos natura fingit
In tenebras redigit peremptos.

Ūnĭcŭīquĕ vĭcēs sānxitque, etc.

(Manilius, lib. iii. 65),

and curiously enough this very work of Manilius was one of the text-books recommended by Milton in his Tractate on Education (1644).

The word suited Milton's ear, I suppose, and that was enough for him; and the same may be said of the line in the Anacreontic here in *Nova Solyma.*

[1] These Latin Anacreontics came into favour rather late (in the sixteenth century), and something is said about them in the note to English translation. They always abound in jingling repetitions and multiplied diminutives. The above seems very fine and full of chaste reserve, compared with the great majority of such compositions. If, as I believe, this is a genuine love-song of our great poet in his fervid youth, it cannot fail to interest all his admirers. For if we connect this little love lyric, as I think we may, with the love at first sight for the Daughter of Zion at the beginning of this Romance, and Milton's Queen of the May in his seventh Elegy, and consider in the same connection Milton's *Ode to the Nightingale* and certain lines of his first Elegy, we have then almost all that has been handed down to us of our illustrious poet's first love—an *ideal* love in every sense, but how well befitting a nature like his!

The white robe, the red streaming ribbons, and the golden girdle, as described above, all seem, moreover, to point to something more than the ordinary walking dress, or even holiday dress, of an English maiden—in fact, point again to the Queen of the May.

Ceu fumus halat spiritus, ut citae
Scintilla flammae, cor agit intimum
    Putrescit extinctum cadaver;
        Mens liquidae perit instar aurae.
Famamque vanam factaque nescient,
Sera nepotes: ceu fuga nubium,
    Sic vita transit: ceu solutum
        Sol abigit radiis vaporem.

And so on to the end of the chapter.

Cap. V.

Tum se pudendi criminis integer
Attollit audax ora sub hostium:
    Qui pristinos mercede serâ
        Crediderant vacuos labores.
Heu conspicati pectora turbido
Terrore solvent: dum super ultimam
    Surgentis expectationem
        Insolitum decus obstupescunt.

Sero pigentes, et gemitu gravem
Testante luctum, taliter infrement:
    En iste dedignantis olim
        Dedecus, opprobriumque mundi,
Stulti carentem mente putavimus;
Lethoque nullam surgere gloriam;
    Nunc inter ascriptus beatam
        Progeniem, superosque regnat,
Ergo secutos tramite devio
Umbras inanes, nos[1] neque consciae,
    Lux veritatis, nec decorum
        Justitiae jubar est obortum.

And so on to the last verse of chapter v., which the author finishes thus:

Tum foeta saevam nubila grandinem,
Balista saxum ceu rotat, ingerent;
    Pontique debacchantis aestus,
        Vorticibus rapiet profundis.

(Vol. II., p. 119.)

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[1] I think this is a slip in grammar on the author's part, and should be *nobis*. But Salmasius and others have showed us that Milton also occasionally erred in this way. The pedants were shocked, and thought him a bad scholar.

Altogether the text has 164 lines, and each verse of the Book of Wisdom is included exactly in a corresponding alcaic stanza.

I have thought that scholars would like to see these extracts, as Milton left only one short alcaic among his acknowledged Latin poems, and there have been very diverse opinions as to the merits of that solitary specimen. Landor, who ought to know, but was rather a self-sufficient critic, condemns Milton's alcaic as a poor thing, and adds that the true rules for writing alcaics were not known in those days! "It is a very bad one. The canons of this metre were unknown in Milton's time" (Landor, iv. 521). Masson says in his notes on it, "Pretty mythological language, and good Horatian verse." E. des Essarts, in his thesis on Milton's imitation of the ancients, praises it, and says: *versutè flectit.* All I can say is, *Non nostrum . . . tantas componere lites.*

But I would deprecate such trifling as Landor sometimes indulges in under the cloak of criticism. He objects to a stanza of this solitary alcaic of Milton's work at the age of seventeen because he there says of Dr. Gostlin, whose death was the subject of the ode:

> Laetus superstes, nec sine gloriâ
> Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis
> Horribiles barathri recessus.

Landor fixes his fangs on that word *barathri*: he objects to it, and insists that Dr. Gostlin was not going that way, and could not see the Gulf from the deck! Surely this is unworthy trifling. Who knows what way Landor himself had to take? Who has the right to insist that he was going one way rather than the other? I am sure Landor had the devil's tares sown amongst his wheat as much as most of us, but I don't pretend to say which way *he* went.

The alcaics of *Nova Solyma* being in much greater bulk than the solitary specimen to Dr. Gostlin's memory, give us a better chance of judging the author's skill. The third line of an alcaic is generally considered to

be the most likely obstacle to cause a bad workman to "come a cropper." Milton stumbled once (in line 31) in his single youthful alcaic of forty-eight lines, and did not stumble more than two or three times in all the 164 lines of his close translation of the Book of Wisdom, supposing it to be his.

But, putting aside metrical minutiae, I think critics will agree with me that we have here an excellent rendering of two very fine chapters of Semitic faith in God. I wish space allowed me to transcribe the whole.

PSALM LXXXVII.

STAT sacris sita montibus
Sedes aetherei regia numinis.
Portas ille Sionias
Jacobi reliquis plus amat aedibus,
Urbs ô grata Deo! tibi
Spondent non tenuem surgere gloriam:
Memphim sed neque negligam;
Nec me jam Babylon impia nesciet:
Palestinaque civibus
Quaeret cum Tyriis, et niger Aethiops
Omnes hic erat editus,
Dicent de Solymis, hic erat editus.
Necnon omnipotens pater
Aeternis statuet maenia seculis:
Albo qui populos suo
Conscribit memorans, hic erat editus.
Hanc cantu liquido chori,
Hanc tollunt litui murmure consono
Omnes laetitiae meae
Fontes in Solymâ sospite confluunt.[1]

(Vol. II., p. 167.)

[1] This, too, although Horatian ("Sic te Diva potens Cyprei"), is an uncommon metre, consisting of a Glyconic and an Asclepiad, and is a very good and *close* translation of the original. The author seems to have aimed specially at a close rendering, just as Milton did when he translated this very Psalm and eight others into English in 1648. Milton put in italics all words not in the original, which he had to add to fill up the metre, and his attempt was not a successful one. If the same plan were adopted in the Latin version above, there would be very few italics. Yet the Latin seems flowing and melodious, and not at all cramped by the rigid artifice the poet determined to

HYMN ON THE SABBATH

Salve sancta dies, aevi venientis imago
Nostro tradita Christo!
Hinc sordes et terra vale! satis hisce, superque
Sex impendere luces.
Aera sonant, pulsuque vocant tremefacta canoro,
Ad Dominique Deique.
Huc alacres, huc quisque sui de limine tecti
Puris tendite plantis.
Hic neque sanguineo poscit dispendia cultu
Armentive gregisve:
Prima nec instituunt humiles elementa figurae:
Sed lux aurea vitae
Attonitas penetrat subito ceu fulgure mentes,
Sacri numinis igne.
Scilicet et superi circum laquearia Divi[1]
Pronis auribus adsunt:

---

use, nor does he here murder the beauties of the Psalmist King. In fact, this Latin rendering is much better than Milton's English one of the same Psalm, for in the latter murder is certainly committed—and Milton becomes a regicide while King Charles I. is still alive. I have compared this fine rendering with many others, including Buchanan's attempt, which is in iambics (trimeter and dimeter), and I think this little well-cut gem from *Nova Solyma* more than holds its own. I claim it with some confidence for the youthful Milton. The great Buchanan begins thus:

Abramidarum caeteras urbes supra
Dominus Sionis diligit
Portas Sionis, imminet quae montium
Fundata sanctis collibus
O praedicanda posteris sec'lis Sion
Beata mater urbium, etc.

Surely neither so close to the original nor so musical as our anonymous production.

[1] When Venus addresses Jupiter in the 10th *Æneid* she says:

O pater, o hominum Divûmque aeterna potestas.

Now, Buchanan was most severely criticised because he borrowed this line to begin his version of the fourth Psalm.

But Christian poets had used the word for the angels, and they are so called in the Hebrew Psalms, for Elohim = Divi. Ps. lxxxix. 7, Ps. viii. 6, Ps. xcvii. 7, when Arias Mostanus translates it *Incurvate ei omnes Divi*, and the LXX. version has it, "Worship Him all ye angels of His," whence Heb. i. 6 and our authorised version.

Therefore Milton used Divi as scriptural. See also note to second Armada fragment (translation).

Dum sua mortales expandunt munera linguae,
Et miracula Christi.
Nunc juvat aeternum coelesti in sede parentem
Affari prece pronâ:
Ille vigil nostras avidâ bibit aure querelas,
Et quaesita perimplet:
Ut pater indulgens puerum promissa petentem
Blaesis vocibus audit.
Nunc juvat unanimes divino carmine cantus
Toto tollere templo.
O gaudete Deo, gentes! accedite festo
Coram Numine versu!
Ille Deus, Deus ille, genus mortale creavit;
Nec nos finximus ipsi.
Ipse suos censet famulos, et frugibus almis,
Pastor ceu pecus explet.
Ite, nec ingratas in laudem solvite linguas
Intra moenia templi!
Haec aequum est praestare Deo, summisque beatum
Nomen tollere verbis.
Est bonus est omni miseris mitissimum idem,
Et verissimus aevo.

(Vol. II., p. 184.)

CANTICUM SACRUM

A Bridal Song of Divine Love

Huc ades ô dilecta! diu sat lumina noctem;
Sat nimis ingratam ceperunt membra quietem:
Hei mihi nocturno concrescunt rore capilli;
Et nunc ora rigent pallentis frigore Lunae;
Dum queror et servo tua limina, desere tandem
Infames thalamos et desidis otia lecti.
Iam canit erecto connixus gutture gallus,[1]
Et vigil auroram geminatâ voce salutat.
Quae te longa tenent insomnia? quis tibi tantus

---

[1] There is a good parallel passage to this, hailing from Milton's school or early college days, discovered with his *Commonplace Book* about thirty years ago. It is in a prolusion against the morning sluggard: "Surge igitur, surge deses, nec semper teneat te mollis lectus." Some elegiacs are tagged on, and here we find:

Jam canit excubitor gallus praenuncius ales
Solis et invigilans ad sua quemque vocat.

"The early village cock" seems to have much impressed Milton in his earlier days, for besides mentioning the bird of dawn several times

Incubat et tristem nocti sopor adjicit umbram?
Jam venit et fuscas accendit Lucifer auras,
Stellarumque choros verso deducit Olympo.
Surge! quid indulges nimiae moritura quieti?
Ah ne te primo languentem Cynthius ortu
Spectet et immisso nudam sub lumine prodat.
Quin ego per dubiae postrema crepuscula Lunae
Irrumpam et tacitâ discludam lumina dextrâ;
Et surrepta graves adiment haec oscula[1] somnos:
Surge, nec aeterno posthac concede sopori.

---

in his other college exercises, the Second Brother in *Comus* says, "Might we but hear the

village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace.

(*Comus*, 346.)

And every one knows, I hope, the lines,

While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin.

(*L'Allegro*, 49.)

We may note the use of *deses* (not a very common word) in both parallel passages. The *desidis otia lecti* of our text is perhaps a reminiscence of the *desidis otia vitae* of Statius, *Silv.* iii. 5. 85. It is also in Columella, vii. 12, Milton's favourite text-book, but is not in Virgil, or, I believe, any classical poet except Lucan.

Is "connixus gutture gallus" a mild attempt at the sound of a cock-crow? Milton delighted in such endeavours to represent sounds, and I have gathered some parallel attempts from *Nova Solyma*, for which see *Excursus* K. But I do not press this one, nor have I added it to my list in the *Excursus*.

[1] The very chaste way in which the warm language of the Song of Solomon is made the basis of this beautiful Bridal Song is very Miltonic. From beginning to end the author never goes beyond *oscula*, as in text. It was the most chaste word for kiss that the Latin language possessed, and our great Christian poet claimed it for his *Song of Divine Love*—it, and it alone. No doubt he knew the dictum of Servius, the Virgilian commentator, *osculum filiis dari, scorto suavium*; and as for *basia*, the Basia of Johannes Secundus would have been sufficient to exclude *that* word. Other Christian Latin poets were by no means so particular when they dealt with this Song of Songs. "*Osculetur me osculo oris sui*," is how it begins; some of them began thus:

Suaviolum roseis Dilectus dulce labellis
Det meus ille mihi, facilis det suavia mille,
(Joh. Kerrus, Prof. Hum. Lit. in Acad. Edinburg.)

This is rather expansive, and a bit "high" for a sedate Professor

Hei mihi! quae placidam disrumpunt visa quietem
  Qui labra labris inserens
Afflavit teneram sacro spiramine mentem,
  Et molle cor incendio?
Qui pulchros abiens in me deflexit ocellos,
  Amoris omen intimi.
Pulchrior es certè nostrâ de gente creatis:
  Divinus apparet decor:
Pulchrior aurato nascentis sydere Phoebi;
  Qui flammeum spargit[1] diem
Te licet ignotum primo mens perdita visu
  Non lenitur desiderat
Te sequor infaelix, etenim tua vestis amomi
  Caesiaeque suavis halitum
Spirat et effusam redolent vestigia myrrham:
  Ergo sequuntur virgines
Ah quibus illecebris, vel quo te munere victum
  Amore nectam mutuo?
Has ego purgatas Tiberino flumine sordes,
  Baiisque totis abluam.
Et quamvis lapsam nativâ tabe salutem
  Herbis reducem Colchicis
Quinetiam niveos cerussae munere vultus,
  Minioque pingam Baetico.
Ipsa novam multâ contexam Pallade[2] vestem
  Quae nuda membra contegat

---

at Edinburgh (!) of all places. I think the great anagrammatist Fidalmi began much better when he started his *tour de force* on the Canticles with these two very fine anagrams on the words of the Vulgate quoted above: *Osculetur me osculo oris sui*:

Si lustro crucem volo os Jesu
O Jesu tollis voce sursum cor.

But John Ker had many equally daring exponents of the Biblical Love Song to keep him in countenance, and both he and they attuned their lyres to strains that seemed of earth rather than of Heaven. Not so did Joseph in the text, nor would the "Lady of Christ's" demean himself to the language of Midian or Babylon. Here I think we have *his* voice, in the language of Zion that he loved.

[1] The same beautiful Miltonic word as before in the song of Auximus. See note there.

[2] Minerva, or Pallas, besides being Goddess of Wisdom and Culture, was Goddess of the Loom, patron of those who prepared the wool for it (*lanificium*), and reputed *inventrix* of the art. Hence Virgil,

Aurea dona sinu fundet mihi barbarus orbis,
 Gemmasque Ganges erutas.[1]
Undique Panchaeos thalamis afflabit odores
 Fragrantis Euri spiritus.

Aeneid, viii. 408, uses Minerva for the art itself, by a well-known classical figure of speech:

> cum faemina, primum
> Cui tolerare colo vitam, tenuique Minervâ, etc.;

but our author, like Milton, if he allows himself to borrow an expression, will put his own mark on it. *Multâ Pallade* is original and rather daring—*novum et audaculum.*

[1] "Gems of Ind." I think the word *barbarus* especially, and the whole passage generally, points to Milton, whose second book of *Paradise Lost* thus begins:

> High on a throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Showers on her kings *barbaric pearl and gold*,
> Satan exalted sat."

As we well know, the Greeks and Romans accounted all other nations barbarous; thus Virgil:

> *Barbarico* postes *auro* spoliisque superbi . . .
> (*Aeneid*, ii. 504.)

and

> Hinc *ope barbarica* variisque Antonius armis
> Victor ab aurorae populis.
> (*Aeneid*, viii. 685.)

Hence Milton adopts it with good effect, and so does our Apelles-Milton, both above and also in the Armada epic (Part I.) where the royal bed of Philip of Spain is thus described:

> Postesque superbi
> Auro intercisi, gemmisque nitentibus ardent;
> Aurea *barbarici* lectum velamina *texti*
> Strata tegunt,
> The royal bed
> Whose sumptuous pillars all inlaid with gold
> Sparkled with studding gems; the coverlets
> Lay thick with golden threads inwrought: the spoil
> Of barbarous lands.

Here *Aeneid*, ii. 504 is pretty well used up by our author, who takes four words out of the five to adorn his description, and yet our Apelles-Milton is no more a base plagiarist than our illustrious John. They both alike take or touch nothing without adorning it.

The dialogue goes on in varied metres, but space forbids the reproduction. At length the double chorus of country maidens and young shepherds come before us with the following elegiacs:

Chorus of maidens.

Sunt nitidi flores, texendisque optima sertis
  Lilia, sunt alto sydera nata polo:
Phoenicem[1] volucres pennâ plaudente sequuntur:
  Aligeri roseâ luce nitent superi
At vos, ô coeli! ô tellus ostendite! si quid
  Virgine formosâ pulchrius esse potest.

Chorus of shepherds.

Sunt albae pecudes, et purae vellera lanae:
  Pastor ubi liquidis corpora lavit aquis.
At si tu rostrum venias formose per agrum:
  Sordet ovis, niveo lana colore caret.
Non tamen ô pecudes quod vos hunc vincere credam
  Sit pudor, aethereum vincit et ille genus.

Double chorus of maidens and shepherds.

Mollis olor niveis et sponsa simillima pennis,
  Qui super innocuae stagna sedetis aquae,
Vos simul aequales thalamo deducitis annos;
  Et sacer in teneris mentibus ardet amor.
Ah nostrae, quoties huc venerit illa, sorori
  Dicite vos superûm vivere regna pares.

The Bride's reply.

Virginei caetus, aequaevaque turba puellae,
  Vosque leves citharae, vosque valete chori;
Non ego me posthac comitem venatibus addam,
  Aut timidis tendam retia rara feris.
Ô stultae! me immensus amor torretque tenetque,
  Oblectans animam nocte dieque meam.

The chorus of country maidens before the Bride's chamber calling her home again.

O beata surge tandem linque lectum conjugis,
Aucta donis, et decoris enovata gratiis;
Ecce nymphas, ecce cunctas antecellis virgines:
Bracteam nitore vincit vestis hic argenteam:
Haec catena gemmularum fulget instar syderum
Ne reconde tot decores, totque dotes aureas,
I revise tecta matris, et sorores pristinas;
Ecce vineâ racemos in paternâ colligunt.
Ipsa carpe vitis uvas vinolentae lividas,
Has et illas et petitas ore laeto devora.
Nunc eamus et legamus capita florum mollia,
Nexa sertis et corollis induamus tempora.

---

[1] See *Excursus* Q (The Phoenix).

Nunc eamus et legamus conchulas sub rupibus,
Colla pulchris vinciamus, et manus monilibus.
Nunc eamus et premamus fessulae cubilia:
Et sopore blanda sero somniemus somnia.[1]

(Vol. II., p. 229.)

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[1] This is the metre of the famous *Pervigilium Veneris*, of which the refrain was:

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet.

Some (*e.g.* Mackail, *Latin Literature*, p. 244) call this metre the trochaic senarian verse, others style it a trochaic tetrameter catalectic or an octonarian trochaic truncated, but it has a far sweeter sound than the names men give it.

It was (*teste* Mackail) freely used by the earliest Latin poets, but had almost dropped out of use till it was revised in the *Pervigilium Veneris*, with the additional beauties of frequent assonance and occasional rime, about the time of the Antonines or perhaps even later. These trochaic metres had a swing and cadence about them which made them popular favourites, and the soldiers and camp followers used them for their satirical songs on the great Julius Cæsar, and, I doubt not, on other men of note as well.

They have not lost their popularity in the present day, if we may judge from Tennyson's *May Queen* and *Locksley Hall*.

If′ you're wáking cáll me eárly, || Cáll me eárly, móther déar,—

which is the same metre with the caesura in the same place as in the original Latin.

In one of his lyrics (like the *Pervigilium Veneris*), a song of Spring, Tennyson comes very near explaining, as far as words can, the actual process through which some poetry comes into existence:

The fairy fancies range, and lightly stirred
Ring little bells of change from word to word.

This is admirably true of some of Milton's melodious verse, in Latin as well as in English; and the present "Maiden's Chorus before the Bridal Chamber" would bring no discredit (as an imitation and improvement on the *Pervigilium Veneris*) to the greatest Neo-Latin poet that ever lived, be he Sannazar, Buchanan, or even Bobus Smith (as Landor ranked him).

Indeed, all who have tried, early and late, to emulate the *Pervigilium*, to me seem to have failed to reach the harmony and melody attained in this Maidens' Chorus. Prudentius composed his Hymn IX. in this metre, but it is much less melodious.

Sebastian Hornmoldt (1595) and Andreas Catullus (1614) both tried to adapt it to sacred odes, but they were much inferior, although Catullus

Prose Selections from the Original Latin

Having offered a fairly comprehensive selection from the versified portions of *Nova Solyma*, I now present a few specimens of the prose portion, beginning with the first four pages of the Romance.

Haec veris gratissima facies, coelum, mare, terras, condecoraverat; cum tres simul egregii juvenes, illi Britannicè, hic Siculo more vestitus, tristi et inauspicato itinere jam prosperè peracto, montem cui Solyma insidet, equis conscendebant. Urbs erat in fastigio edita, moenibus praealtis amplissimisque et in quaternos aequales angulos per latera montium circumductis. Portae pro moenibns duodenae, valvaeque ex solido aere fabrefactae, superque firmissima turrium propugnacula proemuniebant adeundi licentiam. In his totidem familiarum gentiles notae frontispiciis insculptae, cum praescriptis majorum nominibus, portarum paritatem discriminabant.

Illis a Juda ingredientibus ingens platea se aperit; aedificiis saxeis, lateque diductis; quaeque pari et per longissimos ordines conformi fronte totidem continentium domorum speciem referebant: neque extabant ulla vestigia[1] prioris Solymae; sed alia ab integro renovata eundem loci situm porrectioribus spatiis occupaverat.

Ubi paulo intra moenia devenerant, ecce in oculis ingens hominum consessus, ac in ipso compitorum trajectu spectacula[2] breviter pertransire

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(minor) had two rather rattling lines as to how saints should "chastely love":

> Absque rixis nutibus salacibusque lusibus,
> Improbisque perditisque, languidisque basiis,

with the refrain:

> Sic amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit sec amet.

Altogether this modern Catullus, who will be sought for in vain at the British Museum or Bodleian, gives us about a hundred and twenty lines of this metre, which is a large allowance. Nearer to our own days, Richard Bingham, in his *Hymnodia Christiana Latina*, 1871, turns the hymn "O worship the King all glorious above" into this metre, and Tennyson's *New Year's Eve* and the *May Queen* have been attempted in these same trochaics by T. A. Marshall (*c.* 1845) and C. Merivale; but if lovers of musical Latin verse will take the trouble to make a comparison, I think they will find that Joseph-Apelles is quite able to hold his own.

[1] Luke xix. 44.

[2] This is the very word used by Milton in his seventh Elegy, where he describes how he met his first love on May Day:

> Haec ego non fugi spectacula grata severus.
> (*Elegy*, vii. 57.)

visa sunt. Illi ocyus appropinquantes, quousque per multitudinis interventum liceret, post terga subsidentis populi, sublimes in equis se erigebant. Universa ferè pompa processerat, restabat unica sed haec omnium pulcherrima species, jam tum ipsis consistentibus objecta: Vitis erat frugum foliorumque feracissima, et hinc inde procurvatis brachiis in tecti faciem inclinata.

Duo palmites, qui caeteris praestabant, hic dextram, ille sinistram invalidae arboris, aemula firmitate in ostium statuminabant.[1] Bis quinque praeterea ab eadem radice progerminantes, interque se textim complicati, in parietes utrinque dividebantur.

Super his reliquus erat unus, sed dispar, dissitusque ab aliis, qui sanguineo succo intumescens, dorsum totius arboris ad spinae modum sustentaret. Virgo sedebat in medio, habitu insigni, et praeter humanum morem coelestibus ornamentis convestita.

Velum erat e caeruleâ bysso, et tenuissimis argenti filis intertextum; stellulis quoque ex multicoloribus gemmis ad faciem syderum conformatis, undiquaque conspersum.

Aurea zona, sub papillis modicè protuberantibus, represserat laxitatem vestimenti ad formam castigatissimi sinus.[2] Aureamque virgam

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[1] Milton uses *statuminare argumento* in a college thesis (*Opera*, iii. 348, ed. 1698); and also in his posthumous *De Doctrina Christiana* (p. 492) quotes Psalm cxlvii. 6 as *Statuminat mansuetos Jehova* where the Vulgate has *suscipiens*. The word is by no means usual, and seems to be only found in Columella, Pliny and Vitruvius. *Statumen*, according to Columella, was originally a prop to hold up a vine. So the word is very appropriate here. Milton especially recommends Columella.

[2] A good classical expression: cf. Ovid, *Amor.* i. 5. 21, *castigatum pectus*. Forcellini tells us that *castigatae mamillae sunt duriusculae, tumidulae, et quas stantes vocat*, Plin. 30. 14. 45, and quotes the use of the very word by Q. Serenus Sammonicus.

This seems going a long way for a reference, especially to such an almost unheard-of name or authority, at least nowadays. But the chances are that Milton knew of him, and had read his works. This Serenus was a doctor, and his works and those of A. Cornelius Celsus, another doctor, often went together. Now, Milton's great friend Diodati was a doctor, and other friends of his were of the same profession; and we know Milton had read Celsus, for he used him for his MS. Latin Dictionary. So Serenus is not such a long way off, after all.

But, putting such a detail aside, I think we may fairly conjecture, from this particular description of the beauties of the Daughter of Zion, that our author had most distinctly a refined taste as to what constitutes one special charm of the female figure. He would have, I think, agreed with Mart. xi. 100, and said *pinguiarius non sum*;

decenter erectam dextrâ praeferebat, laevâ binas tabulas denis legibus inscriptas. Bis sex radii coronabant frontem, et capillorum longè diffluentium seriem auri concoloris vinculo coercebant. Faciem vero ipsam omnem ornatum superare, ex eo satis apparebat, quod haec omnium oculorum aciem in se unam, quasi meta contraheret.

Ut cùm in magno hominum conventu dulcissima melodia auditum subit, singuli simul aures arrigunt, advertuntqne intimique sensus penetrari, ac ipsa praecordia tangi pariter et commoveri videntur: neque absimilem quandam voluptatem anima per oculos concepit ex inenormi compagine formosi vultûs, quam quae ab harmonico numerorum concentu in ipsam per aures illabi, et mirabili consensione naturae ad suos modulos circumducere solet.

Mille millies in illâ enitebant gratiae: Quas, qui viderit, illico agnoverit; verbis nemo unquam satis expresserit: et jam seu pudore publici aspectûs, sive plus solito agitato sanguine, instar Phoebi primulùm orientis, juvenili rubore perfusa est.

Praeterea novitas pretiosi habitus, pompaeque ex improviso oblatae solennitas, magis magisque rapiebant in immensam admirationem venerandae virginis: tum accidit aliud, neque id exiguum momentum, quod labantes animos et plus satis primo conspectu perculsos ad

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and yet, from the way he dwells on the chaste revealing *zona* of the Daughter of Zion, we feel sure he would not have admired the flat, masculine chest of some of the "shrieking sisterhood" and the "bachelor women." His choice would have been what Petronius calls a figure, *omnibus simulacris emendatior*. If my theory be true, our author married a girl only just seventeen (Mary Powell) for his first wife, and we may charitably assume that he found in her the descriptive diminutives mentioned (from Forcellini), above—diminutives, too, that he liked in more ways than one, as I have shown elsewhere. Three times in all did he marry, and not one of his brides was a widow: he expressly preferred a virgin, as he himself has told us. The opulent charms of a middle-aged widow apparently did not appeal to that great genius Plato-Pythagoras-Joseph-Apelles-Milton, who has described so naturally and chastely the more refined charms both of the Daughter of Zion and of her who was "Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve" (*Paradise Lost*, ix. 291).

Having brought up Q. Serenus from his long rest, he shall not depart ἀσύμβολος. The following is his remarkable recipe for an elegant and virginal bust. It is modestly veiled in the language of scholars, and so I commit it to those "sweet girl graduates" who are privileged, by their culture, to raise the veil of antiquity, if not of Isis.

> Si castigatas studium est praestare papillas
> Ex hederâ sertis ambas redimire memento
> Protinus, et raptas fumis mandare coronas.
>
> (Q. Serenus Samm., xxi. 9.)

altiorem insaniam praecipites egit: nimirum dum propius adventaret, ab equis altius eminentes obiter conspicata, et excita insperato spectaculo, mirari primùm, ac trepidare, deinde micare oculis, gestire secum, et tota propemodum exilire videbatur; nec cùm abiret, continere se potuit, quin et cervice paululùm inflexâ blandissimo luminum rejectu ipsos subsistentes referiret. Britannici juvenes, quaenam esset hae tanta et tam subita propensio, haud satis certi, nec quid sibi vellent adhuc conscii, pudore, spe, metuque et gaudio turbidi, totis praecordiis intremiscebant simul et exultabant.

Deinde aversam avectamque e medio, oculis longissimè insequuntur, tanquam in conspectu revocarent. Cum illâ omnis reliqua scena, et satellitum turma vanescere visa est, ipsius imago sic animum impleverat, ut nihil praeterea spectare possent, aut suis oculis dignum censerent.

Postea dum turba dilaberetur, ab altero, qui dux itineris erat, sciscitantur, quorsum, aut quid hoc esset ostenti. Ille breviter respondebat, esse urbis conditae annuam celebrationem, virginemque illam pro Sione, sive (ut ipsi loquuntur) Sionis filiâ representam. Inter haec verba decedente populo, in viam à dextrâ abeuntem equum fraeno inclinaverat: eosque veluti jucundissimo somnio, seu potiùs coelestium rerum visione delapsos in proximum vicum deduxit.[1]

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[1] I have suggested, in the notes to my English translation, that the author was thinking of the May-day Festivities and the May Queen he had seen near London when younger. I add here that, according to a scarce poem entitled *May-Day* (London, 1769), the May Queen was elected on the village green, and shortly afterwards, accompanied by "tabors and pipes" and a joyous crowd, she was escorted to the prepared "throne" or arbour:

> Now on they march in order due,
> A Nymph and Swain, all two and two,
>   With flowery garlands drest;
> While daisies spring along the plain,
> Each Nymph alternate views her Swain,
>   And seems completely blest.
>
> Now they draw near the erected bower,
> Adorned with many a shrub and flower,
>   A throne of turf within:
> Sweet sing the birds aloft in air,
> Or to the bower hover near;
>   And now they enter in.

When seated on the throne a "sage old Swain" presents her with a crown of flowers and a moral address. She is then greeted with shouts of applause, and

> Again the pipe and tabor sound,
> The fair returns with honour crowned;
>   Thus ends the happy scene.

(*May-Day*, pp. 3-7.)

JOSEPH'S ADMIRATION FOR UNIVERSAL NATURE

(Vol. I., pp. 168, 169.)

Ego quidem, cùm coeli, solique immensum orbem (qui est omnium figurarum capacissimus) undique circumspicio; nullumque in eo angulum suis opibus non refertum; neque omnium earum rerum ullam inutilem, aut supervacuam reperio; cùm terrarum immane pondus illâ ipsâ gravitate se mutuò sustinentium, et vastissimas saxorum moles, columnarum instar, suffulcientium; ac metallorum venas, tanquam in thesauris suis clanculum reconditas: dum solum intueor herbarum gratissimè virentium integumento constratum, et irrequietum mare intra suos fines, nescio quo fraeno, quibusve repagulis, undiquaque[1] conclusum; nec non statos et reciprocos aestus ad omnia littora se allidentes; recentiumque lympharum fontes, veluti tot aquaeductus, per domum terrarum circumfusos: tum aerem tenuissimum ac penè inanem densiora quaeque ultro admittentem, et in relicta elementorum spatia ubique sedulo succedentem: ac ventorum variam alternationem ab omni littore impellentem: ignem quoque velut improbum praedonem, silice, et solidis. Corporibus, seu carcere constrictum; aut in extimam regionem relegatam;[2] ipsamque aetheriam plagam, syderumque motum, ac materiam non deficientem, et innoxiam benignitatem flammarum coelestium;[3] litesque et inimicitias elementorum mutuis foederibus conciliatas: atque universum

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[1] Used several times in *Nova Solyma*, although the great Latin dictionaries of the present day do not include or acknowledge this adverb. But the Cambridge Latin-English Dictionary, 1693, which absorbed Milton's MS. collection, has "*undiquaque*, adv. Liv. everywhere, on every side," probably taking some corrupt reading.

[2] Possibly the *flammantia maenia mundi* of Lucretius. But our author may be thinking of the Empyrean, or the fiery gulf of Hell.

[3] Milton was a strong believer in the benign influence of the stars. When not yet twenty-one, he sang:

> The stars with deep amaze
> Stand fixt in steadfast gaze,
> Bending one way their precious influence.
>
> (*Hymn on Nativity*, 71.)

And later on, old and blind, he still sang:

> The Pleiades before him danced
> Shedding sweet influence.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, vii. 375).

And again, of Eve:

> I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heaven,
> And happy constellations on that hour
> Shed their selectest influence.

animantium genus in tot tribus familiasque discretum, suisque certis ditionibus segregatum : dum haec inquam omnia studiose contemplor me tot miraculis circumsessum sentio, et humana artificia ut manea et mutila, ipsasque artes ut inertes fastidio.[1] Orbis utique qui mensurâ, pondere et ordine constat, omnium artium exemplaria atque fastigia in se continet.

Here I must end my extracts from the original ; but to such scholars as may get the opportunity of consulting this great rarity, I would especially commend to their perusal, (1) the fable of Philomela's kingdom (lib. i., pp. 24-40) ; (2) the story of Antonia's guilty love (lib. iv., pp. 213-222), which is the only part of the whole book which Dr. Garnett told me was not quite what he should have expected from Milton, yet it will, I think, be found to be a chastely told story, and classically expressed ; (3) Joseph's emergence from the dark night of his soul and from his religious despair (lib. vi., pp. 372-4) ; and (4) the description of the annual pageant (lib. vi., pp. 378 *ad finem*).

[1] *Artes inertes.* Milton was very fond of these jingles and this play upon words. We find them both in his Latin and English writings. The English examples (*Paradise Lost* v. 889, iv. 181, ix. 648, xii. 78, etc.) are referred to in the translation of this passage (note); as for the Latin, there are several even in such a serious production as Milton's *De Doctrina Christiana* : *e.g.* in chap. ii. of that book, when arguing against those who pretend that Nature or Fate is the supreme Power, he says : "*Sed natura natam se fatetur* . . . et fatum quod nisi effatum divinum omnipotentis cujuspiam numinis potest esse." And farther on, in chap. x., with regard to the argument about adultery drawn often from Matt. v. 32, he says : *pro adulterino sit protinus repudiandum* ; his joke amounting in English to this, that, when discussing adultery, *illegitimate* arguments should be excluded. This same uncommon word *adulterinus* is used twice in *Nova Solyma.*

EXCURSUS K

VIRGIL, MILTON, *NOVA SOLYMA*

MILTON, as is well known, was a great admirer and imitator of Virgil. It would not be too much to say that he was "saturated" with the great Augustan poet; one has but to look through a few pages of the *variorum* notes to *Paradise Lost* to acknowledge the truth of this. Virgil's methods of versification especially commended themselves to Milton, and we see him constantly imitating and very often surpassing his master on his own ground.

My point in this connection is, that of the anonymous author of *Nova Solyma* the very same remarks could be justly made. This naturally helps to favour my contention.

Now, the principal excellencies of Virgil's versification were: (1) The continual varying of the pause; (2) the adapting of the sound to the sense; (3) strengthening and beautifying the verse by the connecting particles *que* and *et*; (4) rhyming syllabic assonance and alliteration Let us take these in order.

(1) *The continual varying of the pause.* Milton, as an English epic poet, stands far ahead of all others in his clever use of this beautiful artifice, which he owed to Virgil more than to any other poet. The author of *Nova Solyma* dwells also very particularly on this device, and exemplifies it often in the Armada epic and elsewhere. There are also most pertinent remarks on its use in the college tutor's lecture on poetry to the English lads in *Nova Solyma*, Book III. Statius, Lucan, Claudian, and Silius Italicus all neglected this poetical ornament, and their verses suffered for it. The same with most English epics: one need only compare the beginnings

of Cowley's *Davideis* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, to see the immense difference between monotonous metrical sameness and the pleasing variety in which our greatest epic poet abounds.

(2) *The adapting of the sound of the verse to the sense.* All scholars from their schoolboy days know the great Virgilian example, the horse galloping on the hard road:

> Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum;

but there are several others—*e.g.* the cunctativeness of Fabius:

> Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem;

the gently flowing rivers:

> Unde pater Tiberinus et unde Aniena fluenta;

the roaring streams:

> Saxosumque sonans Hypanis, Mysiusque Caicus.

The *s* and *l* effect makes the following line as liquid as water:

> Speluncisque lacus clausos lucosque sonantes.

Some lines rise towards the end, but this next goes down to the deepest valleys:

> Saxa per et scopulos, et depressas convalles;

the sound of a trumpet:

> At tuba terribili sonitu procul aere canoro;

the quick flight of time:

> Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus;
> Stat sua cuique dies breve, et irreparabile tempús;

the slow, steady strokes of the forgemen:

> Illi inter sese multâ vi brachia tollunt;

terror and wonder expressed by harsh, slow spondees:

> Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum
> Monstrum horrendum ingens cui quot sunt corpore plumae
> Horrendum et dictu video mirabile monstrum;

the sudden fall of the felled ox :

> Sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos ;

the fury of the storm :

> Una Eurusque Notuspue ruunt, creberque procellis.

Now, Milton was one of the few modern Latin poets who tried to vie with Virgil in this difficult art of *onomatopoeia* in verse. He even attempted to beat Virgil's best—the galloping horse. Milton's attempt was :

> Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum.
> (*Elegy*, iv. 119.)

Some think that Milton's "um-dum" in the middle of his verse is good enough for him to win "on the post"; but I think not, for Virgil gained too much at the start, and Milton had nothing new in reserve to forge ahead with near the finish. However, Milton tried another—it was to represent the chattering or gnashing of teeth :

> Stridet adamantinus ordo
> Dentis ut armorum fragor, *ictaque cuspide cuspis*
> (*In Quintum Novembris*, 39) ;

also that warlike-sounding line so praised by Landor :

> Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges
> (*Mansus*, 84) ;

and the flight of time :

> In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro.
> (*Elegy*, v. 1.)

Here is rhythmical assonance as well. This fifth elegy on Spring has been thought to surpass in facility of versification one by Buchanan on this same subject entitled *Maiae Calendae*. Milton was only twenty when he wrote it, and the striking examples that are next to follow out of our newly discovered Romance would be written probably at about the same age, or even earlier. Milton did not write any Latin verse after he was just over thirty years old, except the curious ode to Rous in 1646 ; and since, in his later days, he had arrived at the

conclusion that rhyme or jingling metre put the bonds of slavery on a poet's natural freedom of expression, I do not suppose we should have had much rhythmical assonance in his later Latin odes, if in his blind days he had given any to the world. But though he abandoned rhyme in *Paradise Lost*, he did not altogether forsake the *onomatopoeia* of his early Latin muse; for instance:

> *Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings.* As bees
> In spring-time when the sun with Taurus rides.
> (*Paradise Lost*, i. 768.)

This is good, for we can hear the sound as we read the words. Then, again, a difficult, long, and tedious march is well expressed in the following line, which takes some time and labour to pronounce:

> Thus roving on,
> O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp;
> Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.
> (ii. 621.)

There are other instances of sound-echoing sense in *Paradise Lost*; for instance, in that famous passage describing the coming on of night in Book IV.:

> Now came still Evening on, and twilight grey
> Had in her sober livery all things clad;
> Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
> They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
> Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
> She all night long her amorous descant sung.

How exquisite the indication of the pauseless continuity of the nightingale's song by the transition from short sentences cut up by commas and semicolons, to the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of

> She all night long her amorous descant sung.

The whole poem, as Dr. Garnett says, is full of similar felicities (Life of Milton, p. 168).

But now I come to some excellent attempts in *Nova Solyma*, and seeing that these peculiar lines are rather

difficult to make with good effect, and that modern Latin poets have seldom tried to do this, with the notable exception of Milton, who made two or three good ones, I think I may justly claim some help for my main contention from such collateral evidence as I have here gathered. It may be added that C. G. Heyne, the well-known Virgilian critic, and many others, held the opinion that it was beneath the dignity and genius of a great poet to labour over his verses just to express the sound of a trumpet or the galloping of a horse, but both Milton and Joseph-Apelles-Milton thought otherwise.

The best *tour de force* of our Apelles is in his fine *Hymn on the Christian Sabbath*, where he describes the church bells as they summon the people to the House of God:

> Aera sonant, pulsuque vocant, tremefacta canoro
> Ad Dominique Deique.[1]
>
> (*Nova Solyma*, p. 347.)

Another fine one is the expression of sleep stealing on the tired eyes:

> Et sopore blanda sero somniemus somnia.
>
> (*Nova Solyma*, p. 386.)

Then Virgil's famous *monstrum horrendum* line is twice adapted, first to an anvil (*Nova Solyma*, p. 154):

> Ferrum immane rubens, formandum incude gementi;

then to the "awful Shape of Terror" (*Nova Solyma*, p. 158):

> Corpus inane volans, cinctum omnibus undique monstris.

Twice also, at pp. 155 and 266, we have the melodious

[1] I think these lines would have been much to the taste of that genial and multi-lingual scholar-priest who sang of

> The bells of Shandon,
> That sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters
> Of the river Lee.

Father Prout's Reliques will always be the delight of the scholar. They are full of musical assonance, classical, mediaeval, and modern.

expression of the Seraphim and Cherubim who "continually do cry":

> Laetaque perpetuo tollit praeconia cantu;

tuneful lyres and rattling kettledrums:

> Concordes citharae, pulsataque tympana tollunt
> (*Nova Solyma*, p. 374);

while the sudden fall of Virgil's ox is imitated in the sudden pause in the angel's speech in *Nova Solyma*, p. 154:

> Haec breviter; nec plura loqui matura sinit res;

and, as I have elsewhere noticed, we have the Armada tossed on the rolling waves in this heaving line:

> Perque Caledonium pelagus, fluctusque Batavos.

The rules of metre were also sometimes broken by Virgil to give the sound or the idea of a rough, rugged, or unwieldly object, *e.g.*:

> Inseritur vero ex foetu nucis arbutus horrida
> (*Georg.* ii. 69),

the grafting of a filbert on a crab-stock. Again:

> Amphion Dircaeus in Actaeo Aracyntho
> (*Eclog.* ii. 24),

which is rough and irregular by neglecting the elision. It took young Milton's fancy, however, and when in his Gunpowder Plot poem he tries to describe the unmusical chanting of the monks at Rome on the eve of St. Peter's Day, we have this simile, a not very complimentary one:

> Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique catervae
> Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho.
> (*In Quintum Novembris*, 65.)

And thus similarly in *Nova Solyma*, p. 157 (the unwieldy ships of the Armada):

> Et trabibus densis latera ardua circumtectae—

a spondaic hexameter.

As to device (3), *the artful use of que and et*, Virgil learnt it from Homer, who frequently used it with great effect. Examples abound *passim*; here is one:

> Si vero viciamque seres, vilemque Faselum
> (*Georg.* i. 227);

then our old friend:

> Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthem,

which was a pet phrase with the poet, and had rhythmical assonance as well.

These conjunctions are to the verse like nerves and sinews to the body—so says Nicolas Erythraeus (*c.* 1580), who was one of the first to draw attention to these different Virgilian tricks of composition, which many grammaticasters, and good critics too, now and then had declared to be blemishes, especially any rhyming assonance in dealing with a lofty theme. It is clear enough that *young* Milton agreed with Erythraeus, and *not* with the pedants, and the same Miltonic views are evident enough throughout *Nova Solyma.*

Now take the fourth Virgilian device, which many still consider a blemish—viz. *alliteration and rhyming assonance*; *e.g.*:

> Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis,

and hundreds of others.

Alliteration occurs everywhere in Milton, early or late; open at any page, you will notice it—the very first line of his great epic:

> Of man's *first* disobedience, and the *fruit*;

juvenile poems as well (when he was seventeen):

> O *fairest flower*, no sooner *blown* but *blasted*,
> *Soft silken* primrose, fading timelessly.
> (*Death of a Fair Infant.*)
>
> Most musical, most melancholy.
> (*Il Penseroso.*)

This Virgilian device is frequent too in Milton's early Latin poems, and in *Nova Solyma.*

But it is the rhythmical assonance which adds the most to the argument. Milton in his earlier poems delighted in this poetical adornment, and his fine ear enabled him to use it most skilfully in *Lycidas*, *Comus*, and elsewhere, as all the world knows; but after a time he virtually abandoned his early delight, and gave his reason, "rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse," as a kind of preface to *Paradise Lost*. When young, too, we know that Milton was very fond of trying his hand at new metrical essays—the *Ode on the Nativity* was a wonderfully successful example of novel rhythmical assonance produced by a mere lad. Now, it is just such wonderful and novel attempts at rhythmical assonance that we find in the Latin lyric poems of *Nova Solyma*—some of them are, as far as I know, unparalleled in all the wide domain of modern Latin verse, or, for that matter, *any* Latin verse, modern or ancient, the reason for the truth of this very broad assertion being that in *Nova Solyma*, as in Milton, the metres are *original*, the product of the author's fine ear and musical imagination. Some of the Latin lyrics of our Romance are so full of this rhythmical assonance that we almost think that they are about to fall into a monkish jingle, or at least into some of the assonant hymns of the mediaeval Church; but this never happens—the lyrics of *Nova Solyma* remain classical in form and substance throughout, that remarkable one beginning

Come, thou blest one, stay no longer, rise and leave thy husband's side,

which is in the metre and jingle of the *pervigilium veneris*, being perhaps the least classical, though not the least beautiful, of them all. But nothing can explain this peculiar and original assonance better than an example or two.

Take the first verse of *O sacred top of Solyma*:

O sacrum Solymae jugum!
Urbs O nobilium regia civium!
Te felix pietas, et bona coelitum
Cantu gaudia recreant perenni;

or first verse of *O young-eyed choir of angels blest*:

> O pubes superum beata divum!
> Quos numquam maculat scelesta labes,
> Nec coeli patrio lumine dejicit,
> Aut sacris animos dotibus exuit;
> Vos o sydereum genus!
> Laetis pergite cantibus
> Summo plaudere regi.

Note here the novel conjunction of various classical metres, and also the careful indentation of the printed lines. Milton was most careful of this, as we see in his Trinity College MSS.

But consider most of all "The Song of the Village Maidens at the Door of the Bride's Chamber," one of several lyrical interludes in *The Divine Pastoral Drama* that ends our Romance. It is given in full in the Latin Appendix, beginning:

> O beata surge tandem, linque lectum conjugis.

The original faulty punctuation has been kept. Milton also was bad in punctuation. But putting aside such a trifle as that, do we not seem to have here an original and most musical lyric in Latin, a foretaste of the fine ear for metrical harmony which afterwards helped to enrich our language with such varied lyrical charm in *Lycidas*, and the song to Sabrina in *Comus*?

Since writing the *Excursus* I have met with a very high and, I think, just encomium of Milton's verse which has just been published (1901). As it is equally true for the Latin hexameters and lyrics of *Nova Solyma*, it shall find a place here. The writer is speaking of translations of Virgil into English hexameters, and the difficulty of reproducing in this way the original peculiar charm of Virgil. "There are certain magical effects, particularly in the Virgilian hexameter (Latin), produced by an exquisite but audacious tact in the employment of licence, which can never be reproduced in English. Milton, and Milton alone among Englishmen, had the secret

of this music, but he elicited it from another instrument" (J. Churton Collins, *Ephemera Critica*, p. 317).

If my contention be correct, I have the right to add that Milton elicited these varied charms from the *same* instrument as well, and that even when quite a youthful bard his *os magna sonaturum* had already learned to blow blasts as long and thrilling on the Latin trumpet as did the past-master Virgil himself. I may add this also: that when the youthful Milton tried the same tune, he generally added an obligato of his own, which quite out-quavered the Mantuan's best.

A recent German critic, Dr. Joseph Reber, whose official title, to put it briefly, is *Kgl. Director der höh. weibl. Bildungs-anstalt*, says, in his excellent annotated German edition of Milton's Tractate on Education (1644), that Milton's youthful Latin verses were "*nicht in damaliger schablonenmanier.*" Now, this remark is still more pointedly true of the lyrics and heroics of *Nova Solyma*, and is a characteristic which clearly marks them off from the thousands of the common or garden type.

If we compare the Latin poems of *Nova Solyma* with the Latin verse of the most renowned authors of the early and later *Renaissance*, we shall find that in some points they are vastly superior to the very best productions of men so famous in their age as Sannazar, Bembo, and Vida. But these men, by general consent, stood on the highest summit of the modern Parnassus of their age. How, then, can these quite unnoticed poems claim any superiority to allowed masterpieces of cultivated Latinity. The reason is that these much-belauded poets never succeeded in shaking themselves free from the pedantic fripperies and banalities of the gradus, the lexicon, and the pagan mythology. They are always dragging them in; they are always adorning their tale and dressing up its episodes and incidents with what was practically worn-out finery; and, what was worse, the finery was a sham adornment that was only taken seriously by a kind of literary convention.

I quite agree with Professor Saintsbury's happy remark

that for Vida, Bembo, and their school, "a literary Monmouth Street is the highway to Parnassus, and nobody can be admitted to the Muses' Court without a court dress of old clothes." And, again, their phraseology and their elegances are "the very embodiment of the gradus: one seems to move in a sort of snowstorm of minute Vergilian, Ovidian, and other tags, sleeting, like the Lucretian atoms, through a void."[1]

Now, although Milton may have yielded in some of his early Latin poems (the Elegies, for instance especially) to the cultivated craving for such things then in vogue, still, when on a purely Christian theme he would have none of it, and the same determination is seen and declared in *Nova Solyma*. If ever Milton has taken the "old clothes" of Virgil or any other old-world exquisite, he so adapts or improves them that on him they seem "as good as new."

This, too, is the case, as we know, again and again in *Nova Solyma*, and it is the case with all great authors and their famous books. They are borrowed (often perhaps unconsciously) from their predecessors or contemporaries, but so altered by the natural genius of the borrower that in the process they are, so to say, transmuted, and, in the judgment of their readers, are accounted as original ore. This is the wondrous alchemy of literature, and in Milton we have an acknowledged master of the craft. Also, if I am not altogether wrong, we have in our Armada epic an early exposition of the same.

Vida, in his *Poetics*, seems to have been one of the first teachers and defenders of the "sound-echo-to-sense" principle. It was in his time that literary criticism began to assert its influence, the dialogues of Lilius Gregorius Giraldus, *De Poetis Nostrorum Temporum* being one of the first attempts in this direction, and for some long time the most comprehensive, for he included poets of other nationalities than his own *e.g.*—Chaucer has a place and mention in his work.

[1] *The Early Renaissance* (Blackwood, 1901), pp. 32 and 26.

EXCURSUS L

THE PROSE STYLE OF *NOVA SOLYMA*

We have here to consider whether the Latin prose style of *Nova Solyma* is consistent with the Latin phraseology and mannerism of the youthful period of Milton's literary life, as made known to us in his college exercises and other Latin writings of that period. This is an important, and indeed a crucial, question, for when we are considering any anonymous work and its supposed author, if the literary style of the two, when compared, is found utterly dissimilar, in that case we can only say, *Cadit quaestio*—this ends the matter; there is no use in addressing our enquiries any farther in that direction; the styles are different, and so are the two men, for "the style *is* the man." And this touchstone of authorship is generally real and effective, except in the rarer cases when the book is written with the set purpose of hoodwinking and misleading its readers from cover to cover. But here we may omit this exceptional consideration altogether, for *Nova Solyma*, anonymous though it be, is no example of literary imposture or *supercherie*. Its tone is genuine and consistent throughout, and is undoubtedly Miltonic; its opinions are outspoken and remarkably independent, and again they are peculiarly such as we may justly attribute to Milton; its autobiographical incidents, though neatly covered up by the veil of fancy and rhetoric, are also more applicable to Milton than to any one else known to literature. However, after all this is said, it is nothing compared to the question of literary style—at least, so some great critics think, for they say that many men may have the same opinions and the same tone of mind or character, and lead the same

kind of life, but that each man has his own way of expressing these matters in literary form, and that it is in that way, above all, that an author unveils his own personality, if he be not wittingly trying to deceive. There is no doubt much force in this, though it should not be too far pressed. Let us see, then, what was the style of Milton's Latin prose in his undoubtedly genuine youthful productions, and compare it with *Nova Solyma* as we proceed.

First, then, the predominant characteristic of young Milton in his early college exercises is his extraordinary liking for diminutives, often too for novel and eccentric ones, which he will hunt out of some old author, classical, or even post-classical, or else invent them himself. The best example of this is the very first college exercise of his, as printed in order in his collected works (ed. 1698, 3 vols., fol.). The title is *Utrum Dies an Nox praestantior sit?* Although consisting of only a few lines beyond four pages of the above edition (iii. 339-43), it contains no less than seventeen diminutives, such as *sententiuncula*, *vocula*, *nutricula*, *venustulus*, *rimula*, *nidulus*, *capella*, *lachrymula*, *stellula*, *lapillus*, etc. And, what is more, these all seem introduced of set purpose, and some even invented by Milton, when the ordinary, simple, radical word would have done just as well. Many of Milton's diminutives occur only once in some old or out-of-the-way author, or are of late origin. If Milton could only get hold of a *ἅπαξ λεγόμενον* of the diminutive kind, he seems to grapple it to his literary work with hooks of steel. Nor does he care much for its literary *provenance*. Plautus, Aulus Gellius, Priscian, St. Jerome, are each alike to him; he collects from all impartially.

There is not quite such a remarkably high percentage in the other college theses of these odd Latin words, which so remind us of the liquid prettiness of their modern Italian imitations, but still they abound, and we find *arguteola* (Gellius), *semihorula* (invented), *quaestiuncula*, *venustulus* (a second time), *captiuncula*, *stellula* (again), *minutula*, *elegantula*, *mundula*, *Catunculi* (invented), *lepidulus*, *anicula*,

conciuncula (*Letter to Gil*, 1628), *igniculus*, *breviculus*, *politula*,[1] *conviviolum*, and *chordula*. I feel almost certain that such a large and singular collection as the above can be found in no Neo-Latin writer, even if his works ran to twenty folio volumes, instead of the twenty pages or thereabouts of these youthful productions of a Cambridge student. Here, then, surely, is something marking off the youthful Milton from his literary competitors and contemporaries. He "dwells apart" with the diminutives that he so dearly loves.

But we must not delay our examination of the prose of *Nova Solyma* in regard to this early fancy of Milton. What do we find there? Something, I venture to think, that will astonish the sceptic who is inclined to scout the idea of a Miltonic *magnum opus* brought to light after being in print for 250 years. From a cursory glance through the first *fifty pages only* of *Nova Solyma*, I find the following numerous and startling diminutives: *Quaestiuncula* (p. 13); *praefatiuncula* (p. 21); *alumnuli* (p. 24); *stellula* (p. 2); *cantiuncula* (pp. 26 and 42); *fulminacula* (p. 45); *tyrunculus* (p. 46); *funiculum* (p. 47); *flosculum* (p. 27); *parvulum* (p. 20). Here are eleven diminutives, some of them unique, and two (if not more), *quaestiuncula* and *stellula*, used by Milton in his college days. Again I say, no Latin book of that period could yield such a remarkable result in its first fifty, or, for the matter of that, first five hundred, pages.

Farther on in *Nova Solyma* there are more, but I was quite content with my first sheaf, and only casually noticed these others: *audaculus* (p. 147, and in the *Autocriticon*); *avicula* (p. 72); *columella* (p. 122); *radiolus* (p. 376); *liguncula* (p. 279). The last, the "paddle" of Deut. xxiii. 13, which the children of Israel had to use in camp for sanitary purposes, *more felino*, is noticeable as being apparently invented by the author purposely,

[1] Ruhnken (*Epist. ad Dorvill*) calls the fashionable French abbés *politulos Gallulos*; and Muretus uses a few diminutives now and then, but it is the exception rather than the rule.

the Vulgate word, *paxillum*, being pushed aside—this is Milton all over. Then we have *misellus* (twice), *capillus* (twice), and the little twinkling lines:

> Nec blandulos notate
> Ocellulos ocellis,

where we get our author's favourite device doubly distilled. All these last are in the Anacreontic at p. 269, and therefore not so naturally Miltonic as the prose examples, for the Neo-Latin revivals of Anacreon Latinus were very fond of such conceits—*e.g.* Paulus Melissus and his German admirers; and even the great Buchanan in his hendecasyllabics to Neaera did not hesitate to begin thus:

> Cum primum mihi candidae Neaerae
> Illos sideribus pares ocellos
> Ostendistis ocelluli miselli
> Illa principium fuit malorum;
> Illa lux animi ruina nostri.[1]

But the only dictionary authority for this double diminutive *ocelluli* is an old grammarian named Diomedes, who lived a little before Priscian; and if the author of *Nova Solyma* did not invent the word, he probably borrowed it from Buchanan, of whom Milton was a great admirer, and whom he most likely aimed at when he wrote:

> Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?

But whether borrowed or coined (and Milton could do both), these diminutives in our Romance certainly help my contention very considerably. They have always been more common in verse than in prose, and, with the exception of Catullus, the great poets of Rome did not favour them—Ovid, Propertius, and Tibullus avoided them altogether, and Virgil has (so says Landor) but one, *oscula*

[1] Cf. Milton, *Elegy*, vii., where he says of the May Queen:

> Principium nostri lux erat illa mali—

a reminiscence of Buchanan surely!

libavit natae. Plautus used them pretty freely; but they died a natural death, perhaps from ridicule, in the classical ages, and did not revive until the Renaissance, when they began to be heard first in Italy. Landor is very virulent against them. "In Politian and such people," he says, "they buzz about our ears insufferably, and we would waft every one of them away with little heed or concern, if we brush off together with them all the squashy insipidities they alight on" (*Works*, vii. 381).

Milton being an excellent Italian scholar would partly account for his love of those musically sounding words in which that beautiful language abounds; and he also admired the *Comus* of Erycius Puteanus, an author who had studied some years in Italy, and wrote a Latin Anacreontic full of such lines as these:

Hic lucta basiorum,
Compressiuncularum
Et morsiuncularum,
Jam puberis puelli
Jam nubilis puellae.

This was strong meat for "the Lady of Christ's," but he admired the lyrical form while rejecting the salacious substance. And in *Nova Solyma*, Book V., p. 269, we have a very fine and chaste Anacreontic, inspired as to form, most likely, by the *Comus* aforementioned, and containing seven diminutives in a short poem of only thirty-two lines.

Besides diminutives, Milton was, in his college days, fond of unusual words, with which he had no doubt stocked his brain by his wide reading, and which he carefully kept ready in his memory or notebook for production when suitable. He was a great word-hunter, and his collections for a new Latin Dictionary were being carried on all his life long. He would bring into his Latin themes unusual words picked up in the course of his reading—whether strictly classical or not it did not matter to him, so long as he thought them effective. Milton was no Ciceronian purist, like Bembo and his satellites. When he was in need of a strong word, he would use the first or

best that was suggested by his retentive memory, and if none came to the purpose, he would invent one. He was a great master, both of borrowed and original invective, as Salmasius found to his cost, and was as good at Latin Billingsgate as poor Professor E. Palmer was at Arabic swear-words. But *Nova Solyma* was no place for that, and it was reserved for later years and his various *Defensiones*. But many singular and out-of-the-way words occur both in Milton's early Latin and in *Nova Solyma*, and sometimes the same unusual word occurs in both, which is a good point for my hypothesis. Let us take one or two of these first.

Words compounded with the preposition *per* occur frequently in *Nova Solyma—e.g. perimplet* occurs several times, and there is *pervelle*, *perterrefecit*, *perplacere* (p. 21), etc.

Now, the youthful Milton has *persane* (by no means a usual word) twice in his letters and once in a college exercise, *pervelle* (in *Elegy*, v. 130), *permoveri* (first college exercise), and *perplacida* (in his *Commonplace Book*). This last is a curious case. The word was half crossed out in the original MS., as if he doubted it, but eventually it was fully written, although an inappropriate word, for Milton intended it to mean "very pleasing" in an active sense, but this does not hold good.

Another example is *statuminabant* (*Nova Solyma*, p. 2), an uncommon word which the youthful Milton uses in a college exercise, and when much older uses again for his version of Psalm cxlvii. 6: *statuminat mansuetos Jehova*, where the Vulgate has *suscipiens*. (*De Doctrina Christiana*, c. xii.). Again, we have *stellula* (*Nova Solyma*, p. 2), and the same word twice in Milton's early Latin prose (pp. 342 and 347, ed. 1698). This, moreover, is a word of no classical authority, being first found in St. Jerome (*Epist.*, 112), and then only in the sense of an asterisk. It is also an improperly formed double diminutive, for *stella* itself is a diminutive, being equal to *sterula*, diminutive of ἀστήρ, just as *puella* is for *puerula*—so, at least, etymologists tell us; but neither Milton nor the author of *Nova Solyma*

cared much for them, or yet for the *Grammaticastri*, which word, supposed to hark back only as far as Scaliger, also appears both in *Nova Solyma* (p. 133) and Milton (*Op. Lat.*, iii. 357); and Milton has *Philosophastri* twice (*Op. Lat.*, iii. 346, 349), very likely a word of his own. Then there is the word *oblongus*, curiously used twice in *Nova Solyma* as qualifying a short sword and also the proboscis of an elephant (*Nova Solyma*, p. 241), while it is used also in the *Responsio Angli*, by John Philips (*i.e.* most likely Milton), in the odd connection *oblonga Lupi cauda* (Milton, *Op. Lat.*, iii. 148, ed. 1698).

Quin, too, is used often in *Nova Solyma* at the beginning of a sentence, and the same practice occurs three or four times in Milton's youthful poems. And *diverticulum* occurs also several times in *Nova Solyma* and in Milton's early works, also *Idea* (*Nova Solyma*, p. 139, and in Milton's Tractate on Education) and *sarissa* (*Nova Solyma*, p. 130, and Milton, *Elegy*, iv. 65).

But we will pass on to some singular words which occur in *Nova Solyma* alone, remembering that Milton, the word-hunting dictionary maker, had his head full of such words, probably more than any man then alive in England. We have *asturco* (*Nova Solyma*, p. 377); *aquaturire* (*Nova Solyma*, p. 279); *ancillatio* (*Nova Solyma*, p. 355); *ergasteria* (p. 126); *innodantis* (p. 332—this from Ammianus); *deglutiebant* (pp. 28, 212, used in Avitus); *buccelatum* (p. 312); *condylo* (p. 259); *tormentarios* (p. 314); *crena* (p. 135); *horologia circumlatitia* (p. 199); *noctigenam* (p. 159—coined); *compascua* (p. 200), etc.

And last of all, let us take some parallel passages.

In *Nova Solyma*, p. 25, when describing the pleasure-grounds of Philomela's palace, we read: "Foliorum perpetua viriditas per se gratissimam speciem praebebat; praeterea multicoloribus flosculis interpicta coerulam coeli plagam stellarum frequentiâ scintillantem, prope pari aemulatione, referebat." Compare this with the following in Milton's first college exercise, where he is speaking of the effect of night on the appearance of earth's flowery fields: "Tum quoque tellus . . . incassum denique gemmis et

floribus tanquam stellulis interpoliret se, coelum exprimere conata" (*Op. Lat.*, p. 342). The poetic thought is exactly the same, and is, I think, borrowed from the same source —the *Comus* of Erycius Puteanus, a work well known to Milton. The words there are: "Juxta viam amoenissimum quoque pratum erat . . . partim flavis, partim albicantibus florum gemmis relucens; putares in aemulatione coeli in ipsam quoque terram sparsas esse stellas" (ed. 1611, p. 172).

There are also a few other minor ones referred to in the notes, but the longest and most striking of all occurs in Joseph's poetic prayer at the end of Book V. This address of Joseph to the Deity in the silent watches of the night contains many passages reminding us in a very striking manner of the youthful Milton's college exercise *Utrum Dies an Nox praestantior sit?—i.e.* "Whether Day or Night is most to be preferred." The parallelisms are so strong that it seems that both productions are from one hand.

In both accounts are the filthy imps of Hell, Incubi and Succubi, and baneful spectres, bloody murderers, robbers and stealthy thieves, the ill-omened, hooting night-birds, and the roaring or barking of beasts. The terrors of a guilty conscience are referred to as well in both, although that parallel passage is not adduced here.

Finally, apart from these special verbal parallelisms, the *general* Latin prose style of *Nova Solyma* corresponds with what we should expect it to be from an examination of *all* his acknowledged Latin works.

Both in his college days and later in life, when he astonished the scholars of the Continent by his easy command of the Latin tongue, Milton showed no preference for any particular Latin style. He did not set up for being purely Ciceronian, as did Bembo and his contemporaries in Italy years before; he did not take the crabbed, obscure, and difficult style which was favoured by many of the learned pedants of Germany and Holland; he did not fall into Anglicisms, as Barclay in his *Argenis* fell into Gallicisms; nor was there anything canine in his

Latin, as was the case with some of his opponents, Rowlands, to wit. He wrote good, straightforward Latin, using the words that came into his mind from the stores of his retentive memory, without watching them as to whether they were of the golden, silver, or brazen age. If the word he wanted did not present itself, he had no hesitation in coining one. As Pierre Bayle, the great critic, justly observed with some degree of surprise when he read the *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* (which of course he supposed to be Milton's first Latin work), "he seems to have Latin well in hand."

Now, all these remarks apply with equal force to *Nova Solyma*, although, from the great difference between *Nova Solyma* and his controversial *Defensiones*, both in subject-matter and in polemical bitterness, we should naturally expect much variation. But even in these he showed his old liking for diminutives, though he exercised more restraint in this respect than in his youthful prose. Nevertheless, in his *Defensio Secunda*, in the Commonwealth days, Milton still showed that he could "let himself go" with the pet words of his youth. There I find, between pp. 85 and 103 (ed. Amst. 1697), *fraterculorum*, *infantulum*, *pisciculus*, *mendulis*, *citatiunculis*, *ancillariole*, *sententiolis*, *narratiunculam*, *oratiunculam*, *rhetorculo*; and these in the compass of less than twenty pages.

Milton's later polemical writings in Latin are written in a more rhetorical and debating style than *Nova Solyma*, and the syntax is often much more involved, and consequently there sometimes *appears* a marked difference from the simpler yet fervid style of the Romance; but the difference is only apparent, and when a plain narration of facts occurs in the *Defensiones*, the styles are clearly similar.

What Todd says on this subject of Milton's Latin prose style (*Milton's Works*, ed. 1826, vi. 391) is much to the present point: "I cannot allow that his [Milton's] Latin performances in prose are formed on any one chaste Roman model. They consist of a modern factitious mode of Latinity, a compound of phraseology gleaned from a

general imitation of various styles, commodious enough for the author's purpose." This is admirably put, and would pass for a neat and concise description of the Latin of *Nova Solyma*, which unfortunately Todd, the erudite Miltonic scholar, never met with in his many literary researches into the origin of *Paradise Lost*.

EXCURSUS M

IGNEUS VIGOR

THERE was one of Milton's college exercises which was delivered towards the end of his university course, probably about 1632, which shows very clearly, and in excellent Latin, how highly he appreciated this *igneus vigor*, this *aura divina*, which he considered God's greatest gift to mortal man. Professor Masson speaks of it as "one of the finest pieces of Latin prose ever penned by an Englishman." This is high praise indeed, and I gladly record it, for there are many turns of thought and phrase throughout the long speech which recall forcibly the tone and manner of *Nova Solyma*. It occupies nearly six closely printed folio pages in the first collected edition of Milton's works, 1698, and has never been completely translated. The part that refers to the subject of this note is as follows: "Notum hoc esse reor, Auditores, et receptum omnibus, magnum mundi opificem, caetera omnia cum fluxu et caduca posuisset, homini praeter id quod mortale esset, divinam quandam auram, et quasi partem sui immiscuisse, immortalem indelebilem lethi et interitus immunem; quae postquam in terris aliquandiu tanquam coelestis hospes, caste sancteque peregrinata esset, ad nativum coelum sursum evibraret se, debitamque ad sedem et patriam reverteretur; proinde nihil merito recenseri posse in causis nostrae beatitudinis, nisi id et illam sempiternam et hanc civilem vitam aliqua ratione respiciat."

The above is thus translated by Masson (*Milton*, i. 298): "I regard it, my hearers, as known and accepted by all that the great Maker of the Universe, when He had constituted all things else fleeting and corruptible, did mingle up with man, in addition to that of him which is mortal, a

certain Divine breath, as it were part of Himself, immortal, indestructible, free from death and extinction; which after it had sojourned purely and holily for some time in the earth as a heavenly guest, should flutter aloft to its native Heaven, and return to its proper home and fatherland; accordingly, that nothing can deservedly be taken into account as among the causes of our happiness that does not somehow or other regard both that everlasting life and this civil life below."

The subject of this oration is, "Learning makes men happier than ignorance"; and Milton expresses towards the end that it was longer than the University custom usually allowed. I think it was his supreme effort in Latin before he left the University, very likely a declamation required as part of the "act" for the Master's degree, as Masson suggests.

It seems rather more Ciceronian and rhetorical than sundry parts of *Nova Solyma*, but the time and place and audience may account for that. But with all its admirable Latinity it has no such beautiful passages and perorations as are found occasionally in *Nova Solyma*, and in the English prose treatises of John Milton. The appeals and addresses to the Deity which lend such a solemn charm to *Nova Solyma* are necessarily absent here; but there is a reference in the oration which we should hardly have expected to find there, in which Milton seems to claim a certain fitness and capability in himself for such Divine addresses. It occurs when he is defending learning and learned men against the charge of being churlish and unamiable. He says: "Now many complain that the majority of those who pass for learned men are harsh, uncourteous, of ill-ordered manners, with no graciousness of speech for the conciliation of the minds of their fellows. I admit, indeed, that one who is almost wholly secluded and immersed in studies is readier to address the gods than men—whether because he is generally at home with the gods, but a stranger and pilgrim in human affairs, or because the mind, enlarged by the constant contemplation of divine

things, and so wriggling with difficulty in the straits of the body, is less expert than it might otherwise be in the nicer gestures of social salutation" (Masson).

Milton has also in this oration a passage against the quackery of grammarians and rhetoricians, of which we hear such strong remarks in *Nova Solyma.* He says: "Quot sunt imprimis Grammaticorum et Rhetorum nugae aspernabiles? Audias in tradenda arte sua illos barbare loquentes, hos infantissimos"; which Masson translates: "How many despicable trifles there are, in the first place, among grammarians and rhetoricians! You may hear some talking like barbarians, and others like infants, in teaching their own art." [1]

The lawyers fare no better. Milton describes the jargon used in the Law Courts as almost indescribable. He says he believes it must be *American*, or some gibberish unused by living men.[2] He ends with some natural history illustrations. In those days, thanks to the Euphuists, who delighted in them, they were considerably in vogue, and many were insufferably silly and improbable. But Milton, with one exception, steers clear of the ridiculous. He confines himself mainly to bees and ants and cranes, using the stock illustrations; but the one exception is worth quoting here, for Milton is generally supposed to be free from foolish credulity. He says: "What an example of prudent and strict ethics do the geese give us, who, when they fly over Mount Taurus, stop up their bills with pebbles, and so keep down their natural loquacity, which they know betrays them into danger."

[1] Perhaps a slightly better rendering would be: "The former, as you may hear, when they expound their own art, speak a barbarous lingo; the latter seem utterly unable to speak at all." There is, I think, an antithesis intended by the use of *loquens* and *infans* (speaking and not speaking); and perhaps Milton had a reminiscence of Cicero's remark: "Dialectici dum caute et expedite loqui volunt, infantissimi reperiuntur" (*Auct. ad Her.*, ii. 11).

[2] Also later in life (1649) Milton speaks of "gibberish laws" (*Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, Bohn's ed., ii. 4), and in his *Commonplace Book*, p. 22, "Norman gibbrish."

This fine Latin oration of the youthful Milton deserves more attention than it has received; in fact, so do all his college exercises. There is an excellent account of them in Masson (i. 272-306), but nowhere else. They have helped in many instances to add to the cumulative evidence I have brought together.

The subjects usually given for the college exercises in Milton's days were indeed "dry bones"; but what unwonted fires did he strike out from them! When Milton was called to perform *his* part, he, as Mitford elegantly says, was able to "create a soul under the ribs of Death," and over the chopped logic of the schools to sprinkle "the fairest waters of the Pierian spring." Witness his treatment of the theme given in 1628 for the Philosophical Act at Cambridge Commencement. The Fellow of Christ's, who had to take the part of Respondent, did not feel equal to composing the required verses, so young Milton was asked by him for some "copy." The result was that fine production *Naturam non pati senium*, where the Greek mythology "lives" in its pristine beauty.

EXCURSUS N

VICTORIA

THE Latin is:

> Laeta coronatas clangit Victoria pennas

This line I had a difficulty in rendering at first, as I took *clangit* in its usual sense of the sound of a trumpet (*clangente tuba*); and considering the scene and surroundings to which the line is applied, I naturally thought of the youthful Milton's beautiful lines in his *At a Solemn Music*:

> Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
> Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,

and so I expanded, or paraphrased, the line thus:

> The joyful Seraphim their trumpets raise,
> And all the wingèd host Thy Victory praise.

But this did not seem satisfactory, for it is clear from the grammar of the line that it is Victory which makes the particular sound or *clangor*, and that the hexameter had to do with wings and feathers rather than with musical instruments. So I left the force of the rather puzzling word *clangit* undecided, using a provisional and colourless rendering, until some clue might be discovered. But the keen eyes of a friendly critic detected the word and pointed it out as singular in this connection, asking in what way I took it. I said that I supposed Victory clapped her wings, and nothing further was said on the subject; but I determined to attack the word again on my return home.

There, on further thoughts, I remembered that *clangor* was a term used to express the noise made by different

kinds of birds, and that I had once read in one of the volumes of P. Burmann's *Anthologia Latinorum Poematum* (Amst. 1773) a curious poem describing the various cries peculiar to different birds, and full of unusual Latin words descriptive of the same. I referred to this on my shelves, and found that it was the eagles who were marked out from other birds by the verb *clango*:

> Clangunt porro aquilae; vultur pulpare probatur,
> Et crocitat corvus, fringulit et graculus, etc.

As soon at the eagle thus came upon the scene, the meaning and references of the line became much clearer, for the eagle is the bird of Jove, and had helped him (as the classic fables told) in his war against the rebellious Titans, which contest was a somewhat parallel one to the apostate angels rebelling against the Almighty. Moreover, a crowned eagle with outspread wings was the uplifted standard of every Roman legion, and so a sign of victory. And among the good omens from birds was that especially of an eagle flapping its extended wings and uttering its strident cry (*clangor*) on the right.

So I dismissed the Seraphim and the clang of their angel-trumpets altogether from my thoughts, and altered my colourless rendering to this:

> With outspread eagle wings, crowned Victory
> Her note of triumph sounds in joyous glee.

But does it not seem strange that this pagan effigy, this hateful sign of the Babylon that was "drunken with the blood of the saints," that Scarlet Woman that sitteth on the seven mountains, should be seen in Joseph's nightly vision, and described as almost assessor with Him that sitteth on high and is "clothed with majesty and honour"? Surely, one would say, this is dead against the Miltonic authorship of this poem. Milton would never place any emblem of the tyrant's legions so near the awful throne of God, nor would he thus exalt the bird of Jove to the companionship and service of the Triune Deity.

But what do we find when we turn to that wonderful

description of the war in Heaven in the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, where "the chariot of paternal Deity," the cherubic car of Ezekiel, is so grandly described (lines 750-60), and also "the sapphire throne and He that sat thereon"? Strangest of parallels! we find this a few lines farther on:

> At His right hand Victory
> Sat eagle-wingèd.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, vi. 762-3.)

This is so plain and forcible a parallel that I leave it in its naked simplicity, and I will only say further that there seems to be a similar strange confusion of imagery in both passages, both in *Nova Solyma* and in *Paradise Lost*, and, of course, if this be so, it is an additional argument for the two passages about eagle-winged Victory being by the same author. The matter stands thus:

As far as I can make out, it appears the Roman goddess Victoria was winged, "pinnata et aligera," as Varro says, but not specially *eagle*-winged. His words concerning Victory are: "Apud Romanos Deae nomen erat cujus simulacrum effingebatur lauro coronatum, altera manu palmae, altera oleae ramum praeferens. Pinnata etiam et aligera pingebatur, ut e coelo devolans ad eos, quos suis ornare successibus vellet, pexo crine, nudo pede suspensa, strophio revincta, sinu vestis fluitante" (Varro, *L. L.*, iv. 10). Here Milton's eagle wings are certainly not so prominently set forth, but we have a crowned and winged human figure. On the standard of the legions we have an eagle with wings expanded, but apparently uncrowned, and no human figure. In our parallel passages these distinct images seem mixed together.

Again, *clangit pennas* is non-classical, and probably an invention of our author, and an incorrect one, for *clangere* is a neuter verb, and used (by Statius and Val. Flaccus) for the sound of the trumpet. It is only from the substantive *clangor*, and the poem about the cries of various birds quoted above, that we can connect the verb *clango* with the scream of the eagle or the noise of its

clapping wings (*strepitus alarum*). And even then *clangit pennas* would not pass muster. But it is just this that makes it Miltonic, for John Milton, great classical scholar and fine Latinist as he was, sometimes invented words and phrases which would not stand against the assaults of Salmasius and others; the reason being that Milton was careless about what he thought to be the pedantic frippery of the Grammaticasters, and took his own line and phrase if it suited his ear, and sometimes came to grief terribly—at least, the critics said so. He coined *stelliparum*, and was jeered at by Salmasius. He was wrong about *persona*. He said to Salmasius, "Ego te deridendum et vapulandum propono," and a whole troop of critics, Vavasseur, Johnson, and Morhof, were let loose upon him for the solecism in *vapulandum*. He coined (on *second* thoughts) *perplacida* in his *Commonplace Book*, and the meaning was not what he intended. In his elegy *Ad Patrem*, line 73, he uses *ditescere* transitively, when it is a neuter verb—at least, so says Symmons in his Life of Milton; and this, by the way, is the very fault of *clangit pennas* in our text. Nor does he fare better with his Greek. He coins *δυσμίμημα* in the *Epigram on Marshall's Likeness* prefixed to his Poems of 1645, and the meaning intended is impossible; and he makes a spondee in the fourth place of an iambic trimeter. In another Greek epigram (*Philosophus ad Regem quendam*), he begins: *Ὦ ἄνα ἐι ὀλέσῃς*. Dr. Burney, his critic, gives three pages to this dreadful expression! It should have been *ἐι κ'ὀλέσῃς*. How shocking!! But the fact is, Milton did not mind his p's and q's in these matters, nor yet his *κάππας*.

I must ask pardon for this rambling collection of odds and ends; but the summing up of it all is that *clangit pennas* rather points to Milton. To present to us Victory making a *clangor* either with her eagle wings or her eagle scream, or with both, is, I submit, after the eagle-winged passage in *Paradise Lost*, somewhat Miltonic.

And we notice that here too, just as in the unusual references to the birds that honoured the Phoenix with obsequious flight (Cf. *Excursus* Q, Phoenix), the fountain-

head seems to be Claudian, who speaks of Victory expanding her wings in joy at the honours given to Stilicho:

> quam certa fuere
> Gaudia, cum totis exsurgens ardua pennis
> Ipsa duci sacras Victoria panderet alas!

and in other passages also.

For the connection between the eagle of Jove and the eagle of the Roman legions we have the authority of Servius in his *Scholia ad Aeneid*, ix. 564. Many coins, too, have both the eagle of the legions and a winged image of Victory on them.

EXCURSUS O

BELGIA

SINCE my previous references to the style of *Nova Solyma* and to the curious Miltonic words that occur in it, I have found a strong additional proof from a most unusual word which is used both by the acknowledged Milton and by our Apelles of the Romance. That word is *Belgia*, and I now find that Milton not only uses this strange word in his third Latin Elegy, written when he was barely eighteen, but that he is also noticeable among English prose writers by the use of this word *twice* in his English pamphlets. He speaks of "the Churches of Belgia and Helvetia," in his *Animadversion on Remonstrants' Defence*, written in 1641, and again he speaks of "Belgia itself" in *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, which was published February 13th, 1648-9.

Our great new Historical English Dictionary, now in course of completion, knows no prose example of the use of *Belgia* in our whole literature. This only means that not one of the great host of word-finders was able to send Dr. Murray a single quotation from any English prose writer where Belgia is used for Belgium, and I was rather astonished to find that neither of the two examples which I have just adduced had been noticed by any one.

Now, *Belgia* is a form absolutely without excuse, and Milton received a merited castigation for the mistake from his great opponent Salmasius in his posthumous reply of 1660. Salmasius, when he criticised this Latin mistake of Milton's youth, did not know that he had repeated it twice in his later English works, or he would have hit

him still harder as a *confirmed* blunderer; for Belgium is undoubtedly correct and used in English generally, the one known exception proving the rule being that given in the Historical English Dictionary (marked by an asterisk), where George Chapman, the poet, speaks once of *Belgia* in his play of *Caesar and Pompey* (*c.* 1635). Thus we have this strong fact, that Milton, when only seventeen, misused *Belgia* for *Belgium* in some Latin verses, and twice again in middle life at the ages of thirty-three and forty he misused the word in English prose, these last being the only instances in our language, as far as generally known.

As to the use of *Belgia* in Latin verse, although I have a large collection of Continental Neo-Latin poets in my library, I have not been able to find any use of the word *Belgia*, nor is it likely I should, for *Belgica* and *Belga* answer every purpose, and both are correct and frequently met with; indeed, some of the Flemish poets who wrote in Latin used *Belgica* on nearly every second or third page. I possess a Latin epic in hexameters called *Belgidos*, written by a certain Daniel Souterius in 1632; there are nearly twelve thousand lines in it, but Belgia does not occur once, though a very useful word for an hexameter. Bēlgĭūm cannot of course occur in hexameters, but it occurs wherever it can—that is, on the title-page and in the preface.

But Belgia occurs in *Nova Solyma*, in the Armada hexameter epic:

Una tuos excussit Belgia fraenos—

i.e. "Belgium alone has shaken off thy yoke.' The author of this intentionally withholds his name, although he speaks much in his Romance of his hero, a chaste Joseph, and of a concealed Apelles who does not wish the critics to see him; but surely we shall be worse than blind old Isaac the patriarch, if we cannot here discern the person of

Joseph—Apelles—MILTON.

In Zedler's immense *Universal Lexicon* Belgia is not to

be found, whereas in the Latin Dictionary (Cantab., 1693) which absorbed Milton's collections, Belgia is put first and Belgium after it, as if the word was perfectly correct. The history of the proper appellation of the country we still call Belgium is simple enough.

Gallia Belgica was the name of a large northern division of *Gallia*. We find it so named in Pliny (7. 47. 1), and inscriptions quoted by Orelli (n. 798, etc.) give the same title. Pliny and others also use *Belgica* alone and absolutely (though it is really an adjective) for the name of the country, and Caesar (*B. G.* 5. 24) speaks of part of the country under the name of Belgium. Lucan (i. 426), Claudian (*Carm.* 21, 226), and others use *Belga* and *Belgae* for the people of the country, and there is an inscription in Orelli (n. 4079), *Jul. Vitalis natione Baelga.* But *Belgia* is utterly unknown and unnoticed in that immense and exhaustive work the *Totius Latinitatis Onomasticon* of Vincentius De Vit.

Moreover, as soon as Milton became Latin Secretary, we notice that he has to drop this solecism. It was much too ridiculous and outrageous to use in official despatches, and the second published letter that Milton wrote as Latin Secretary brings the right word *Belgium* from his pen (January 4th, 1649-50), and ever after, both officially and controversially, we find *Belgium* used, and, considering our relations with the Low Countries during the Commonwealth, it was of course used very often by him. Whether Milton discovered his error by perusing State documents, or whether he was censured or laughed out of it, we are not very likely to find out now. However, we can say this, that *after* 1650 Milton always used Belgium, while before that date he always used Belgia.

As I have noticed in my note on the false quantity *Brĭtŏnūm*, the Latin Muses of our two Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, were sometimes very loose in their Latin proper names, and that Lycidas (Edward King), though a Fellow of Christ's, used Brĭtŏnas and Belgia in one and the same panegyric, and I have found two or three other examples of Belgia in these compositions between 1603

and 1650. The proper word *Bĕlgĭŭm* was used, I found, in hendecasyllabics where the metre allowed it—*e.g.*:

Dicat Gallia, Belgiumque dicat—

in the Oxford *Lamentations on the Death of Elizabeth* (Oxon., 1603, p. 36), and also in the Cambridge *Threnothriambenticon* (Cantab., 1603, p. 9, etc.), but in a few other instances our English University scholars used for some reason the anomalous word *Belgia*, although Belgica would be equally serviceable and correct as well.

Hence we are able to draw the same useful inference from the word Belgia in *Nova Solyma* as we shall presently draw from the word Britonum in that Romance—viz. that the author of *Nova Solyma* was most likely an English University man, and if so, who so probable as Milton, since, besides other good reasons, he is known to have been guilty of both these solecisms in his own published works? I put the matter thus: The true author of *Nova Solyma* wished to be unknown, concealed, like Apelles, behind his picture; but while he was busy there, out of sight, preparing his oils and colours for filling up the sketch of the Armada, which was yet in an unfinished state, he trips over *Belgia* and *Britonum*, parts of two old sketches of his which he had stored up with him for some time, and stumbles forward into full view of the critics, who recognise the great John Milton at once by these and other signs—at least, my view of the matter is they ought to do so. I may add that during the course of my reading since I put together this *Excursus*, I have come across the word *Belgia* used twice in a *Discourse of Constancy* by Nathaniel Wanley, M.A. (London, 1670). We may therefore take it that the use of the word Belgia in English prose is not unique, as the New English Dictionary might lead one to infer. However, it is an incorrect use and exceedingly uncommon, and the facts and inferences I have drawn from them in this *Excursus* remain unassailed.

Nicholas Wanley was not the first translator of Lipsius's *De Constantia*; in 1594 it was attempted by John

Stradling. He uses the word *Belgica* for the country, a more correct word but also a more unusual one, for I have not noticed this anywhere else in English books. He speaks of "unhappy Belgica" at p. 2.

This leads me to the inference that *Belgica* was the usual and correct word at first, but that the analogy of Gallia, Hispania, Iberia, Germania, etc., led soon to the dropping of the *c*, and Belgia became the form for a short time with one or two writers (including Milton), and then Belgium properly took its place. We absolutely see the change taking place with Milton, as I have shown.

I have also noticed *Belgia* in John Marston (1599) and in Shakespeare (? Bacon). It was academic, as far as the preponderance of evidence goes.

EXCURSUS P

BRITONUM

In this word *Britonum* our author has discovered himself to us pretty clearly, for the first syllable of the word is long, and he has made it short. He thus makes the same false quantity that Milton was guilty of twice in his elegant and scholarly poems *Mansus* and the *Epitaphium Damonis*. A false quantity is a dreadful offence in the eyes of the ordinary pedantic scholar, and it is rather surprising that Salmasius, who was very severe on some of Milton's false quantities, did not mention these two.

The fact, however, is that *Brīto*, a Briton, or Breton, has the penultimate long without exception in all classical Latin, both early and late; *e.g.*:

> De quodam Silvio Bono, qui erat Brito
> Silvius ille Bonus qui carmina nostra lacessit
> Nostra magis meruit districha Brito Bonus.
>
> (Auson., *Epig.*, cvii.)

Indeed, the word Brīto is used seven times in this epigram of Ausonius, and always long, and is therein explained as equal to Brĭtānnŭs. *Juvenal* (xv. 124) has an hexameter ending Brītŏnēs ūnqūam, and *Martial* (xi. 21) also has the word with penultimate long (Brīt). So the case is clear. Moreover, there is a Latin inscription preserved in Gruter's collection (569. 5) as follows: "M. Ulpio Justo Vix. annos XLV. natione Britto," etc., where the spelling goes to show the length of the penultimate, and there are other inscriptions all *Britto*. But such rigid laws about proper names were of no account with Milton; he preferred to please his own ear, and so we have in his *Elegy*, vii. 37:

> Cȳdŏnĭūsqŭe mihi cedit venator et ille,

where it ought most positively to be Cȳdōnĭūsquĕ, for the Greek is κυδώνιος, and both Virgil and Horace use it correctly (*Ecl.*, x. 59; *Odes*, iv. 9, 17).

Then the first line of his beautiful *Epitaphium Damonis* ends with *Daphnin et Hylan*, and yet *Hylas* has the penultimate short in all the classical places in which it occurs, and Milton has it correctly in *Elegy*, vii.

Then there is *Thĕrmŏdŏōntĭă*, for which he has no authority, and some others; and then twice we have this false quantity we now speak of with regard to his own countrymen:

> Et tandem Armoricos Brĭtŏnum sub lege colonos.
> (*Epitaphium Damonis*, 165.)
>
> Frangam Saxonicas Brĭtŏnum sub Marte phalanges.
> (*Mansus*, 84.)

This last is the line that pleased Landor so much. There is certainly a sounding tramp of war about it, and no doubt it pleased Milton's sensitive ear, and that was enough—the prosody might go. But it was only very few scholars who dare thus let prosody go, and so I think that Brīto and Belgia (discussed in a separate *Excursus*) are two words that have helped to draw Apelles-Milton from behind his canvas. These gross errors against classical precision are both in *Nova Solyma*, and both several times in Milton.

There is also another point connected with the careless, unclassical use of Brīto and its inflections which rather helps the Miltonic authorship of the Armada epic.

Brito Britonis was far from being the usual Latin for our fellow-countrymen. Brĭtannus was the word universally used both in prose and verse, and in looking through the Latin poets of Milton's youthful days and those somewhat earlier, such as Haddon, More, Cleland, and especially Christopher Ocklande (the author of *Anglorum praelia*, which patriotic book was ordered in 1582 to be read in "all Grammar and Free scholes" in the country), I found in this last *Britannus* on nearly every page, and also, much less frequently, Anglus, Angligena, and Brutigena,

but not once did I find Brito or Britones, nor did I find the word in Haddon or Cleland or Sir Thomas More.

It is when we come to the Oxford and Cambridge muses, the academical laudations on kings and princes between 1603 and 1640, that we find the word brought into use now and then. I suppose that to meet the requirements of elegiacs, etc., they made Brĭtŏnūm an anapaest, for an amphimacer such as Brītŏnūm, if correctly scanned, would not be of much use to the youthful and patriotic muse. So that at the Universities, while Britannus, Anglus, and Angligena were still by far the most usual titles, yet the genitive plural Brĭtŏnūm was sometimes used, and indeed sometimes printed, Britonûm, Britanûm, which are both hopeless. But not all would pander to the exigencies of metre. We meet with the pentameter:

> Brīttŏnum ad Arctoum stant duo regna polum.
> (*Threno-thriambeuticon*, Cant. 1603, p. 8.)

This may be compared with Milton's *Epitaphium Damonis*, line 171, "Brīttŏnĭcūm strīdēs," where the word is coined by Milton, but correctly coined, with the first syllable long, and therefore at variance with his own Brĭtŏnūm a few lines before (line 165). But, as I have said, Milton was a Gallio in these matters.

Then in the *Vitis Carolinae* (Oxon., 1633), on the birth of a son to Charles I., we have in a copy of hendecasyllabics the following line:

> Gallus, Brītŏ pius, ferox Iernus,

where classical precedents are duly followed.

Again, when the great Isaac Casaubon contributed a copy of Greek verses to the *Lacrymae Oxonienses*, published in 1612, when Henry Prince of Wales died in the flower of youth, of course he has the first syllable of the word long, as it should be; and so has a certain *I. ΒΑΛΓΚΟΣ*, who wrote an epicedium in Greek among the *Lacrymae Cantabrigienses* of 1619 on the death of Anne, Queen of James I.

But generally the false quantity is accepted by most

of the University Pindars, be they young or old, undergraduates, fellow-commoners, or dons. Indeed, Edward King, who signs himself *Coll. Christi Socius*, but who will be ever remembered, not by that title, but by the *Lycidas* of his dear friend Milton, gives us in two successive stanzas of an Alcaic genethliacon such awful solecisms as *Brĭtŏnas* (*sic*) and *Belgia*.

The inference of all this, as I take it, is that when we find both *Brĭtŏnum* and *Belgia* in the verses of *Nova Solyma*, most likely the anonymous author hailed from an English University, Cambridge for preference, where Lycidas was. If from Cambridge, who but Milton?

EXCURSUS Q

THE PHOENIX

It is mere conjecture, but I am inclined to think that Milton really believed in the phoenix fable, partly from the serious way he introduces it into *Paradise Lost*, and from the expression *divina avis* which he applies to it in his *Epitaphium Damonis* (i. 187), and partly from the fact that his friend Patricius Junius (Patrick Young), for whom he had great esteem as a learned theological critic, asserted the historical truth of the phoenix in his edition of the First Epistle of St. Clement (1633). The fact, too, that Clement, in a genuine Epistle to the Church of Corinth, upholds the history, and uses it as a sign or proof of the Resurrection, would weigh considerably with Milton. For Clement's Epistle was Holy Scripture, or next to it, as Clement is referred to by St. Paul, and was therefore sufficiently early to be free from the Popish superstitions.

Patrick Young said in his book that he felt no hesitation about the main facts related of the phoenix. "*Non ambigo*" are his words, and he inveighs strongly against the sceptics who are for measuring the almighty power of the Architect of the Universe by the weakness of human reason, and for limiting the Lord of Nature by those very laws of Nature which are really subservient to Him (*leges ancillantis Naturae*). This line of argument would, I think, find a sympathetic listener in Milton.

But even of greater weight with Milton than Patrick Young and the apostolic Clement would be the endorsement of Holy Writ in the Old Testament; for Milton would know and probably accept the passage of Job xxix. 18, as referring to the phoenix: "I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the phoenix

(Revised Version, "sand," with marginal alternative, "phoenix"). And as Milton studied the Hebrew text of the Bible and the Rabbinical comments almost daily with religious perseverance, he would know that the Rabbis said it lived a thousand years, and so we have our poet in *Samson Agonistes* (line 1707), calling the phoenix:

A secular bird, ages of lives.

The Rabbis also said that it was the one bird that was not made subject to death, because it had abstained, and it alone, from the fruit of the tree of knowledge. This would increase Milton's interest in it. But let us trace out further these adoring birds with fluttering wings which accompany the phoenix in *Nova Solyma* and in Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

The learned Samuel Bochart has a whole chapter on the phoenix (*Hierozoicon*, Part II., lib. vi., c. v.), but says nothing about these birds; in fact, they seem to occur mainly in post-classical and Christian times. None of the great Latin poets refers to them, nor do the historians either, except Tacitus, who refers to the wonder of the birds, but goes into no further details. These must be sought for in later times, and there is no doubt that it was Claudian above all others who made these later additions to the phoenix myth current in Milton's age; for although Achilles Tatius mentions them (iii. 25), and Corippus, an African grammarian, and Ezekiel, a Jew who wrote in Greek, these were authors not likely to be read much, or, indeed, as far as the last two are concerned, likely to be known to but very few, although by a curious coincidence both Corippus and Ezekiel are in the *Theatrum Poetarum* of Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew, and so likely also to be known to his uncle.

But it was Claudian who spread the tale among the learned of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for about this time he rose greatly in favour as a good model for Latin verse, and the Jesuits took him up. Famianus Strada, a shining light among them, famous for his admirable academical lectures, used to put before his

pupils certain Latin verses of his own framed in the style of the best Latin poets of former days, Lucretius, Ovid, Virgil, etc., and he gave Claudian the honour of being included in the select half-dozen models published to the world. That Milton was indebted to Claudian, and that he had an intimate acquaintance with his poetry, has been admitted frequently. Valpy, in his Delphin Classics edition, holds it for certain that Milton copied from Claudian in his Latin poems, especially in his Gunpowder Plot poem, and also in *Paradise Lost* where the Garden of Eden and Satan are described. He names the poems *In Rufinum* and *De Raptu Proserpinae* as the ones which Milton borrowed from.

Claudian, *In Rufinum*, i. 26-132 contains an Infernal Council and a mission of Megaera to Rufinus, which seems to be the original source from which Vida, Tasso, Phineas Fletcher, and John Milton all drew copiously.

> At procul exsanguis Rufinum perculit horror
> (*In Rufinum*, ii. 130),

where Horror is personified, and the same expressive attribute, *exsanguis*, bloodless, is used by Milton in his Fifth of November poem.

The following are some of the passages in Claudian concerning these "accompanying birds":

> Unicus extremo Phoenix procedit ab Euro
> Conveniunt Aquilae cunctaeque ex orbe volucres,
> Ut Solis mirentur avem.
> (Claudian, xxii. 417-9.)

> Innumerae comitentur aves, stipantque volantem
> Alituum suspensa cohors. . . .
> Nec quisquam tantis e millibus obvius audet
> Ire duci; sed regis iter fragrantes adorant.
> (Claudian, xliv. 75-81.)

What Milton says in *Paradise Lost*, v. 274, is this:

> To all the fowls he seems
> A phoenix gazed by all, as that sole bird
> When to enshrine his relics in the Sun's
> Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.

But it is well known that the phoenix never went to Thebes at all. No one in classic or even post-classic times ever said such a thing except Milton. The city to which the phoenix really flew was Heliopolis, a very different locality, one being in Upper Egypt and the other in Lower Egypt. How was it possible that the learned Milton should make such a glaring mistake? I believe I can easily explain it, and help my contention at the same time. It was Claudian that was the cause of the blunder, for Claudian says, a little further on (xliv. 91), concerning the phoenix and the city it sought:

> Urbs Titana colit, centumque accline columnis
> Invehitur templum Thebaeo monte revulsis,

which lines very easily *suggest* "Egyptian Thebes" with its hundred gates, although Heliopolis, the city of sun-worship, is meant. I give the translation of the above by Dr. Howard, Dean of Lichfield, who some years ago attacked the Latin of Claudian's *Phoenix* to divert his thoughts from the pains of gout, and afterwards privately distributed a few copies to his friends:

> In one famed city Egypt loves to pay
> Her tranquil worship to the God of Day,
> An hundred columns from the Theban hill
> Its temple courts with strength and beauty fill.
> 'Tis said that thither, borne on duteous wing,
> His father's load the bird is seen to bring.

Milton certainly ought not to have made such a blunder, for his favourite Ovid had made the matter clear enough, and had named the city and the temple in two successive verses:

> Perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus.
> Ante fores sacras Hyperionis aede reponit.
> (*Met.*, xv. 407.)

But putting this aside, the result gained is not unimportant, for it amounts to this, that both in *Nova Solyma* and in *Paradise Lost* we have very unusual references to

the phoenix, and that Claudian was the main authority in each case.

Similarly, in the *Excursus* on Victory beating her wings (Book V. *ad. fin.*) we have unusual references to winged Victory both in *Nova Solyma* and *Paradise Lost*, and Claudian again comes in. Such indirect evidence is sometimes very telling.

Again, Tasso and Milton's Neapolitan friend Manso were both interested in the phoenix, and knew all about Claudian's later version of the admiring birds. Tasso mentions them (cant. 17, st. 35),[1] and Manso had translated into Italian verse Claudian's *Idyll on the Phoenix*, and it was published with some other sacred and amatory poems of the Marquis in 1635, about three years before Milton visited Manso at his beautiful Neapolitan home. Most likely the book was in the house, and also the *Erocallia* of 1628, where in Platonic dialogues Manso dwells at length on love and beauty. If so, they would be surely shown to Milton, who was interested in such matters, and perhaps given to him as a memento of his host. Milton, in his pastoral *Epitaphium Damonis*, has much to say of two *cups* which Manso gave him, richly and allegorically engraved, and there is a poetical high-flown description; but this kind of thing is a very old friend in pastoral poetry. Shepherds are always delighted to have this opportunity; but I rather think two such men as Manso and Milton would have chosen books rather than goblets, and I suggest that Manson gave Milton the books containing his *Phoenix* and his amatory poems—for were not the pastoral goblets adorned with the emblems of the mystic Bird of the Sun, and of Love shooting forth his darts o'er all the world? And such were Manso's books.

Milton was a great admirer of Tasso, and many parallel passages could be gathered together where the later poet had clearly read and imbibed the spirit of the earlier one, and reproduced it in his own inimitable way.

[1] The world amazed stands, and with her fly
An Host of wondering birds, that sing and cry.
(Fairfax.)

In the first book of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, almost at the beginning, there is the mission of Gabriel, sent by the Almighty from Heaven to stir up Godfrey of Bulloigne to call a Council and free Jerusalem from the impious hands of unbelievers. This seems to have influenced Milton in his youthful Latin poem on the Gunpowder Plot, and also the mission of Mars to the King of Spain in *Nova Solyma.* But, as I have said before, these missions, whether of angels or devils, and these Infernal Councils which we meet with in several poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, seem to be best explained by referring them to a common origin in Claudian.

The afore-mentioned Corippus and Ezekiel quite agree with Claudian in their accounts of the phoenix, and how the birds saluted him in reverent wonder and guarded him as king. These fables would commend themselves to the ears of Christian mystics, and to those who had been initiated before they turned to Christ, for was not the phoenix *Titanius Ales*, the Bird of the Sun? Was not Christ, too, the Sun of Righteousness, who rose with healing in His wings? Moreover, the time would come, nor was it far off, when their own Great Phoenix would rise from the Judgment Seat up to where He was before, and, with a great concourse of saints and wingèd angels, would pass "through the gates into the city"—a city more lasting than either Heliopolis or Thebes.

With regard to Milton and Claudian, I forgot to mention in the proper place that there is the best possible proof that Milton was a reader and admirer of Claudian even in his early college days. Our authority is Milton himself. On May 20th, 1628, he wrote to his friend Alexander Gil the younger, and quoted part of an hexameter which he says Claudian wrote *de seipso*:

Totum spirant praecordia Phoebum;

i.e. the Muse possessed him heart and soul. Milton adds that Claudian's words equally apply to Gil. The quotation is from Claudian's *De Raptu Proserpinae*, i. 6, and it so

struck Milton's fancy that he imitated the idea in one of his Latin elegies:

> Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phoebum
> Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
> (*Elegy*, vi. 45, 48.)

La Fenice de Tito Giovanni Scandianese (1555) shows the interest taken in the phoenix in Italy in the sixteenth century. Besides the author's own poetical contribution in two books containing an explanation of the allegorical meaning of the phoenix, he also gives a vernacular verse rendering of the passages in Claudian, Ovid, Herodotus, etc., relating to the subject, and then the book finishes with contributions (sonnets) from sixteen Italian poets, including Bernardo Tasso, all in praise of the wonderful bird. We may credit Milton with as good a knowledge of the language and literature of Italy as any Englishman of that time possessed, but, after all, he need not have found the "admiring birds" in that quarter. They were much nearer to him on his own shelves in Claudian and his favourite Du Bartas. In the Fifth Day of the First Week Du Bartas gives a long account of the phoenix; and Sylvester, in his somewhat doggerel translation, gives us "the birds" thus:

> The Phoenix, cutting th' unfrequented Aire,
> Forthwith is followed by a thousand pair
> Of wings in th' instant by th' Almighty wrought,
> With divers Size, Colours, and Motion fraught.

I am much afraid that the obsequious birds have interested my readers to a far less degree than in my own case, and so must apologise for the tediousness of this *Excursus*. I do not claim much help from it in favour of my main contention; and if any one is pleased to call it a rambling rigmarole, I quite agree. When people take a walking excursion into a curious district, they have a tendency to ramble away from the main road into the tempting byways. It is a frailty of human nature, but not an unpardonable one surely.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

ROMANCE

FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

A. Rough General Classification of Romance.

B. Bibliography of Romances of a somewhat similar kind to *Nova Solyma*, written in the same or preceding century.

C. Bibliography of the only two companions in England (1600-50) of *Nova Solyma*, or the only two original Romances (according to Hallam) of the English people for the first fifty years of the seventeenth century.

A. ROUGH GENERAL CLASSIFICATION OF ROMANCE

THE branch of prose fiction which is entitled Romance is much more extensive and full of variety than is generally supposed. It is full of divisions and subdivisions, and some books belonging to it present considerable difficulty to any one who takes them in hand to classify and enumerate under their proper headings. They are often as hard to label as Paddy's pig was to count, because it was always running about all over the place.

This difficulty is more noticeable in that division which includes the Utopias and the Ideal States and Cities than in any other. The Germans call this division "Die Staatsromane," and two authors of that nation[1] have attempted a classified enumeration. Their results differ considerably, and are not quite satisfactory on account of their many subdivisions and wire-drawn distinctions, which are more confusing than luminous.

Therefore, before I attempt a short Bibliography of such books as are somewhat similar to *Nova Solyma*, or may have influenced it, I will endeavour to sketch out a rough classification of the varieties of the "Romance" branch of fiction as they existed in Milton's age, and up to the end of his century, especially as I have not seen this attempted in the standard works on prose fiction.

The simplest and broadest way of classifying a romance is to throw it into one or other of these two divisions :

I. Romances of Chivalry ;

II. Romances of Love and Adventure ;

[1] R. von Mohl, *Geschichte und Litteratur der Staatswissenschaften*, i. 167–214 (1853) ; F. Kleinwächter, *Die Staatsromane* (Wien, 1891).

but this is too rough to be of any service. Another classification is the following;

I. Romance of Classical Antiquity (*i.e.* Greek and Roman);

II. Romances of Chivalry and Mediaeval Romances;

III. Modern Romance (from the Renaissance).

This has been adopted by the authors of the article on "Romances" in the last edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and, as far as the first two divisions are concerned, it was worked out very well. But in dealing with the third division they were by no means so successful, for many great omissions can be recorded. Even whole classes of Romance have been passed over without the slightest notice. For instance, the Neo-Latin Satirical Romance, which includes the many works published under the names of *Somnium*, *Ludus*, *Satyricon*, *Satyra Varroniana*, *Satyra Menippea*, etc., nearly all in the early part of the seventeenth century, will be found to be quite ignored. So is that class with which *Nova Solyma* is connected, the Romances of Ideal States and Cities. With the exception of an allusion to Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, the rest of the similar *Staatsromane* do not receive even a bare acknowledgment of their existence, and the *Voyages Imaginaires*, a somewhat large class, are in the same predicament, while Allegorical Romance is also unclassified, without a shelter.

I will, therefore, for the purpose of my rough general classification, accept the first two divisions of the *Encyclopaedia* as they stand:

I. Romances of Antiquity, Greek and Latin, Classical, Post-Classical, and Pseudo-Classical;

II. Mediaeval Romance and the Romances of Chivalry, laughed out of fashion by *Don Quixote* in 1605; and dwell more on—

III. Romance from the Renaissance to the end of the seventeenth century, this last being the period within which *Nova Solyma* appeared.

Division III. may be expanded and subdivided in the following rough and general manner. It must be remem-

bered that no bibliographical niceties are attempted here: such would only be tedious and confusing in this connection. I have only given a classified list of names and approximate dates, with the object of making both the position of *Nova Solyma* in the world of Romance and its relation to other romances of the century a little more clear to the general reader.

DIVISION III

MODERN ROMANCE

Renaissance to the end of the Seventeenth Century

I. Pastoral Romance.

Sannazar's *Arcadia*, c. 1500.
Montemayor's *Diana*, c. 1542.
R. Greene's *Arcadia*, c. 1587.
Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, c. 1590.
Honoré D'Urfé's *Astrée*, c. 1608.

II. Picaresque Romance.

Lazarillo de Tormes (author?), 1553.
Thomas Nash's *Jack Wilton*, 1594.
Henry Chettle's *Piers Plainne*, 1595.
Mateo Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache*, 1599.
Fra Andrès Perez's *Picara Justina*, 1605.
Barclay's *Euphormio*, 1610.
C. Sorel's *Histoire Comique de Francion*, 1622.
Scarron's *Le Roman Comique*, 1651.
Grimmelshausen's *Simplicissimus*, 1669.

III. Heroical Romance.

La Calprenède's *Cleopatra*, *Cassandra*, etc., 1646.
Mlle. de Scudéri's *Clélie*, *Le Grand Cyrus*, etc., 1649.
Roger Boyle's *Parthenissa*, Part I., 1654; complete edition, 1676.

John Reynolds's *The Flower of Fidelitie*, London, 1650, 8vo.[1]

Sir George Mackenzie's *Aretina*, 1660.[2]

Many romances earlier than the seventeenth century (Elizabethan) may also be included under this head, *e.g.*:

Emmanuel Forde's *Parismus Prince of Bohemia*, *Ornatus and Artesia*, etc.

Lyly's *Euphues*, c. 1580, and his imitators Thomas Lodge, Richard Greene, etc.

George Whetstone's romances, some of which belong to the preceding section (Picaresque).

[1] This is an inflated euphuistic romance written somewhat earlier than the date on the title-page. Here is an English romance omitted by Hallam in his survey of that division of Literature between 1600 and 1650.

[2] *Aretina; or, The Serious Romance.* Written originally in English. Part I. Edinburgh. Printed for Robert Brown, at the Sign of the Sun, on the North-side of the Street, 1660.

Pp. xvi. and 432 in 8vo.

Title-page;

Then pp. iii.-iv., An Address to all the Ladies of this Nation;

Pp. v.-xi., An Apologie for Romances;

Pp. xii.-xvi., Laudatory Poems.

Then pp. 1-432, the Romance.

The scene is laid in Egypt and Greece, and the work is written in a stilted, euphuistic style. It is tedious and uninteresting. There are political allusions here and there, much fighting by knights in defence of oppressed ladies, some incidents with pirates, and much telling of adventures. The author was George Mackenzie, afterwards knighted, the King's Advocate for Scotland, and known among the Covenanters as "Bloody Mackenzie." He wrote the romance at the age of twenty-four (1650), or even earlier, and one of the laudatory poems begins thus:

> Thy beardless chin high-voicedly doth declare
> That wisdom's strength lyes not in silvered hair.

This was his first work. He dabbled in literature all his life, as his numerous works plainly show. He was cruel, ingenious, and unscrupulous in dealing with Covenanters and other enemies of the King, high or low.

This romance seems little known to the writers on the history of Fiction.

Here too must be placed the German romances, very popular a little after the date of *Nova Solyma*, viz.:

Andreas Heinrich Bucholtz, *Herculiskus und Herculadisla*, Braunschweig, 1659, and later editions, 1665, 1676, all in 4to; 1st edition in 2 vols., pp. xxxii., 1,462.

—— *Hercules und Valiska*, Braunschweig, 1659, 1676, 1693, 4to.

Daniel Caspar von Lohenstein, *Arminius und Thuszuelda*, 1689, 2 vols., 4to, pp. 3,076.

Anton Ulrich, Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel, *Ottavia*, 6 vols., 8vo, 1685.

—— *Aramena*, 5 vols., pp. 3,882, 1669.

Philipp von Zesen, *Simson*, Nürnberg, 1678, 8vo, pp. 782.

—— *Assenat*, 1679, 12mo, pp. 576.

Both Biblical. The author also wrote under the pseudonym of Ritterhold von Blauen a remarkable romance entitled *Die Adriatische Rosemund* (Amsterdam, 1645, 12mo), which is nearer to the modern family sentimental novel than any other romance of the century. For this see Section C. of this Bibliography.

IV. The Utopian Romance of an Ideal City or State.

La Citta Felice, 1553.

Caspar Stiblin's *Commentariolus de Eudaemonensium Republicâ*, 1555.

John Valentin Andreae, *Reipublicae Christianopolitanae Descriptio*, 1619.

J. N. Erythraeus, *Eudemia*, 1637.

Jac. Bidermannus, S.J., *Utopia*, 1640.

Sir Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis*, 1627.

—— continued by R. H., Esq., 1660.

—— continued by Jos. Glanvil, 1676.

Hartlib's *Kingdom of Macaria*, 1641.

John Sadler's *Olbia, the New Iland*, 1660.

Histoire des Severambes, 1677-79.

Der Wohleingerichtete Staat . . . Ophir, 1699.

This being the division which includes *Nova Solyma*, all the preceding works, some of which are very rare, have been noticed in the Bibliography. There are two more in this section:

Sir T. More's *Utopia*, c. 1518, and
Campanella's *Civitas Solis*, c. 1620;

but these are too well known to require further notice.

V. Political Romance.

Argenis, J. Barclay, 1621 (France).[1]
Ariades, Leonard de Marandé, 1629 (Venice and France).
Icaria, J. Bissel, S.J., 1637 (Palatinate).
Oceana, T. Harrington, 1656 (England).

VI. Allegorical Romance (Chiefly Religious).

Richard Bernard's *Isle of Man, or, the Legal Proceeding in Man-shire against Sin*, 1627, and frequent editions.[2]
Ingelo's *Bentivolia and Urania*, 1660.
Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and other allegories, 1678.

VII. The Modern Latin Romance of Elegant Satire.

This division embraces the literature found generally under such titles as *Somnium*, *Ludus*, *Satyra*, *Satyricon*, etc. Several specimens are collected together in

Elegantiores praestantium virorum Satyrae, 1655.

The one that influenced *Nova Solyma* most is undoubtedly the *Comus* of Erycius Puteanus. This and two other uncommon specimens of the class are noticed in the

[1] Continued in 1669 by Gabriel Bugnot, O.S.B., under the title of *Archombrotus et Theopompus*.

[2] I had hoped to find some analogues between *Nova Solyma* and this popular work, as old Bernard, though a beneficed clergyman, was esteemed a good authority by the Puritans and sectaries. But his allegory proceeds chiefly on legal lines, and the two books do not overlap one another anywhere.

Bibliography. This class of Neo-Latin romance was in its literary form founded on Petronius, Martianus Capella, and Boethius. *Nova Solyma* in its literary structure belongs to this class.

VIII. Fictitious Travels (Voyages Imaginaires).

Mundus Alter et Idem, 1607.
The Man in the Moone, 1638.

(For these see more at length Section C. of this Bibliography.)

Histoire de la Lune, etc. S. de Cyrano Bergerac, 1656.
Relation du pays de Jansenie, 1660.
—— English translation, 1668.
La Terre Australe, Nicholas Sadeur, 1676.
Les Avantures de Jaques Sadeur, 1692.
—— English translation, 1693.
Grimmelshausen's *Simplicissimus* (edition 1671, the continuation of the Picaresque romance).
E. G. Happel's *Der Insularische Mandovelt*, 1682.

The last two German works are Robinsonades, before Robinson Crusoe was thought of. *Simplicissimus* had an enormous sale and wide popular influence.

IX. Social Romances (Satirical and Didatic; Romans des Moeurs).

Rabelais, Cervantes, Boccaccio, and the many Italian story-tellers of the Renaissance, Bussy-Rabutin, etc., with their social satires, would come best under this division, and also the many spiritual or semi-religious romances of Italy and France, as well as Fénélon's *Télémaque* (1700), just within our century limit. This last well-known book is hard to classify, but *Roman didactique* seems to hit the mark best.

The following German romances belong to this division. They were once very popular:

Weise, Christian, *Die drey ärgsten Ertznarren in der gantzen Welt*, first edition 1672, pp. 455, followed by editions of 1672, 1673, 1676, 1679, 1680, 1683, 1688.

Weise, *Die drey klügsten Leute in der gantzen Welt*, first edition 1675; others 1679, 1682, 1684, 1691.

Fresh and lively prose. The incidents and tales are natural, and possess the humour of the middle classes. The second work is more serious and didactic than the first.

Happel, Everhard Werner (1648-90), *Der Academische Roman*, Ulm, 1690, pp. iv., 1,076, 8vo.

Student life and manners. Elaborate and pedantic, curious, but not Picaresque.

B. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ROMANCES OF A SOMEWHAT SIMILAR KIND TO *NOVA SOLYMA*, WRITTEN IN THE SAME OR PRECEDING CENTURY.

I. Utopian Romances (Class IV.) in Order of Date.

II. Neo-Latin Romance of Elegant Satire (Class VII.), Prose and Verse.

I. Utopian Romances (Class IV.) in Order of Date.

[Patrizi, Francesco.]
Di M. | Francesco | Patricio, | *La Citta Felice.* | In Venetia | par Giovan Griffio, | MDLIII. |
Preface signed Francescus Patritius, and dated July 21st, 1551.
Pp. iv., in 8vo.
La Citta Felice, pp. 37.

A very uninteresting production. The ideal put forth seems that of the comfortable middle-class tradesman—plenty to eat and to drink, good houses, good clothes, a well-managed, healthy town, good sanitary arrangements, and such purely materialistic conceptions.

[Stiblinus, Gaspar.]
Commentariolus | *de Eudaemonensium* | *Republica*, | Gasparo Stiblino | auctore. |

This rare and early Utopian work is added at the end of the *Coropaedia* of the same author, published at Basle in 1555 by J. Oporinus. It occupies pp. 71-127.

The narrative begins somewhat in the usual way. There is a shipwreck, and the writer and others manage to

reach the shore of an island named Macaria, in the Eastern Ocean, whose capital was Eudaemon, a large, magnificent, and happily constituted city. The inhabitants are described as highly educated, and most friendly to strangers, also as true citizens, placing the good of the Republic before their own interests. There are rich and poor, high and low, but all work together for the common weal without envy. One peculiar feature of Eudaemon is that moral notices in Greek and Latin, the Greek ones mainly from the *Hecuba* of Euripides, are engraved in various parts of the city. Sumptuary laws are strictly enforced, drunkenness heavily punished, and all State officials deprived of their office for the first offence of this kind. Blasphemy is punished by cutting out the tongue. The lower classes are not allowed to vote or to share in the government of the Republic at all, and this notice is publicly put up: *Vulgus pessimus rerum gerendarum auctor est.*

The religion is Evangelical, without superstitious observances. No public disputes about religion are allowed, nor is an opinion allowed to be expressed except by those who are the appointed ministers. Troublesome disputants to be banished. Those who have deserved well of the Republic are maintained at public expense.

Their chief city is made impregnable, and kept so. It is of a circular form, with four gates facing the four points of the compass, and with three walls all round and a deep moat between each, and large open spaces within the city for military exercise and defence. A double-paged plan (a good woodcut) is added.

[Andreae, Joh. Valentinus.]
Reipublicae | *Christia* | *nopolitanae* | *Descriptio* |
Psalm LXXXIII.
Praestat dies unus in DEI atriis quam alibi mil | le; malim in Dei mei domo ad límen esse quam | in impiorum tabernaculis habitare. Nam | Sol et propugnaculum Jehova DEUS; Jehova | gratiam gloriamque confert iis qui se gerunt | innocentes, eis bona non denegans. |

Argentorati | Sumptibus haeredum Lazari Zetzneri | Anno MDCXIX. |
In 12mo.
Dedication to John Arndt, dated January 1st, 1619, and signed Joh. Valentinus Andrae, pp. 2.
To the Christian Reader, pp. 5-21.
Index Capitum, pp. 21-24.
De Repub. Christ., pp. 25-220 and 1 p. errata.

This little work is thrown into the form of one hundred short chapters dealing with the various arts, crafts, customs, and the manner of life in the ideal Christian city. Such titles as these: "De Publicis Precibus," "De Praemiis," "De Theatro Physico," "De Rhetorica," "De Bibliotheca," "De Aerario," "De Preceptoribus," "De Discipulis," "De Sacra Psalmodia," etc., will give some idea of the contents, and will show much common ground with *Nova Solyma*. The author puts forth a communist Christian republic, —equal education, equal rights, equal opportunities—and from these privileges women and girls are *not* excluded, hereby diverging altogether from the Miltonic line. About a quarter of this little book has to do with education in some form or other. The subject is treated in a dry, prosaic manner, with no illumination from wit or genius, but it is instructive, serious, and edifying. Schoolmasters are to be from the very best of the people, aristocrats by birth and intellect, and their pupils are to be prepared for service to the State, as well as for the life to come when they shall be citizens of Heaven. The aim of education is a threefold one—the fear of God, the practice of virtue, and the cultivation of the mind, this last best obtained by means of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. The subjects taught should be few and suitable; the teaching of many and various branches of study weakens the brain-power. Boys are taught in the morning, and girls in the afternoon. Music is highly esteemed, its character being chiefly devotional. Choirs often march through the streets singing psalms, for the author says he met such a procession marching two and two and chanting Psalm cxxvii.

As for religion in Christianopolis, it is just what we might expect from an author who spent some years in a Suabian *Pfarrhaus*, and was an earnest Lutheran reformer. A large and noble temple occupied the highest and most important site in the exact centre of the four-square city, and there was no image in it but that of the crucified Redeemer. The services of this temple were valued as the highest privileges of the citizens, and the highest State business was transacted, and ambassadors received within its courts or precincts.

This rare little book is perhaps the nearest approach in literature to the central religious idea of *Nova Solyma*. It was written by a man of high character and ability, Johann Valentin Andreae, a Lutheran of an original and mystical turn of mind, in friendly relations with the Dukes of Würtemberg, and a very prolific writer. He has had the reputation of being a secret leader among that curious body of men known as "The Fraternity of the Rosy Cross," and no doubt he longed for the age to be "reformed" as much as Hartlib, Dury, and their great friend John Milton. But when he came to throw his thoughts into literary form, how very far did he fall below the high standard reached in *Nova Solyma*! How greatly inferior in style, sublimity, and poetic fervour is our good and able Lutheran! Both are sane and capable men, but the author of *Nova Solyma* is a genius.

Eudemia (first edition.)
Jani Nicii | Erythraei | *Eudemiae* | Libri VIII. |
(The sphere surrounded by the proverb *Veritas odium parit.*)
Anno Christi Servatoris | MDCXXXVII. |
Pp. 311 in 12mo, *s.l.* (sed Lugd. Batavorum).

———— (second edition.)
Jani Nicii | Erythraei | *Eudemiae* | Libri Decem. |
(Printer's mark, a hand holding the two spheres celestial and terrestrial in a balance, with this motto attached to the celestial sphere: *Praestat.*)

Coloniae Ubiorum | apud Jodacum Kalcovium | et socios MDCXLV. |
Pp. xvi. prel., pp. 253, in 8vo.

This scarce and little-noticed book, in its literary form and composition, is remarkably similar to *Nova Solyma.* Its Latin is somewhat more diffuse and Ciceronian, but the prose narrative is interspersed with Latin poetry in the same manner in both, and it seems pretty evident that Barclay's *Argenis* and the *Satyricon* of Petronius were the two models which both authors followed as regards literary form.

Eudemia is really a satire on contemporary social life in Italy, and especially on the higher ecclesiastics and the upper classes. It does not belong to the class of Utopias, though, strange to say, Naudé has coupled it with the work of Sir Thomas More, and other authorities have followed him rather blindly, and placed *Eudemia* along with Campanella's *Civitas Solis* and Bacon's *New Atlantis.*

The plot is simple. Two young Romans, of the time of Tiberius, fearing that their share in the conspiracy of Sejanus should be discovered, take ship for Africa, and by great storms are driven to one of the islands of Mauritania named Eudemia—an island unknown to navigators, but populously inhabited by a Latin-speaking race with Latin customs. On landing safely they meet a Roman citizen who had been shipwrecked a few years before. He takes them in his charge and describes the manners, customs, intrigues, vices, and follies of the inhabitants of Eudemia.

Janus Nicius Erythraeus stands in Neo-Latin for Giovanni Vittorio Rossi, who was an Italian humanist of some note in his day, a friend and correspondent of more than one Pope, and also very closely connected with Cardinal Francesco Barberini, the Roman patron of Milton when the poet visited Rome in 1639, just two years after the *Eudemia* had been first published in the Low Countries. There seems, therefore, some probability that this book came under Milton's notice some few years before *Nova Solyma* was published. *Eudemia* met with considerable

learned approbation when it was first produced, and may have had some share in inducing the author of *Nova Solyma* to give to the world the work he had so long kept back, and which was so far superior to *Eudemia* in interest, genius, and poetic adornments.

Nevertheless, *Eudemia* is a very entertaining romance, far more so than the majority of the other Latin works of satire and fiction which the seventeenth century produced. It abounds in humorous tales, some of them excellent copies of the Milesian fables, especially one of a man thought to be dead, who was buried in the Catacombs and came to life there, quite in the style of Petronius and his Ephesian widow. There is also a love story of Philotas and Olinda, which strongly recalls the love episode of Philippina and Joseph in *Nova Solyma.* Olinda puts on male attire and seeks her lover, even as did Philander, or Philippina. At a house where she stays as a young lad the daughter of the master of the house falls violently in love with her, just as the wanton widow did with Philander. The tale ends sadly with the death of the heroine, as in *Nova Solyma*, but the circumstances of the end are very different, and such as the rigid moralist of *Nova Solyma* would not have permitted to flow from his pen, for Philotas was a very different stamp of man from Joseph.

The encyclopaedic Dr. Garnett is the only English writer that seems to have referred at all to this work. This was in April, 1898, when he read a paper before the Library Association on "Some Book-hunters of the Seventeenth Century," and took occasion to refer to the Pinacotheca of Erythraeus as giving some good stories about certain Italian collectors. He just alludes, in passing, to *Eudemia* as a romance in which Erythraeus had injured his prospects in life by making "too free with the characters of influential people." This was admirably and correctly put, but alas!

Quandocunque bonus dormitat Homerus

seems universally true, for in another page of the lecture we are told that Nicius Erythaerus (the praenomen is dropped throughout) was Vittorio de Rossi, an Italian

Jesuit (!). Erythraeus really was no more a Jesuit than Voltaire was, but both alike had in their early years received their rudiments of knowledge from the excellent teachers of the Society of Jesus, which may account for the momentary slip or sleep. Moreover, *Eudemia*, at p. 141, contains one of the most cutting tales against the Jesuits I have ever read. The Jesuit in the tale, to whom Erythraeus gives the punning epithet *intestabilis*, as he happened to have fallen into Abelard's sad predicament, was very possibly a real contemporary of the author, and the tale current gossip. This story is very high-flavoured and dramatic, I think more so than even an Ibsenite or a votary of *The Gay Lord Quex* could digest with unmoved countenance.

[Bidermanus, Jac., S.J. (1578-1639.)]
Utopia Didaci Bernardini, seu Jacobi Bidermani e Societate Jesu, sales musici quibus ludicra mixtim et seria literatè et festivè denarruntur. Superiorum permissu Dilingae, operis Caspari Tutoris. MDCXL.
Pp. 396 in 12mo.

Father Stengel, S.J., published this work the year after the author's death. The book was really written and finished in 1602, when Bidermann was taking his classes as professor of *literae humaniores*. His object in the book was to interest his pupils and others in the love of eloquence and virtue, and to draw them from foolish and frivolous pursuits. It is more a succession of moral tales and jocose fables and adventures than an ideal commonwealth book of the Utopian class.

In Lib. II., No. 21, there is an incident entitled *Cloacae dolus*, which is strikingly similar to the account of the very unpleasant trap prepared by Philomela for her unsuspecting guests. Both incidents have most likely a common origin in some old tale or fable.

There were two later editions of 1670 and 1696, and it was translated into Polish (Lublin, 1756, 8vo, pp. 383).

. . . . .

The New Atlantis Literature

New | *Atlantis.* | A Worke unfinished, | written by the Right Honourable FRANCIS, | Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Alban. |

The first edition was published in folio in 1627, at the conclusion of the first edition of the *Sylva Sylvarum*, of which there were eleven editions between the years 1627 and 1676, and in each of these editions the *New Atlantis* will be found.

It was translated into French 1631 (8vo); into Latin 1633, with the absurd title *Novus Atlas.*

It was written as early as 1617, and published a year after the author's death by Dr. Rawley, who was Bacon's literary executor, and is too well known to need further notice here.

The continuations, however, are much less known. They are:

(1) *New Atlantis.* | Begun by the | Lord Verulam, | Viscount St. Alban's; | and | continued by R. H. Esquire. | Wherein is set forth | a Platform | of Monarchical Government, | with a Pleasant intermixture of divers rare Inventions, | and wholsom customs, fit to be introduced | into all KINGDOMS, STATES, and | COMMONWEALTHS. |

Nunquam Libertas gratior extat
Quam sub Rege pio.

LONDON. | Printed for *John Crooke* at the Signe of the Ship in | *St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1660. |

Dedication to Charles II., pp. 6, in 8vo.

Latin Iambic trimeters in honour of Viscount St. Alban's, by G. Herbert, pp. 2.

Preface, signed R. H., pp. 18.

The argument of *The New Atlantis* as it was begun by the Lord Bacon, pp. 1-7.

The New Atlantis, the second part, pp. 7-101.

The marrow of the book consists of a detailed list of the manners, customs, privileges, etc., of the country, each paragraph beginning thus:

"We have no poor, no beggars, no idle vagrants," etc.

"We have in each City too [two] large *Natatories*, one for the Males, and the other for the Females, about eight furlongs square, and some three yards deep in the midst. These are suppled [supplied] with fresh rivers and delicate springs, and made more pleasant with Swans, Avearies [*sic*] in little Islands, artificiall fountains and variety of fish, than was that famous *Natatory* the Agrigentines made in honour of Gelon. In these we have twelve to preside as Guides in their turnes to teach all Children the Arts of Swimming.

"We have every tenth child, or the most ingenious and capable amongst them, chosen out for learning and dedicate to the Church.

"We suffer none to marry till of ripe age; the man at the age of one and twenty, the woman at the age of eighteen compleat; and those then to marry into their own ranke degree and quality, but not into their own kindred till after three removes. We permit not the man to marry after his Climacteric, nor the woman after the age of fifty-three. . . . Each party to be married hath two friends of each side to view the other parties body naked. This is done in the next *Natatorie*, the man's female friends viewing her in the female *Natatory*, and the woman's male friends viewing him in the male *Natatory*.[1]

[1] This very strange additional law of marriage can hardly be considered original. At most it is only a modification of what Sir Thomas More put forth in his *Utopia* nearly 150 years before. The first English translation, by Ralph Robinson in 1551, runs thus (p. 123, Arber's ed.): "Furthermore in chuesing wyfes and husbandes they observe earnestly and straytelye a custome, which seemed to us very fonde and folyshe. For a sad and an honest matron sheweth the woman, be she mayde or widow, naked to the wower. And likewise a sage and discrete man exhibyteth the wower naked to the woman."

This plan is certainly not so modest as the one mentioned above; but there was no good reason for a French translator of *Utopia*, named

"We suffer no divorce but in case of adultery;" and so on at great length, dealing with universities, bankrupts, usury, swearers and other "prophane citizens," Jews (all "forain rank Jews" are inhibited from living in the island), capital punishment, etc. There is also much on agriculture, and many of Hartlib's notions are adopted or referred to.

The next continuation of Bacon's *New Atlantis* was the seventh and last essay in a volume of "*Essays on several Important Subjects in Philosophy and Religion.* By Joseph Glanvill, Chaplain in ordinary to His Majesty, and Fellow of the R.S. [Royal Society]. London 1676" (4to).

The title of the last essay was:

> (2) Antifanatical Religion | and | Free Philosophy. | In a continuation of the | *New Atlantis.* |
> In 4to., pp. 58.

This essay begins with a brief summary of Bacon's work, and how the state of philosophy in Bensalem had been already declared in his *New Atlantis*, but that the present author intended to enter upon a further relation of things of which there had been no news. So Glanvill gives us at great length the religious opinions prevalent in Bensalem, and occasionally defends them, for they are virtually the representation of the broad views of that part of the Anglican Church to which Glanvill belonged.

The fanatical principles of the Sectaries are fiercely condemned, and they are represented as recently over-

Guendeville, who published his work at Amsterdam in 1730, with plates, to make it still worse by giving an engraving of the pre-nuptial inspection, in which the "honest matrone" and the "discrete man" are absolutely introducing the nude couple *to each other*. It is true that the translator, in his preface, asks indulgence for his free translation and amplification here and there; but this is rather too free, for Sir Thomas More does not suggest that all four should be present together, and the affair could be much more modestly carried through in two separate visits; and then, too, if the first one disclosed any serious drawback or malformation, there would be no need of any further examination, which would be a relief to one of the parties, in any case.

thrown in Bensalem, and the land converted by the evangelism of St. Bartholomew (an allusion to the Black Bartholomew's Day of the Nonconformists).

The wild enthusiasm and "Phrensie" of the "Canters" against reason, the Solifidians and the Antinomians, who "had poisoned the whole Body of current Theology," had been replaced in Bensalem by a reasonable form of service, which the Ataxites (*i.e.* the Sectaries) had formerly held in abomination as prelatical.

The preaching in Bensalem had become plain and practical, and the former "Gibberish" had been quite discarded. There was no more "bogling" at prescribed forms of prayer, or at the Cross in baptism, or any other innocent rites and decent institutions of the Church in Bensalem.

Moreover, the Church no longer repelled science or adhered to Aristotle, right or wrong. He was not absolute or infallible in philosophy, no, nor yet free from many great mistakes. Moreover, the so-called philosophy of Aristotle was a depravation and corruption of it—mere monkery and Moorish ignorance formed into idle whimsies.

As to physiology, they admitted the mechanical system of Descartes as wonderfully ingenious as far as it went, but they added to it the Platonical vitalising principles, without which they held the phenomena could not survive. And their logic, metaphysics, moral philosophy, mathematics, etc., are discussed in similar terms.

As we read, we cannot help drawing comparisons between the ideal religious states as put forth in *Nova Solyma* and *Bensalem*. The views of both authors show them to be sane and able men with originality of character. But what a gulf between them! One has enthusiasm, poetry, and a sober, sanctified self-restraint; the other is dry, without a spark of enthusiasm or poetic fervour, dictatorial, conventional, and Erastian, his only redeeming points being his love for freedom of thought and his defence of "carnal human reason," as the sectaries delighted to call it. Very likely, however, Glanvill did

something better than this afterwards, for Mr. Crossley tells us, in his *Diary and Correspondence of Dr. Worthington* (i. 214), that a MS. by Glanvill was in his own possession entitled *Bensalem; being a Description of a Catholic and free Spirit both in Religion and Learning, in a continuation of the Story of Lord Bacon's "New Atlantis"* (folio, 63 pp.). Mr. Crossley says it is far superior to the continuation by R. H., and concludes with a very interesting series of characters of the great divines of the day, including Cudworth, More, Rust, Smith, Whichcot, etc., whose portraits are supposed to be met with in the gallery at Bensalem. This description shows it to be a different work from the published essay of 1676. It is a pity Mr. Crossley did not tell us a little more about it, and to what extent it was different from the essay. I remember it in the second Crossley sale, June, 1885, and, referring to my old catalogue, I find it to be lot 2,922, and described as "probably unpublished." But Mr. Crossley says (*l.c. supra*), "It is in manuscript, and has *never* been printed." I knew nothing of *Nova Solyma* in those days, or I should have tried to buy the MS., or at least peruse it.

There was also a French translation of the *New Atlantis*, and a continuation:

> La Nouvelle | Atlantide | de | François Bacon, | Chancelier d'Angleterre : | Avec des Reflexions, sur l'institution et les | occupations des Academies Françoise, [*sic*] | des Sciences, et des Inscriptions. | Par M.R. |
> A Paris. | Chez Jean Musier au bas de la rue | Saint-Jacques, etc. | MDCCII. | Avec approbation et privilège du Roy.
> In 8vo.
> Pp. 10, xviii., 256.

Bacon's *Atlantis* translated reaches up to p. 146; then follows the continuation, full of allusions to contemporary politics and current events, the personages being under thinly disguised names, to which a key is given at the

beginning. It is uninteresting, and has not much to do with Utopian views.

A | Description | of the famous | Kingdome | of Macaria ; | shewing | its excellent government ; | wherein | the inhabitants live in great | Prosperity, Health, and Happiness ; | the | King obeyed, the Nobles honoured ; and | all good men respected, Vice punished, | and Virtue rewarded. | An Example to other Nations. | In a dialogue between a Schollar and a traveller. | London. | Printed for Francis Constable. Anno 1641. |

In 4to.

Dedication to the High Court of Parliament, pp. 2.

Then *Macaria*, pp. 15.

This is Samuel Hartlib's Utopian kingdom, which he was always recurring to as a "darling child of Phantasy" (see Index to *Worthington's Diary*, ed. by J. Crossley). It is a slight work, and chiefly dwells on good husbandry and the careful management of the natural products of the earth. It is reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, and therefore is easily accessible.

[John Sadler.]

Olbia : | The | New Iland | lately | discovered. | With its Religion and Rites of Worship ; | Laws, Customs, and Government ; | Character and Language ; | with Education of their Children | in their Sciences, Arts and Manufactures ; | with other things remarkable. |

By a Christian Pilgrim, driven by Tempest | from *Civita Vecchia*, or some other parts | about *Rome* ; through the Straits | into the ATLANTICK | OCEAN. |

The First Part. | From the Original. |

For *Samuel Hartlib*, in the Ax-yard, *Westminster*, and *John Bartlet* | at the Guilt-cup near *Austins*-Gate London ; | and in *Westminster*-Hall. | 1660. |

The above is the full title-page; then follow pp. 30 unnumbered, entitled "The Sum of this Discourse." They contain a complete *résumé* of the contents of the work.

Then comes the work itself, pp. 1-380.

This is indeed a strange book to come from a sober and learned man holding simultaneously the important but certainly incongruous positions of Town Clerk of London and Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, from 1649 to the Restoration in 1660.

The book begins as if the author intended to bear out the title-page, and to give us a new *Utopia*, thus:

"Having lost his father and other Relations, about the great sickness in *Naples*, the author becometh a sad disconsolate Pilgrim, all alone by Land, till unexpected dangers force him from Rome or thereabout to the sea.

"There in a great Storm and Tempest he falleth into inexpressible Horror and Anguish of Minde, till at length by Shipwrack, losing all his Company, he is cast on a scraggy Rock; and There by a Religious Person (as an Hermite) entertained; till recovering his Peace and strength with a quiet minde, he also learned the *Religion*, *Laws*, *Customs*, *Language* and *Characters* of that New Iland, fully described in the Books following the First Part."

But no second part or continuation ever appeared, and we have undoubtedly lost a work which, considering the learning, character, position, and connections of the author, would have been a remarkable and interesting addition to the class of Utopian Romances.

John Sadler, who sent forth *Olbia* anonymously, was a remarkable man. He was only about seven years younger than Milton, and came of a Shropshire family of good estate. He was of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and was elected Fellow in 1639. He went thence to Lincoln's Inn to study the law, and rose to some eminence in his profession. His friendship was highly esteemed by Cromwell and Hartlib, and he, as member of Parliament during the Commonwealth for Cambridge first, and after-

wards for Yarmouth, was possibly acquainted with Milton as Latin Secretary. Cromwell, on December 31st, 1649, offered Sadler, whom he styles his "very worthie friend John Sadler, Esquire," the office of Chief Justice of Munster, in Ireland, with a salary of £1,000 a year. But Sadler excused himself from accepting it. He was much interested in the Jews, their conversion and return, and he also favoured their settling themselves in England. But he had a decidedly eccentric and visionary turn of mind, which at times ran riot on the prophecies, numbers (cabalistical), types, and times of Scripture, and it was partly this which prevented our having his *Utopia.* For he began *Olbia* as mentioned above, with a fair promise to fulfil the title-page, and then occupies all the rest of the 380 pages in a mad medley of Biblical numbers and types, the numbers 666 and 1666 occupying most of his attention. In this latter year (1666) something very extraordinary was to happen, some new dispensation, some Feast of Tabernacles to come, ending with the Great Hosanna at the Last and Great Day of the Feast. Sadler, Hartlib, Dury, and most of the shining religious lights of the Commonwealth held the conversion and return of the Jews to be a settled Scriptural truth, and so did John Milton; but they did not approve of the millenary views, following in this the learned Dr. William Ames, who was the great authority with them.

[Vairasse d'Allais, Denis.]
Histoire des Severambes peuple qui habitent une partie du troisième continent, ordinairement appelé Terre Australe. Traduite de l'Anglais, etc.
Paris, 1677-9, 5 parts, 12mo.

The History of the Sevarites of Severambi. By Captain Siden.
London, 1675, 1st part, pp. 114.
—— 1679, 2nd part, pp. 140.
Licensed April 22nd, 1675 (1st part).
(Translated by A. Roberts.)

Translated into German under the title: "Geographisches Kleinod, aus sehr angemeinen Edelsteinen bestehend; darunter der Erste eine Historie der Neugefundenen Völcker Severambes genannt," etc.
Saltzbach, 1689, 4to.

There is said to be a Dutch translation of 1682 (*Notes and Queries*, Ser. I., vol. iii., p. 375), but I have not identified it. There has been much discussion as to the author and the language in which it was first written. Mr. James Crossley, the Manchester bibliophile, believed it to be the work of Isaac Vossius, who was in England from 1670 to 1689, and believed also that Vossius was capable of writing it in English, in which language it seems to have first appeared in 1675, and afterwards in French at Paris in 1677, and a second part in 1678, also at Paris, *chez l'auteur*, before the second English part (1679) was published. This complicates the question, and, worse still, the English and French versions differ. This makes good sport for the bibliographers, who can be seen in the keen exercise of their art in *Notes and Queries*, I. Ser. I., vol. iii., pp. 4, 72, 147, 374, by all who take interest in such matters. To me Vossius seems quite "out of court," since the dedications of the French volumes are signed D. V. D. E. L.—that is, as Prosper Marchand explains in his *Dictionnaire Historique*, Denis Vairasse D'allais En Languedoc, I think we may take him to be the author; but how the book first came to be published in English remains a mystery. I would suggest that Vairasse handed over or sold his first incomplete MS. to some one in England, who translated and published what he had, and so was first in the field, while Vairasse made additions, and then published *his* version. Anyhow, it is the liveliest *Utopia* ever written—trust a Frenchman for that; and since fine old racy books are too much left on the shelf in these scientific days, I may be permitted to give a brief description.

He who relates the history is a Captain Siden (anagram

for Denis ?). His father having left him well off, he starts on various travels of adventure. On one voyage to the East Indies he is shipwrecked, and the crew and passengers, three hundred men and seventy-four women, escape to an uninhabited country, where they remain a year. This part is an amusing Robinsonade, but the Gallic humour in some parts is rather Rabelaisian—*e.g.* the ladies, being in a minority, receive "due benevolence" in a graduated scale, etc. However, after a year an exploration party sets out, and they arrive at the inhabited cities of the Severambi. Here high civilisation exists; the buildings are magnificent, and all live in huge flats, fifty paces square, holding a thousand tenants. There is universal military service between the ages of fourteen and forty-nine, and, like the Boers, the women help, but even more strenuously, for the married women fight side by side with their husbands, and there are battalions of unmarried girls as well. Youthful intemperance is strongly checked; no spirituous liquors are allowed till after marriage. Cremation is universal. Marriage is compulsory, men at nineteen, girls at sixteen. Balls and parties are arranged to bring on engagements, and as all know they *must* marry, matters are soon settled. Monogamy is by law established; but if two married couples mutually agree to change partners, they may do so. This process was found to work well, and was in great request! And the other exception was that the State officials of a certain rank might have extra wives.

There is a long account of their religion. Its distinguishing mark is a broad and cultivated tolerance, the central object of worship being the Almighty, Omniscient, Invisible, and Incomprehensible One. A language something like Volapük is invented for them, and specimens are given. The poetry is without rhyme, but metrical.

They were a strong, healthy people, and treated Captain Siden with every attention, and he rose to the rank whereby he was privileged to have three wives. Many other interesting customs and laws are noticed, but after a time our honoured captain began to get tired of his three

wives and sixteen children, and, longing for his own old home, he left his Utopian household, and after a long journey reached his real home once more.

There are touches of More and Campanella here and there, but, speaking generally, it is original and interesting, far above the average.

Der
Wohleingerichtete
STAAT
Des bisher von vielen gesuchten
aber nicht gefundenen
Königreichs Ophir
welcher
Die völlige Kirchen-Verfassung Einrichtung der Hohen und niedern Schulen des Königs Qualitäten Vermählungs-Art Auferziehung der Königlichen Printzen und Printzessinnen die Königliche Hoffhalt und Regierung die dabei befindlichen Bedienten Land und Stadt-Obrigkeiten deren Erwähl Verricht und Besoldungen ingleichen die so wohl insgemein als Insonderheit das Staats-Policey, Justiz-Commercien-Cammer und Gesundheits-Wesen betreffende Gesetze und
Ordnungen
Nebst allen zu wissen nöthigen Nachrichten und Merckwürdigkeiten vorstellet.
Leipzig
Verlegts Friedrich Groschuff. 1699.

Pp. 608, in 8vo.

This anonymous and little-known book is the most curious, earnest, and comprehensive treatise on the Ideal State which the seventeenth century produced. It bears evident marks of being written by some professor in a German university.

The work is in two divisions, the first dealing with education, general culture, and health, the second with the

political government, laws, and customs of the ideal Ophir, while in both the religion of the State, which is a broad and liberal Christianity, holds a prominent position.

It is a book composed in a sane and serious spirit throughout, and has this great advantage over the many *Utopias* which are so often full of puerilities or extravagances. It has many points of contact with *Nova Solyma*, and occasionally similar views; but the author, earnest and deep thinker as he undoubtedly was, yet was sadly deficient both in the poetical temperament and in the effective use of elegant fancy. In fact, it is an exhaustive monograph on the Ideal State according to the best notions of the end of the seventeenth century, an important and critical epoch, if viewed historically with regard to these questions; but it lacks the poetry, genius, and varied fancy of *Nova Solyma*.

This Utopian State has a national Church of an Evangelical Protestant character, but religious thought is free, and any views or sects are allowed, if consistent with God's honour, and, with this limitation, no one is to be abused or mocked for his religious convictions. Public preachers and theologians are to confine themselves to the exegesis and ethics of religion, and to avoid, as far as possible, controversial subjects.

In education the religious element is the groundwork, and throughout life most important. There are stringent laws for observing Sunday as a day of holy rest.

The State legislation is sensible, but rather what we should call "grandmotherly."

Habitual criminals are kept under restraint for life, and an offender three times convicted of the same offence—*e.g.* theft—is considered an habitual. The first theft is not punished at all, except that on conviction the thief must restore the double value of the article taken.

In the eye of the law the highest virtues are justice and charity. Filthy talk and low jests are strictly forbidden, and the convicted offender, in whatever rank of life he may be, has to wear a large pair of sow's ears on his head for one or more days, according to the charge. The King

must be strictly faithful to his wife, and be the paramount example of justice and chastity, and he or the Crown Prince should frequently make royal progresses through different provinces of the State.

Duelling is strictly forbidden, and, strange to say, as in *Nova Solyma*,[1] so here, a burlesque punishment is enforced. The offenders are to wear for life a blunt wooden sword and a fool's cap. If the duellists are distinguished by the heraldic insignia granted by the State, in that case the coat-of-arms must be changed to a headpiece with the vizor down and a pair of spectacles on it, with two cats as supporters. Here our serious author departs for once from his usual gravity ; I suppose he thought the aristocrats of his day were quite impervious to anything but ridicule. Possibly this may explain Milton's similar case of hanging the duellists heels upwards.

This *Utopia* had its name from the Biblical Ophir, whence King Solomon brought " gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks " (2 Chron. ix. 21); hence our author concludes very appositely thus : " Is any one curious to know where this kingdom of Ophir is ? then in a final remark I will gratify his query ; wherever the pure teaching and saintly life of true Christian people steadily flourishes, there is the finest gold of Ophir ; wherever righteousness and justice go together hand in hand, there is the goodliest silver ; wherever trade and traffic, ship and shop, are honestly prosperous, there is the useful ivory ; wherever the lower classes have set before them in their rulers no other examples but Christlike deeds, there are the best apes in the world ; and wherever all Court officials are truly and earnestly intent on the good of their king and the common weal, there are the stateliest peacocks ; and wherever these are all found combined, there is the KINGDOM OF OPHIR."

[1] Cf. Book V., chap. v.

II. Neo-Latin Romance of Elegant Satire (Class VII.).

The most important for our subject is *Comus*, which first appeared in 1608; but I have not seen a copy of that edition. The work was evidently known to Milton, and there are clear signs in the lyrics of the impression it left upon him. Dr. Immanuel Schmidt, in his notes on *Comus*, has shown this convincingly. There are also traces in *Nova Solyma*, as I have mentioned in the notes. I think that Milton shaped the style of his composite work by the Latin style of *Argenis* and *Comus*. Both received considerable contemporary praise.

(2) Eryci Puteani | Comus | sive | Phagesiposia | Cimmeria. | Somnium ; | Secundo jam et accuratius | editum. |
Lovanii, | Typis Gerardi Rivii. | MDCXI. |
In 8vo.
Pp. 204, with page containing license and privilege, dated 1608.

(3) Eryci. Puteani Comus | sive | Phagesiposia | Cimmeria | Somnium. |
Oxonii. | Excudebat Gulielmus Turner, | impensio H. Curteyne 1634 ; |
Cum privilegio. |
In sm. 12mo.
Pp. xii., 190.

Comus has, to my knowledge, never been translated, except once into French in 1613. This translation is very rare, and is not in the British Museum or Bodleian ; indeed, I have never met with a copy in England except my own. The title-page is as follows :

Comus, | ou Banquet | dissolu des | Cimmeriens. | Songe. | Où par une infinité des belles feintes, ga- | yes, gentilles, et sérieuses inventions, | les

mœurs dépravées de ce siècle | (et principalement aux bâquets) sont do- | ctement, naïvement et singulièrement | décrites, reprises et condamnées. |

Traduit du Latin d'ERYCIUS PVTEA- | NUS, Conseiller des Serenissimes Archiducs, | Professeur de Leurs Altesses en l'Université de | Louvain, et Historiographe du Roy Catho- | lique. |

Par NICOLAS PELLOQVIN.

Paris, | chez Nicolas la Caillo | ruë Sainct-Jacques, aux deux Colomnes | MDCXIII. | Avec Privilège du Roy et des Serenissimes | Archiducs de Flandres. |

Title-page.

Dedication to M. Florice de Riqucbourg-Trigault, pp. 4.

Avertissement au Lecteur, pp. 8.

Epistola Puteani ad Pelloquinum, pp. 4.

Approbations, pp. 4.

Then *Comus*, pp. 240. In 8vo.

In addition to the *Comus* of Puteanus there is a Neo-Latin satirical romance by a Scotchman belonging to the Hume family which deserves notice, as very few of our fellow-countrymen ever tried their pens at this kind of literary work, and indeed it was in fashion only for a very limited period anywhere. The work I mean is:

Pantaleonis Vaticinia, Satyra. Ad nobilissimum virum D. Robertum Kerum, etc. Authore Jacobo Humio, Scoto, Medicinae Doctore, etc.

Pp. 92, and 6 ff.

Rothomagi, 1633, 12mo.

This is a Latin tale after the manner of Petronius, the *Comus* above mentioned, and the *Euphormio* of Barclay. Hume mentions Barclay in his preface, and says he means to imitate his beauty of language. It is a shoot satire compared with Barclay's, and has several imitations

of the Milesian fable, one of which is most astoundingly free for a scholar. Puteanus, in *Comus*, was sometimes rather suggestive, but Hume is salacious to a degree. There are several post-classical words; this was intentional, Apuleius being considered worthy of imitation here!

Misoponeri | Satyricon | cum notis aliquot ad obscuriora | prosæ loca, et Græcorum | interpretatione. |
Lugduni Batavorum | apud Sebastianum Wolzium | MDCXVII. |
In 8vo, pp. 143.
Pp. 3-6, a dedication to our King James I., flattering him for his kingly majesty, wisdom, and virtue.

The book is a moral satire, written in that difficult and rather pedantic Latin which was in favour with learned men in the seventeenth century, and which bears to classical Latin about the same relationship that the English of *Euphues* bears to the ordinary language of the period. The proportion of verse in it is large, but there are no lyrics, as in *Nova Solyma*, and both verse and prose are alike difficult and obscure. Probably this is intentional, for there seems the air of learned exercise and a certain straining for effect in the language. The author puzzles his readers with an obscure hint as to his real name just before he begins, but I can make nothing of it. Nor did Mark Pattison allude to it, although he was against the great Casaubon being the author. A certain "J. A. M." says, at p. 7: "The author was not Lipsius or Scaliger, and therefore could be no one but Casaubon."

C. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE ONLY TWO COMPANIONS IN ENGLAND (1600-50) OF *NOVA SOLYMA*, OR THE ONLY TWO ORIGINAL ROMANCES (ACCORDING TO HALLAM), OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(1) Mundus alter | et idem | sive | Terra Australis ante hac | semper incognita longis itineri- | bus peregrini Academici nuperri- | me lustrata. | Auth. | Mercurio Brittanico. |

Sumptibus hæredum | Ascanii de Renialme. |
Hannoviæ | per Gulielmum Antonium. | Ao. 1607.
Engraved title-page and 7 unpaged leaves of preface and contents, and pp. 1-224, with 5 folded maps. In 8vo.

(2) Mundus | alter et idem | sive | Terra Australis ante | hac semper incognita longis | itineribus peregrini Aca- | demici nuperrime | lustrata. | Auth. | Mercurio Britannico. |

Francofurti apud | hæredes Ascanii de Rinialme. |
Engraved title-page (fine) and 7 unpaged leaves of preface and contents, and pp. 1-224, with 5 folded maps. In 8vo.

The title-pages, letterpress, and maps of these two editions as to type are different, but the prefatory matter is the same in both editions, whence we must infer that the stock of the two editions was interchanged. I possess them both, and from comparison of the maps and the sharpness of the letterpress I think the Frankfurt edition is the later one.

(3) Mundus | alter et idem | sive Terra Australis antehac | semper incognita. | AUTHORE MERCURIO | Brittannico. |
Accesserunt Tractatus | duo. |
Ultrajecti | apud Joannem Waes bergium, | 1643. |
Engraved title-page and 7 unpaged leaves of preface; then follow pp. 1-213 of the work and pp. 20 of Indices.
The rest of the little book contains Campanella's *Civitas Soli*, pp. 1-106, and Bacon's *Nova Atlantis*, pp. 1-96. In 12mo.

There were four translations and imitations of this in English (three before Milton's death); and also one in German. The earliest was:

(4) The | Discovery | of | a New World, | or | a Description of the South | Indies; | Hitherto Unknowne. | By an English Mercury. |
Imprinted for Ed. Blount | and W. Barrett. |
Engraved title-page, imitated from the Frankfurt edition above mentioned. The title is in a circle or mirror, surmounted by a figure of Mercury, between two imaginary maps, on which is inscribed: Tenterbelly, Fooliana, Sheelandt, Theevingen.
Dedication to William Earl of Pembroke, 2 leaves, signed I. H.—*i.e.* John Healey.
Instructions to the Readers, 4 leaves, signed in full, John Healey.
A table of chapters and occasion of this travel, 12 leaves.
Then pp. 1-244, the work itself. In 8vo.

This is a rare book; the only copy I have seen besides my own is the Grenville Library copy in the British Museum. This differs from mine in being without the 4 leaves or 8 pages of Instructions to the Readers, signed John Healey. Instead of this, the British Museum copy has a much shorter note of the translator, headed "I. H.

the translator unto I. H. the author." This book is entered in the *Stationers' Register* by Thomas Thorpe, January 18th, 1609, which therefore we must take as the date, unless the publication was delayed.

The German translation was the next that appeared. The title-page is:

> (5) Utopiæ Pars II. | Mundus alter et idem. | Die heutige neue al- | te Welt. | Darinnen aussfürlich und nach not- | turfft erzehlet wird, was die alte numehr | bald sechstausendjährige Welt | für ein neue Welt | geboren. Aus derer man gleichsam in einem Spiegel ihrer Mutter und Gebärerin Art, Sitter, Wandel und Gebrauch Au- | genscheinlich mag sehen und erkennen. | Allen Liebhabern den Gottseligkeit, Tu- | genden und Künsten zu beharrlicher Fortsetzung | und continuirung in ihrem loblichen vorhaben ; Den Weltkinden aber | zu getreuen Warnung von allem böser und deren hierinnen für- | gebildeter Laster abzustehen ; | Erstlich in Lateinischer Sprach gestellt durch den | edlen und hochgelehrten Herrn Albericum | Gentilem in Engelland. | Nun aber mit besonderm fleiss verteutscht, und mit neuen Kupffer- | stücken und Landtaffeln gezieret | durch *Gregorium hvemvmervivm* [these two words in Utopian characters or hieroglyphics] gedrückt zu Leipzig, in verlegung Henning | Grossen des Jüngern, Anno 1613. |
>
> Pp. 1-232, and page at end with printer's device. There are five maps. In 8vo.

My copy is bound up with a German translation of More's *Utopia*, published by the same firm the year before, 1612. They were probably issued together.

The next translation, or rather imitation, was more than fifty years later. It was entitled:

> (6) Psittacorum Regio. | The Land of Parrots ; | or

The Shelands. | With a description of other strange ad- | jacent countries in the Dominions of | the Prince de l'Amour, | not hitherto found in any | geographical map. | By one of the late most reputed wits. |

The Prophecie of Seneca in *Medea.* |

Venient annis, etc.

When certain years are spent
Hereafter shall the spumy Ocean show
His secret store, and ope to mortal's view
A larger continent . . . .

Licensed November 9th, 1668. | *London.* Printed for *F. Kirkinan*, and are to be sold | at his shop *under* St. *Ethelborough's* Church | in *Bishopsgate*-street. 1669. |

Title-page and one p. unnumbered, containing an Address to the Reader.

Then the book itself, pp. 1-156, with one folding plate of scenes in Gluttonia and Quaffonia. In 8vo.

This imitation of the *Mundus Alter et Idem* displays much more coarseness of thought and manner than would be allowed to pass current nowadays. The account of the voyage begins thus: "I embarked at *All-winds Port* in a ship called the *Fancie*." After a little they arrived at the *Psittacorum Regio*, and found that several provinces, large and rich, must be passed before getting to the Shelands. The first province was Gluttonia, where there is a monthly meeting of the Alderguts, or chiefs of the province, to consult after dinner about the public good. They meet at Gurmond's Hall, and "having turned their Wine into Water, and their Oysters into Shells; every one takes his chair and to dinner they go. . . . For the breaking up of the Feast they observe this order: they have a door in their Hall, large enough for the greatest *Cut-monger* that lives, take him fasting; at this door they all enter, when they come to the Feast; which being ended, he that offers to passe the same way that he came, and

cannot get his belly thorow, is let forth another way; but he that passeth as easily as he came in, is staid by an Officer appointed for that purpose, called the *Serjeant* of the *Maw*, and brought back again (will he, nill he) where he must settle himself to a new Collation, until his belly be able to kiss both the cheeks of the door at once; and then he is dismissed."

Next follows a long account of the habits and customs of the neighbouring province *Quaffonia*, where the drinkers enjoy themselves, and so on through the other dominions of the *Prince de l'Amour*, such as *Lasciviana*, *Womandecoia*, until they arrive at the capital, of which there is a long description; but the coarse humour of the above extract prevails throughout, and need not be continued farther, except to show how far the schools of Gluttonia differed from the schools of Nova Solyma. "Their Schools have no Lectures read in them, but only *Apicius his Institutions of the Art of Muncherie*; and there all the young Fry are taught the sciences of carving, chewing, and swallowing; Oh, most profoundly! The Gluttonian Lecturer (when I was there) was one Doctor Full-Gorge," etc.

Last of all, when Milton had been dead ten years, there appeared:

(7) The | Travels | of | Don Francisco de | Quevedo | Through Terra Australis Incognita; | discovering the | Laws, Customs, Manners, and Fashions | of the South Indians. | A | novel originally in Spanish. | *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile duci.* | London. | Printed for *William Grantham*, at the | *Crown* and *Pearl*, over against Exeter- | Change in the Strand. 1684. |

Engraved frontispiece (T. Drapentier sc.).
Title-page.
6 unnumbered pp. of Address to Reader, signed R. S.
4 pp. of Index, and 1 leaf Prologue.
Then the work, pp. 1-177. In 12mo.

This book pretends to be a translation of an old tattered Spanish MS. found at Bilboa, in which all that remained of the author's name was Don Q.—*i.e.* as Preface says, either Don Quevedo or Don Quixote. It is really a poor Grub Street production, a *réchauffé* of its predecessors, with a few additions about Fooliana and Theevingania, and some other provinces of the imaginary kingdom.

The author of the other companion romance to *Nova Solyma* in the period of 1600-50 was Francis Godwin, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff, and afterwards of Hereford (1562-1633). The book was first published five years after the author's death, and then pseudonymously.

(1) The | Man in the Moone ; | or | a Discourse of | a Voyage thither | by Domingo Gonsales, | The Speedy Messenger. |
London, | Printed by John Norton, for | Joshua Kirton, and Thomas Warren, 1638. |
Title-page, and 4 pp. unnumbered of address "To the ingenious Reader," signed E. M.
Then the work, pp. 1-126.
On p. 15 is a good engraving of a Spanish Don carried up through the air by birds and helped by a sailing machine. Other engravings on pp. 28 and 44. In 8vo.

This work is written in a clever, mystifying manner. It begins with much parade of date and circumstance, a device very successfully used by Defoe in the next century, as everybody knows. The book for some fourteen pages or so proceeds as if it were to be treated to a Picaresque romance, for Domingo Gonsales, the assumed author and hero of the romance, presents himself first as a kind of "rolling stone" who sees life in varied aspects. But at p. 14 the change is made to a Robinsonade, and we have Domingo Gonsales and his man Friday—*i.e.* a negro servant named Diego—put ashore by the captain of their ship at St. Helena. Here

they support themselves by hunting and fishing, living some distance apart, so as to be more sure of getting food, and communicating with each other by ingenious signalling. The swans of the island are very large and strong, and Domingo brings them up from nestlings, and so tames and trains them that it is they who eventually fly off upwards to the moon with him. One peculiarity of this very early *voyage imaginaire* is its scientific tone. The author mentions incidentally at p. 56 the earth's "naturall action," and that he is now constrained to "joyne in opinion with Copernicus"; and generally in detailing his wonders he attempts to explain them scientifically. He also speaks of the possibility of men flying "from place to place in the ayre; you shall be able (without moving or travailing of any creature) to send messages in an instant many miles off, and receive answer again immediately; you shall be able to declare your mind presently unto your friend, being in some private and remote place of a populous city," etc. Here is the telegraph as well as the telephone foreshadowed in 1638!

For nineteen years there was no new English edition, till—

(2) The Man | in the | Moone; | Or | A Discourse | of a Voyage thither; | By F. G., B. of H. | To which is added *Nuncius Inani- | matus*, written in Latin by the | same author, and now | Englished by a Person | of Worth.[1] | The Second Edition. | London. | Printed for Joshua Kirton, at the Signe | of the Kings Arms in St. Pauls | Churchyard, 1657. |

Frontispiece (birds carrying up the Spanish Don).

Title-page and 4 pp. unnumbered of Address, signed E. M.

The work, pp. 1-126. In 8vo.

Engravings at pp. 15, 28, 44.

[1] The "Person of Worth" who translated the *Nuncius* was Thomas Smith, D.D., Fellow of Magdalen, Oxford.

Then follows *Nuncius Inanimatus.* By F. G., B. of H. London. [Same imprint as above.]

Title-page and pp. 1-14 in Latin, ending with an Epigram De Authore, signed Ed. M. Ch., and a distich by the same. In 8vo.

Then comes *Nuncius Inanimatus*, or the Mysterious Messenger, unlocking the secrets of Men's Hearts. By F. G., B. of H. London. [Imprint as before.]

Title-page and pp. 1-22. In 8vo.

Translations (French):

(3) L'Homme | dans | la Lune, | ou | le Voyage Chimerique | fait au Monde de la LUNE | nouvellement découvert par Do- | minique Gonsales, | Advanturier Espagnol, autrement | dit LE COURRIER VOLANT. |

Mis en notre Langue Par I. B. D.

A Paris, chez François Piot, près la Fontaine | de Saint Benoist; | Et chez | I. Guignard au premier pellier de la | grande Salle du Palais, proche les | Consultations. |

MDCXLVIII. | Avec Privilège du Roy. |

Frontispiece (birds carrying up Gonsalez).

Title-page.

8 pp. unnumbered "Epistre à M. de Deremberg, Seigneur de Hirtzberg, etc. Résident de Son Altesse serenissime Madame La Landgrave De Hesse près de Sa Majesté très-Chrestienne." This is signed I. Bandoin.

Then 2 pp. Advis du Traducteur.

3 pp. Au Lecteur (translated from the English).

1 p. Privilège du Roy. Achever d'imprimer le 16 Mars, 1648.

The work, pp. 1-176. In 8vo.

(4) Nouvelle Edn. Paris (I. Cochart), 1671.

Frontispiece (birds carrying Gonsalez).

Title-page and 4 pp. Au Lecteur.

The work, pp. 1-128. In 12mo.

Translation (German):

(5) Der fliegende Wan- | dersman nach den | Mond; | Oder | Eine gar kurtz- | weilige und seltzame Be- | schreibung der Neuen Welt dess | Monds wie solche von einem gebor- | nen Spanier mit Namen Dominico Gon- | sales beschrieben; Und der Nachwelt | bekant gemacht worden ist. |

Aus den Französisschen ins Teutsche | übergesetzet | Insgemein lustig zu lesen und | wird die Sach an sich selbsten den | Gelahrten zu fernern Nachden- | ken heimgestellet. |

Wolfenbüttel, | Gedrückt bey den Sternen. | In Jahr 1659. |

Engraved frontispiece (birds, etc.).

Title-page.

2 pp. of preface, and pp. 5-129 of the work.

(6) Another edition, very similar, with a butterfly on title-page instead of Wolfenbüttel; underneath, "Gedrückt in Jahr 1660."

The pagination is the same, but the lettering is all new.

This German translation is anonymous, but it has been attributed to Hans Jakob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen, who was the most popular German romance writer of the seventeenth century (1625-76).

Other Romances of Same Class (Class VII.), but later than *Nova Solyma*

(1) Relation | du pays | de Jansenie, | ou il est traitté des | singularitez qui s'y trouvent, des | Coustumes, Mœurs, et Religion | des Habitans. | Par Louys Fontaines | Sieur de Saint Marcel. | Paris 1660. |

Title-page.

Dedication à Monsieur de ———.

Pp. 1-118, and folding map. In 8vo.

Louis Fontaines was a pseudonym for Zacharie des Lisieux, Capucin.

Translated into English as follows:

(2) A | Relation | of the | Country | of | Jansenia | never till now described. | Wherein | is treated of the Singularities | founded therein, the Customes, | Manners, and Religion of it's | Inhabitants. | With a Map of the Countrey. | Composed in French by Lewis Foun- | taine, Esq., and newly transla- | ted into English by P. B. |

London. Printed for the Author, and are | sold by A. Banks and C. Harper, | Anno Domini, 1668.

Title-page.

Dedication, 6 pp.

The work, pp. 1-118. In 8vo.

I will conclude with a bibliographical account of a romance of the middle of the seventeenth century, a very early precursor of the modern sentimental novel.

[Philip von Zesen.]

Ritterholds | von | Blauen. | Adriatische | Rosemund. | Last hägt Lust. |

Amsteltam. | Bei Ludwich Elzevihrn, 1645, | gemacht durch den wachschenden. |

12 pp. of dedicatory matter to author's brother, etc., signed Der Aemsige.

Then the work, pp. 1-297. In 12mo.

Then Filip Zesens von Furstenau Lustinne (Poems in Honour of Rosemund, etc.), pp. 299-368.

This is a remarkable production for the year 1645. It is a love-tale of the sentimental and psychological sort (*Ein Seelengemälde*, as the German critics put it). It is after the fashion of Richardson's *Pamela*, which was the rage so long afterwards. It is strikingly original for 1645: there are no knightly vows, no old-world tales or exaggerated heroics, but love in its inner feelings, its hopes

and fears and jealousies, love between two constant, sympathetic hearts—that is the grand theme of this little gem of three hundred pages, worth much more than all the great heroical quartos of three thousand or four thousand pages. There is much letter-writing ; poetry, chiefly of love-songs, finds a place here and there ; and there are episodes, narratives, a description of Venice, and an historical essay, to break the uniformity of the narrative. Moreover, the plot is much simpler, and the characters fewer in number than in other contemporary romances, which is greatly in its favour. As it is a book inaccessible to the English reader, I append a brief summary.

A rich Venetian lives at Amsterdam with his wife and two daughters, of which the younger is our heroine, Rosemund. A young German named Markhold passes through Amsterdam on his way to Paris, is introduced to the family, and Rosemund falls in love with him. Her father is not averse to the union, but makes the condition that Rosemund must remain a Catholic, and if daughters are born, they must follow their mother in religion.

Markhold leaves for Paris, and there finds that the beauteous girls of the Seine cannot efface the deep impression left on his heart by his incomparable damsel from the Adriatic shore. He writes her a love-letter in poetry in thirty-one quatrains ; but then by degrees Rosemund becomes anxious, gives way to all kinds of conjectures, and is ever suspicious about her absent lover. She cannot rest where she is, and first thinks she will be a nun ; but no, for then if Markhold came back to her, she could not go back to him. So she will be a shepherdess, and go into country quarters near Amsterdam for the summer, and she chooses her dresses—and very becoming ones they are ; one is of pale blue silk with a rose-coloured lining, and a friend who has left her sheep to pay Rosemund a visit wears a cloak of white silk with coffee-coloured point lace (*mit isabellfarbenen Spitzen*), so from a feminine point of view they do not give up much. Rosemund carries out her resolution, but thinks more of Markhold

than of her sheep, and carves his name on many a neighbouring tree.

Meanwhile, the hero remains at Paris, not doing much, except taking part in a duel as second to a friend, until a German duchess offers to give him a place among her suite. He goes to her castle, and while waiting to see her, one of the ladies in attendance conducts him through the picture-gallery, and many of the tableaux are fully described—Pyramus and Thisbe, Venus and Adonis, Jupiter and Ganymede, Helen and the tale of Troy, etc. This seems a stock subject for romances. Scudéry makes use of it, and others too; there is also something similar in *Nova Solyma*. Achilles Tatius and the Greek love-romances are the original patterns copied.

The maid of honour, a lady in waiting, seems to take rather a fancy to our hero, but he honourably withdraws any intention of staying, and politely pleads a previous engagement at Rouen. He travels to Rouen, and it is the time of the Vintage Festival there, and our author, Zesen, takes the opportunity of introducing several tales and episodes which Markhold and his friends at Rouen relate to each other. At last, in his travels, our hero comes to his shepherdess in her rural retreat, and the joy of both is unspeakable. She leaves her lonely abode and comes with him to her paternal home, where both are pleasantly received. Next morning Rosemund and her maids walk into the garden, and there, hanging from the boughs of a tree, are found four love-songs addressed by Markhold to his fair one's eyes, heart, mouth, and hair.

Their method of passing the day is peculiar—at least in our modern ideas; but it reminds us of the conversations in *Nova Solyma*, and evidently such proceedings were considered in "good form" then. As a matter of fact, we are told they spent the day thus. The fair Rosemund and her father give Markhold a long description of Venice and its political institutions, and then Markhold returns the compliment by a learned dissertation on the origin, manners and customs, arts and sciences, and wars of the great German race, lamenting the divisions then prevalent,

and taking gloomy views of a possible Turkish supremacy. Everything is joyous and hopeful now, the only exception being the religious difficulty, which stops the marriage for a time. Markhold is studious, and takes lodgings at some little distance, so as to be undisturbed while at his books. Rosemund falls off in health, and has a serious illness, caused most likely by her lover's absence, for when he returns she is well again almost directly. But he goes away again, and she is inconsolable again ; and here, strangest thing of all, this very original book ends, the author telling his readers that if they wish to know more of Rosemund's sorrows and sicknesses, they must wait till one of her friends writes her promised book about this sad part of the heroine's life, for that he, the author, feels unable to undertake it.

The German is in some dialect form (Hamburgh, I think), and the spelling is most atrocious. It is therefore not an easy book to read.

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